

SMART SET

Stories from Life

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November



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IN A GREAT
CITY

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Shampoo
for
BLONDES
Only*



The secret of keeping blonde hair golden

UNLESS blonde hair is given special care, it is sure to darken or fade and lose beauty as you grow older.

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Get Blondex Today

Remember—to retain its natural golden beauty, blonde hair must be given special care. So why not try this safe method, which is already used by a million blondes?

Get Blondex today at any good drug or department store.

BLONDEX



The Blonde Hair Shampoo



In every woman's circle

There is one too timid
to ask about intimate
matters of feminine hygiene

WHY do the other women leave her out of their confidences when delicate subjects are discussed? Has she too much reserve? Is she herself lacking in frankness? Does she fail to give as well as receive? Many a young woman has occasion to ask herself just such questions as these.

And yet she may not be actually ignorant of physical facts. It is simply the *doubt*. Does she know the *whole* truth? Is her knowledge up-to-date and based on medical authority? For it must be remembered that the whole subject of feminine hygiene is quite generally misunderstood. Physicians recommend it as a healthful practice, but the selection of an effective antiseptic has always been a matter involving actual danger.

Why this subject has been under a cloud

For the very reason just given, feminine hygiene has long been under a cloud, almost taboo. Almost everyone has heard of cases of permanent injury, and worse. All owing to the use of *poisonous antiseptics*. Imagine the effect on delicate feminine tissues when they are subjected to the caustic action of carbolic acid and its compounds. Hardening of the membranes often sets in, producing in time an area of scar-tissue, the possibilities of which can be explained by any physician.

Confronted by such a prospect, what can a woman do? Must she risk the use of poisonous antiseptics in order to insure hygienic cleanliness



and womanly daintiness? The answer is "No".

The answer is "No", because of the discovery of Zonite. This antiseptic Zonite gives an almost unbelievable combination of power and safety. Read what follows.

Compare the strength of Zonite with carbolic acid

Zonite is an extremely powerful germicide-antiseptic. It kills germs immediately. It does not simply *retard* germ growth, like ordinary antiseptics. It stamps out germ life completely, immediately. To indicate its power, we will state that it is *more than forty times as effective* as peroxide of hydrogen. Another way to realize the virtue of Zonite is to compare it with the most deadly poi-

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Get to know the whole truth. Read this

Millions of American women are using Zonite today. It has spread so rapidly that already every druggist has it, even in the smallest towns. You can get it too, but if you first want to know *all* the facts about this subject, send for special booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene."

This booklet is free and there are still enough left to send you one without waiting. It is small and compact, daintily illustrated and full of valuable information for the married woman especially. (Use coupon below and drop in mail-box tonight.) Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y.



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- ☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

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NOVEMBER, 1927
VOLUME 81, No. 3

SMART SET

Stories from Life

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

The BEST True-Life Serials

- | | |
|---|--|
| Crucible of Youth 32 | Hush Money 56 |
| <i>What is Going on in Our High Schools Today</i> | <i>The Wife Who Wove a Tangled Web of Love</i> |
| Flame of the Desert 74 | <i>Love and Adventure in Old Algiers</i> |

The BEST True-Life Stories

- | | |
|--|---|
| What Every Woman Fears 22 | Can No One Control You Girls? . 54 |
| <i>Is Competition the Life of Love?</i> | <i>The Confession of a Chaperon</i> |
| Feet of Clay 28 | The Substitute Lover 62 |
| <i>Was the Man She Loved a Real Hero?</i> | <i>A Story from Behind a Family Doctor's Door</i> |
| Just a Soft Hearted Bandit 40 | Lady Luck—That's Me 65 |
| <i>The Outlaw Who Couldn't Steal a Heart</i> | <i>A Lesson in Love for Superstitious Fathers</i> |
| The Love Fight 50 | Brass for Love 70 |
| <i>A Self-Told Story of the Movie Lots</i> | <i>Something More Precious Than Gold</i> |

The BEST True-Life Features

- | | |
|--|---|
| Alone in a Great City 18 | Does Your Face Tell Your Secrets? 68 |
| <i>How Perilous are the Perils of New York?</i> | <i>By Boyd Fisher</i> |
| The High Cost of Loving 26 | Dangerous Freedom 82 |
| <i>By Judge Charles A. Oberwager</i> | <i>By Martha Madison</i> |
| I Am a Liberal Minded Husband . 38 | This Funny World 85 |
| <i>By T. Howard Kelly</i> | <i>By Aleck Smart</i> |
| If I Could Walk a Tight Rope . 49 | Does Love Count in Marriage? . 14 |
| <i>O. O. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month</i> | <i>Some Letters to a Disillusioned Man</i> |
| I Made My Head Work for My Feet 60 | Screen & Stage Pictorial 45-48:77-80 |
| <i>*By Gwladys Dillon</i> | <i>A Gallery of Beauty & Fun from the Films</i> |

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Next
Month



Beginning: The
Secret Island
Adventures of a Kidnapped Bride

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E. Haldeman-Julius

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In so many words the public has given me to understand just this—"We do not want to save to the point of sacrificing individuality. We are willing to pay more for what we get—provided it meets the artistic standards of quality production, style, personality, distinction, beauty, and a degree of exclusiveness."

Recognizing cold facts, we have decided to institute a vast publishing change. We shall close out our present stock of something like 3,000,000 Little Blue Books, and then we shall announce a new series of books—good books—but not to sell at 5 cents per copy. We shall bow to industrial evolution, and issue books at a higher price—books carefully selected for editorial content: books printed on very fine paper, bound in beautiful covers in many attractive colors. The type will be different. Expensive engravings will be used. The best artists will help us turn out a splendid article for the most discriminating readers.

How soon will we announce the new series? We cannot state this definitely, though it should be soon. We must first dispose of our stock of Little Blue Books.

The quicker they are distributed and turned into cash, the sooner will we be able to set our machines to work on our new publishing program.

If we dispose of these 3,000,000 Little Blue Books within the next 30 days—and that is not impossible—we shall be able to begin our new program at that time.

So we say this to the reading public of America—buy Little Blue Books now, while they are obtainable. Pick out your favorites while we have a complete stock to select from.

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- 6 Love and Other Tales. Guy de Maupassant
- 51 Kiss and Other Tales. Anton Chekhov
- 29 Dreams: Stories of Passion's Pawn. Schreiner
- 74 Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer
- 84 Love Letters of a Nun
- 67 What is Love? Daring Essay. Montaigne
- 89 Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius
- 98 How to Love. Clement Wood
- 172 The Evolution of Sex.
- 174 A Hindu Love Book
- 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gustave
- 197 What Frenchwomen Learned of Love
- 190 A French Prostitute's Sacrifice
- 203 Love Rights of Women. Ellis
- 226 Vampire and Other Poems. Kipling
- 230 Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare
- 236 Venus and Adonis. Shakespeare
- 233 Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow
- 317 A Night Flirtation. Anton Chekhov
- 410 French Amorous Misadventures
- 460 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
- 451 Passion Stories of Many Hues
- 665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
- 672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
- 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
- 676 More Love Letters of Parisian Actresses

- 707 Epigrams of Love, Life, Laughter
- 746 Daughter of Eve. Frank Harris
- 817 Her Burning Secret. Valdaigne
- 892 Follies of Love: French Stories
- 929 French Love Maxims. Stendhal
- 987 Art of Kissing
- 1045 A Mad Sweetheart. Balzac
- 1068 Common Sense of Sex. James Oppenheim
- 1166 Infatuation and Other Tales. Hecht
- 1178 A Mad Love. Frank Harris
- 1190 What Price Love? Anton Chekhov
- 1193 First Love and Other Stories
- 1203 Forbidden Love. Barry Pain
- 1244 How to Write Love Letters
- 1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
- 1249 Best Jokes About Lovers

Murder

- 27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
- 39 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson
- 46 Solome: Love Murder. Oscar Wilde
- 66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
- 107 Dream-Woman and Yellow Tiger. Collins
- 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
- 163 Murders in Rue Morgue. Poe
- 366 Religion's Failure to Combat Crime
- 524 Death, Catalepsy, etc. Explained
- 538 Great Pirates and Their Deeds
- 519 Strange Murders. C. J. Finger
- 834 Torquemada: Spanish Torturer
- 883 Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
- 1019 Bluebeard and His Unhappy Wife
- 1042 Crime at Red Inn. Balzac
- 1067 Truth About N. Y.'s Chinatown
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- 400 Ali Baba and Aladdin: Arabian Nights
- 469 Egypt's Exploration and Escavation
- 462 Five Weeks in Balloon. Jules Verne
- 483 Battles of Seamen. Capt. Marryat
- 485 Voyage to the Moon. Jules Verne
- 516 Book of Real Adventures
- 559 Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe
- 580 Polar Exploration and Adventure
- 602 Mysteries of Egypt's Pyramid

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- 1124 On the Bum: Tramp Life Sketches
- 1168 Adventure Stories. Jack London
- 1189 Tales of Ships and Sea. London
- 1201 Desert Island Adventures. Wynn

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- 56 Dictionary of American Slang
- 82 Common Faults in English
- 192 Book of Synonyms
- 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
- 437 How to Write Movie Scenarios
- 514 How to Write Poetry
- 639 Most Essential English Words
- 681 Spelling Self Taught
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- 697 Words Often Mispronounced
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- 851 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
- 823 Rhetoric Self Taught
- 823 Composition Self Taught
- 855 How to Write Letters
- 902 Foreign Words and Phrases
- 966 How to Talk and Debate

Sex Hygiene

- 14 What Every Girl Should Know
- 81 Manhood: Facts of Life for Boys
- 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know
- 536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
- 653 What Every Boy Should Know
- 654 What Young Men Should Know
- 655 What Young Women Should Know
- 656 What Married Men Should Know
- 657 What Married Women Should Know
- 651 America and Sex Impulse. Dreiser
- 669 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
- 690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
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- 903 All About Syphilis. Dr. Pusey
- 904 Sex Symbolism. Wm. J. Fielding
- 950 Determination of Sex. Fielding
- 1250 Judge Lindsey on Companionate Marriage

Women

- 69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
- 77 What Men Learned About Women
- 123 Mme. de Barry: A King's Mistress
- 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
- 177 Subjection of Women
- 189 Eugenic Explained
- 196 Marquise: Secret Passion. Sand
- 206 Debate on Birth Control. Sanger
- 209 Modern Aspects of Birth Control
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- 1193 Woman's Way and Other Tales
- 1209 Charming Hostess: Entertaining Guide
- 1213 Marriage and Morals in Soviet Russia
- 1219 How to Make Homes Homelike
- 1233 Better Meals for Less Money

Marriage

- 43 Marriage vs. Divorce (Debate)
- 82 Origin and Evolution of Marriage
- 176 Essays on Sex. Havstock Ellis
- 238 Plain Talks With the Married
- 642 Confidential Chats With Wives
- 648 Facts About Sex Rejuvenation
- 127 Psychology of the Affection
- 789 U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
- 820 Best Jokes About Married Life
- 864 Confidential Chats With Husbands
- 953 Gourdon's 4 Days of Love. Zola
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- 1032 Home Vegetable Gardening
- 1041 How to Cane and Upholster Chairs
- 1148 Sex Crimes and American Law
- 1189 How to Make Money at Home
- 1197 Moral Divorce and Other Tales
- 1225 How to Avoid Marital Discord
- 1238 Beginning Married Life Right
- 1258 Why I Rely in Companionate Marriage

Ghosts

- 40 Haunted House and Brain
- 41 Christmas Carol. Dickens
- 123 Debate on Spiritualism. Doyle

- 124 Reincarnation Explained
- 145 Great Ghost Stories
- 245 Clarimonde: Ghost Lover
- 302 The Yellow Cat. W. B. Steele
- 923 Magic Glasses, etc. Frank Harris
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- 1163 Haunted Mind, etc. Hawthorne
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- 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
- 382 Best Lincoln Anecdotes
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- 658 Toasts for All Occasions
- 623 Funny Answers. Mark Twain
- 669 Josh Billings' Funny Epigrams
- 738 Poor Richard's Almanac
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- 969 Masterpieces of American Humor
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- 1214 Best Ford Jokes
- 1220 Best Rube Jokes
- 1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
- 1231 Best Jokes of 1926
- 1246 Best Hobo Jokes

Entertainment

- 78 Hints on Public Speaking
- 82 Hypnotism Made Plain
- 347 Book of Riddle Rimes
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Which is the RIGHT SIDE of the Fence?

IS there always a right side? If there is how do you recognize it? Or, are you always "on the fence"—unable to make up your mind about anything because you do not know right from wrong, good from bad, wisdom from folly?

If you read *Smart Set* you'll never be in that class because it keeps you alert—on your toes. Its stories from life are not only good stories—they are mental setting-up exercises which keep you in such good trim for the problems of the day that you never need to be "on the fence." For instance:



LEOLA GARVIN

DO you think flappers and their boy friends are good, or bad, or merely foolish? Or do you think they are more honest and wholesome than youth was a generation ago? Would you like to know what today's young people think of themselves? In December *SMART SET* two young people tell you how they have faced the life a girl must face in this jazz age. By the most unusual coincidence two manuscripts, one from Leola Garvin and the other from Grace Holden Curtis, each unknown to the other, one living in Illinois, the other in Iowa, reached the Editor of *SMART SET* within a few days. Don't miss their frank disclosures

"Are We Bad? Are We Good?"

in December SMART SET



GRACE CURTIS

DO girls really like cave men? What right has a rough and ready man with neither money nor future prospects to kidnap a wealthy society girl for love alone—especially when she is engaged to another man? Right or no right that's only the beginning of the weird happenings on

"The Secret Island"

in December SMART SET

IF a man told you he loved you and wanted to marry you and then—when you had admitted your love for him—told you he couldn't marry you, what would you do? Would you just go to pieces? Would you run wild in an effort to forget or would you try to trick him into marriage? Measure whatever course you decide is right by the courage of the girl who will explain to you

in December SMART SET

why she told

"A Lie for Love"

TWO men fighting for the love of a woman is an everyday occurrence, but did you ever find yourself in the position of the man for whom two women fought—actually fought—a regular womanlike hair-pulling match while he stood by helplessly? If you didn't you may find it as difficult to decide what a man ought to do under such circumstances as did the man who writes

"My Dark Angel and My Good Angel"

in December SMART SET

ARE you beautiful? Is your beauty for sale to the highest bidder? Could you still permit your beauty to be used as a decoy for a man's fortune if you honestly fell in love with him? You'll see what one girl decided was the right course when you read

"Bird of Paradise"

in December SMART SET

HOW much of a wife's conduct is a husband responsible for—if any? If he refuses to provide her with amusement and entertainment as he did before they married is she justified in seeking it elsewhere? If he married her, knowing she was frivolous, has he any right to expect her to settle down? Vice Chancellor Bentley of the New Jersey Court of Chancery has more than the ordinary opportunity to see both sides of the question he discusses

in December SMART SET

"Are You Your Wife's Keeper?"

DO you believe that a house divided against itself can stand? Can a man who loves children be happy in a home that is childless because his wife prefers a pomeranian to a baby? Could he be blamed for falling in love with the woman who was the mother of a child, in all respects like the child of his dreams? You will answer those questions through smiles and tears after you have read

"The Magic Key"

in December SMART SET

You'll never be on the fence if you get *December SMART SET*, on all newsstands November 1st. Be sure to read it.



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No. C-17F

All-Wool Velour Mandell Fur Collar and Cuffs

This smart model is of excellent quality all wool velour, a material noted for its wearing qualities and good looks. Sides are in a narrow and novel panel effect set off with rows of tucking and diamond shaped silk ornaments. Coat is warmly interlined with warm flannel and lined throughout with silk satin de chine. Large shapely collar and cuffs are of selected Mandell fur. One of our greatest values. Colors: Grackle Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44 Length about 45 inches.

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Latest Shawl Collared Style

All-Wool Velour with Mandell Fur →

Tailored of an exceptional quality all wool American suede velour. Material is of good weight and will give excellent service and satisfaction. Warmly interlined with flannel and also lined throughout with silk satin de chine. Front and back of the coat have tucking of self material. Shawl collar and cuffs, are of excellent quality Mandell fur. Shawl collars will be extremely popular this season. Colors: Grackle Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 45 inches.

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IF YOU want to make \$100 a week, write to me at once. You won't have to invest a cent of capital. You don't need experience. Your earnings will start immediately. You can clear from \$10 to \$20 a day your very first days. You can enjoy an income of \$5000 a year for the easiest work you ever did. And in addition to this big money, you can get a Hudson Super-Six Coach absolutely FREE.

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Instead, we appoint an authorized representative in every community to represent us and handle all of our business with our customers. For doing this easy, pleasant, dignified work, our representatives made over a million and a half dollars last year. This year they will make two million dollars. And if you will accept my offer now, you can get your share of these tremendous profits.

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"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Murette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

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Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

To know the answer—follow these people through their swift, wild, thrilling adventures—such as you can find only in the wonderful stories of

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As viewed by 9651* Doctors

WHAT is the quality that so many of those whose voices are precious have found that makes LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes delightful and of no possible injury to those voices?

For the answer, a number of physicians, many of them leading physicians in various parts of the United States were recently asked these two questions:

Q1—In your judgment is the heat treatment or toasting process applied to tobaccos previously aged and cured, likely to free the cigarette from irritation to the throat?

9651 doctors answered this question "YES."

Q2—Do you think from your experience with LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes that they are less irritating to sensitive or tender throats than other cigarettes whatever the reason?

11,105 doctors answered this question "Yes."

Consider what these figures mean; consider that they represent the opinion and experience of doctors, *those whose business it is to know.*

"It's toasted"
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



Antonio Scotti,
Famous Star of Metropolitan Opera,
writes:

The popularity of Lucky Strikes among those who sing is because these cigarettes never irritate the throat, also because they give greater enjoyment.

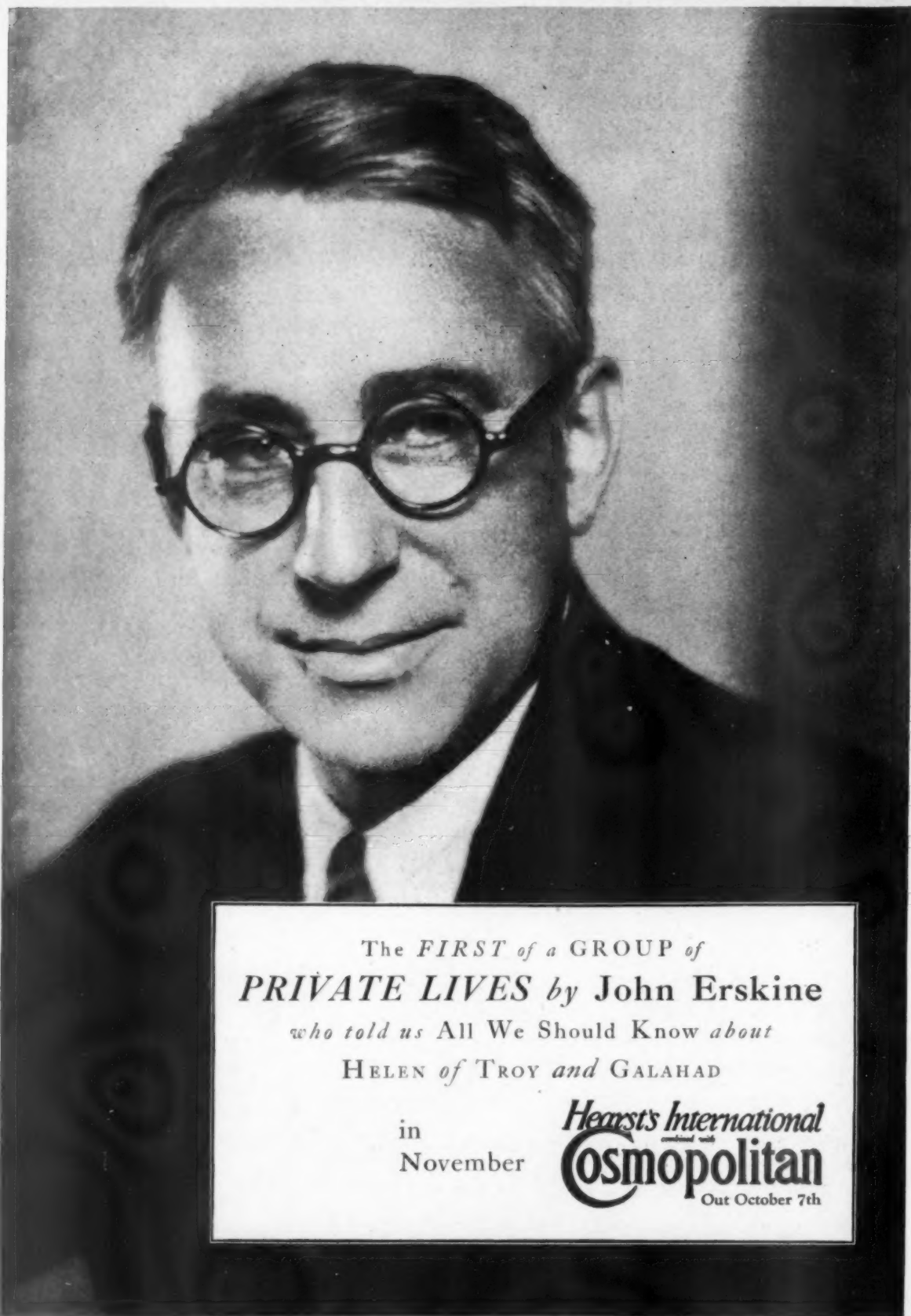


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*** WE HEREBY CERTIFY** that we have examined signed cards answering Questions One and Two and that there are 9651 affirmative answers to Question One and 11,105 affirmative answers to Question Two.

LYBRAND, ROSS BROS.
& MONTGOMERY
Accountants and Auditors
New York, July 22, 1927.





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All the Latest Hits to Choose From—Less Than 20c a Record

Have you heard of the truly immense sensation caused by our new super-electrically recorded Records? They have a great big mellow tone, clear as crystal, which is absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. For example, take our superb songs Ain't She Sweet, I Wanna Sail Away With You, Me and My Shadow, Letter Edged in Black, Wreck of the Old 97, Forgive Me, Get Away Old Man Get Away, I Wish I Was Single Again, Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother, Rovin' Gambler, Where the River Shannon Flows. We will positively guarantee that you have never heard records of this quality no matter what price you paid. They are literally miles ahead of old-style records.

The following list contains the "Cream" of our entire catalog. Every selection is a masterpiece of its kind. Nothing but the very best is included and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. All records are in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph. Send no money with your order. See coupon below for terms. All records are strictly on approval. Please act at once, as this is an introductory advertising price which may be discontinued shortly. Simply write catalog numbers of records you want on coupon below.



POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS (Cont'd.)

- 4144 Little Black Mustache
You'd Never Know The Old Place
Now
- 4143 The Girl I Loved In Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall In Love Again
- 4133 Jesse James
The Butcher's Boy
- 4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon
Forget
Dear Father, Come Home
- 4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy
Tonight
Juanita
- 4135 Rovin' Gambler
Log Cabin In the Lane
- 4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want To Find Love
- 4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There
Ben Bolt
- 4090 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
Under Some Old Apple Tree
- 4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
- 4140 Wild and Reckless Hobo
Shine
- 4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks of Horse Marines
- 8104 Always Come Back To Me
Wishing and Waiting
- 4093 The Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
- 4117 Where the River Shannon Flows
Send Me A Rose From Ireland
- 4124 Old Black Joe
Dixie Land

POPULAR AND STANDARD SONGS

- 2331 Ain't She Sweet
The Bootlegger's Daughter
- 2341 Forgive Me
That's Where Happiness Dwells
- 2337 Plucky Lindbergh (Patriotic)
What Good Are Tears
- 2338 Lindy Lindbergh, How I'd Like
to Be You (Comedy)
- No No Positively No
- 8103 Black Bottom in Charleston
Hard Boiled Mama
- 4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
- 2345 At Sundown
You'd Never Be Blue
- 2256 Bye Bye, Blackbird
Chinky Charleston
- 2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
- 8101 Roll 'Em Girls
Save It For A Rainy Day
- 4132 Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother
Sweeter Than Sweetheart
- 2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of the Shenandoah
- 2344 Me and My Shadow
Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
- 2323 Get Away Old Man Get Away
Well I Swan
- 8111 A Little Something—That's All
I Wanna Sail Away With You
- 4116 Letter Edged in Black
She Ought To Be Home
- 4118 May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
- 4123 Carry Me Back To Old Virginny
Lone Trail Rose
- 4142 Silver Threads Among the Gold
In A Garden Rare
- 8102 Any More At Home Like You
And I Don't Mean Maybe
- 4125 Tenting On the Old Camp Ground
Oh Susanna

SACRED (Songs)

- 4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voices of the Chimes
- 4057 Jesus Lover Of My Soul
Safe In the Arms of
Jesus
- 4046 Nearer My God To Thee
The Lord Is My Shepherd
- 4069 When the Roll Is Called
Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life
Line
- 4013 Holy, Holy, Holy
Rock of Ages
- 4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds

INSTRUMENTAL

- 4061 Listen to Mocking Bird
The Song Bird
(both Whistling)
- 4068 Turkey In the Straw
Arkansas Traveler
(both Fiddling)
- 4016 Irish Jigs and Reels
No. 1 (Band)
Irish Jigs and Reels
No. 2 (Band)

10 Days' Approval

POPULAR DANCES

- (All fox trots except where otherwise marked)
- 1405 In A Little Spanish Town, Waltz (with
vocal chorus)
You're Kind of Girl I Can Love
 - 8110 It's Up To You
Stop Crying
 - 1402 Mary Lou (with vocal chorus)
Powder Puff
 - 8112 Woogie Woo
You Can't Tell Any More (vocal chorus)
 - 1435 Nesting Time (with vocal chorus)
Restless Mary (with vocal chorus)
 - 1434 Honolulu Moon, Waltz (with vocal chorus)
Buddies In Paris
 - 1445 Under the Moon (with vocal chorus)
If You Want to Find Love (vocal chorus)

COMEDY

- 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hi and Si and the Line Fence
- 4110 Flapperjacks
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
- 4111 Flanagan At the Barber's
Flanagan's Real Estate Deal
- 4004 Flanagan In A Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
- 4112 Flanagan At the Vocal Teacher's
The Arkansas Traveler

HAWAIIAN

- 4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Bay
- 4023 My Old Kentucky Home (with vocal chorus)
O Sole Mio
- 4007 Aloha Oe
Kamehameha March
- 4008 Mahina Malamalama
Kawaha
- 4114 Isle of Paradise
Kohola March
- 4113 Kilima Waltz
Honolulu March
- 4055 La Paloma
Kawaihan
- 4009 Palakiko Blues
One Two Three Four (with vocal effects)
- 4018 Maui Aloha
Ua Like No-A-Like

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

Mutual Music Club, Dept. SA-11, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.

You may send me on ten days' approval the ten records listed below by catalog numbers. When the ten records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of only \$1.98, (plus postage from factory), in full payment. I will then try the records ten days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory I will return them, and you agree to refund at once all that I have paid including my postage expense for returning the records.

1.	6.	Write 5 substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock (Write clearly)
2.	7.	
3.	8.	
4.	9.	
5.	10.	
Important		
<input type="checkbox"/> Place crossmark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.		
NAME		
ADDRESS (Write clearly)		
CITY STATE		

Do We Need a New Moral Code?

Prize Winning Letter Writers

SMART SET readers are thinking. They are accepting no man's word as final. They want to know the whys and wherefores. They are looking beyond the present. They ask, "What would this proposed new moral code lead to? What would be the nature of society tomorrow?" They are fearless, these readers, but they are sane. They want to know—they demand to know. Very many of the letters in this contest raised the question: "What effect will companionate marriages have on the future of our beloved America?" They are too wise to make this a personal question; to them it is inclusive, it is a matter of national policy.

Many of the hundreds who entered this contest cling to the old code; many of them heartily indorse the position taken by Dr. Slaten. Without exception every writer is strenuously opposed to any suggestion of moral laxity, but they look for a morality that is part of a finer and truer sex relationship.

The first prize was awarded to a woman whose experience and observation justify her, she thinks, in favoring a new code. She writes:

HEAVEN help us, yes! And the sooner, the better! As the daughter of an orthodox clergyman, I can say that, nor is it necessary for me to go to the distinguished exponents of their several beliefs to reinforce my position. I have witnessed too many marriages—and their results!—not to take a very positive attitude toward the question Dr. Slaten's article discusses.

I remember the woman—one of scores with like experience—who said to me, "I have been wretchedly unhappy all these years with a husband who never does anything I can forgive, and, therefore has no tolerance for my faults. He is absolutely 'moral'! If he'd only break loose once in awhile, I could forgive that, and he would be able to give me some human understanding! Not," she added, "that I have the least desire to go beyond the limits of strict conventionality, but if anything would drive me to an indiscretion his attitude would. Do you understand?"

I did understand. She was not advocating "immorality." But she felt, with Dr. Slaten, that so-called "infidelity" is not the sole reason for making divorce appear sound and—comfortable. She had wings. Her husband's morality presupposed a coldness, an inability to share her warm enthusiasms, which sometimes led to mistakes that loomed like sins in his eyes.

Then the precisely opposite view of the woman who divorced a man possessing every potentiality of a model husband save that one fault. He could have been cured, but his wife's inability to justify or forgive his failing resulted in her alienating the older children, who "sided with" their father in many ways, in the loss of her home and, eventually, of her health.

Naturally I have had to combat many inherited and acquired prejudices. I was told in youth that George Eliot was a "loose" woman. I did not believe it, then, but life has shown me that few people really think away their prejudices. Men like Judge

Ben Lindsey and A. Wakefield Slaten preach a glorious new gospel for fairness in this most vital of all relationships, where men and women have not the chance that is given by many publishers of *editions de luxe*, whose patrons may "examine and return, if not satisfactory."

This is not levity. It is the inevitability in the marriage system that makes it horrible—that makes it the parent of untold crimes.

"Companionate marriage" is sensible and safe. It is the "open sesame" to happiness. It carries no odium with it. It brings no children into loveless homes—the gravest injury possible to them. It averts, or remedies, mistakes. It offers the soul-saving hope that is akin to religion!—Mrs. M. H. A.

The second prize goes to a man. He, also, believes that a change from present conditions is desirable. He praises SMART SET for its "grand service" in publishing Dr. Slaten's article which will force thought on a "problem of supreme importance to the

opinion since reading his article, "Do We Need a New Moral Code?" has not changed.

It seems to me that the question is not "Do We Need a New Moral Code?" but "What Kind of a New Moral Code Are We Going to Have?" We do need a new moral code and because of that fact we are in the process of forming one. No longer can there be any reasonable doubt that the old conception of morality is doomed.

This moral revolt is too much of a negative reaction against standards of conduct which have lost their usefulness and are no longer applicable to the conditions of a new age. One suspects that many persons act in variance with established customs because of the desire to be free of restriction, not because of the need for a saner, happier life. Thus, in this period of transition, there is a tendency to go from one extreme to another, which in many cases, it is to be feared, results in the absence of all restriction and self-control.

What kind of a new moral code are we going to have? We are no longer content with the imperfections of the old and yet we do not want to cast off all of our moorings. As an abstract, and as yet impractical ideal, we might well consider the belief of H. G. Wells that society has no right to interfere with the intimate relations of men and women except for the purpose of protecting the children and public health. Love is a thing of the spirit and cannot be safeguarded by rules or laws. But are we ready to act according to such an ideal? I am afraid not. Change must be made slowly and surely, guided by reason and tolerance.—Rev. B. C.

The winner of the third prize feels that a new code is necessary, but takes violent exception to Dr. Slaten's observations on unfaithfulness. Her own life has not been happy and out of her experience she draws her conclusions. The letter reads:

YOUR article in SMART SET started out with the words: "Why shouldn't the church take cognizance of sex and sex problems? Sex should be a beautiful part of life." That is a very beautiful thought, but why did you spoil it by talk about unfaithfulness?

Not so many years ago I met and fell desperately in love with a man whom, I believe, reciprocated that affection. He had read a great deal about "companionate marriages" and suggested that we enter into one. I would not consent to that but I did agree to a secret marriage.

From that experience I learned something I am afraid no editor will ever publish, but I hope one does. I say it now with all the bitterness of those years gone. It is simply this: Women (some women) do not demand enough. There are women who ask nothing from a man; there are women who are willing to purchase a man's caresses. The reason more men are not true is because women do not demand it.

Let us be more tolerant in our views of sex life but let us demand that, married or not married, men and women shall shoot square with one another.—I. McP.

Smart Set Prize Winners

"Do We Need a New Moral Code?"

First Prize, Mrs. M. H. Ashman, New Orleans, La., \$10.

Second Prize, Bert Cheurning, Harrisonville, Mo., \$7.

Third Prize, Ida McPherrren, Sheridan, Wyo., \$5.

Eight \$1 Prize Winners

Julia David, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. J. I. Bristowe, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa

Mrs. Bertha Knight, Burlington, Wisc.

Mrs. P. C. McClary, Jr., Georgetown, S. C.

Clyde Walter Ehrhardt, Ph.D., Sandusky, Ohio

Mrs. Idela Brown, Boulder Creek, Calif.

Mrs. Eva Barton, Amarillo, Texas

Emma W. Dettman, Marquette, Mich.

future happiness of the race." His letter follows:

DR. A. WAKEFIELD SLATEN, in writing his article, "Do We Need a New Moral Code?" and the Editors of SMART SET in publishing his article, have done a great service toward encouraging higher conceptions of the vital human relationships. Many people will be stimulated to think seriously concerning a problem of supreme importance to the future happiness of the race.

I was a student in William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri, when Dr. Slaten was forced to withdraw from his position as Professor of Bible because of his unorthodox religious beliefs. The opinion I formed of Dr. Slaten was that he was a man of profound sincerity and rare intellectual ability whose greatest passion was that men should lead finer, happier, healthier lives. My

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TAILORING SALESMEN make real money selling Davis virgin wool, made-to-measure suits. Low priced, ready-fitting, guaranteed. Beautiful fabrics. New merchandising plan doubles sales. Liberal bonuses, cash prizes. Write now. P. H. Davis Tailoring Co., Station 30, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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No Matter What You Are Selling, spare or full time, you can make big, easy, extra daily profits. Every man a customer for Motorcycles—the new heavy, warm, all wool tailored, dressy, serviceable suit. Worth \$35.00. Sells at \$19.95. Pays you \$3.00 and \$4.00 commissions. 9 features. Spotproof and dirtproof. No competition. Write for free outfit. Harbison Bros., Dept. 558, 133 W. 21st St., New York.

Agents—\$13.50 Daily (in advance) Spare time will do: Introduce 12 months' guaranteed business: 57 styles, 39 colors, for men, women, children. "Suits of the Top" ladies' house—men's fancies. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Sell hose for your own use free. New Plan. Maccohee Hosiery Co., Road 92811, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—90c An Hour Earned Advertising and distributing samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 9405 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

500 Men Wanted to earn \$90 Weekly. Wonderful new line men's suits. Amazing values 89.95 up. Retail averages \$4.00. We train you. No capital or experience needed. Write Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. T-4, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents: Amazing new 3-in-1 lingerie combination for women making sensational hit. \$15.00 daily easy. Spare or full time. Free outfit. French Fashion Company, Dept. R-100, 9 North Franklin, Chicago, Ill.

Make \$100 weekly selling better-quality all-wool made-to-measure suits and overcoats. Highest commissions. Extra bonus for producers. Large swatch samples free. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 157 W. Harrison, Chicago.

Salesmen: Write Your Name and Address on postal and mail. To us. We'll show you sure earnings of \$20 a day. Will you risk one minute and a one cent stamp against \$20? Mind you, we say we'll show you. Address Salesmanager, 850 W. Adams, Dept. 619, Chicago.

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Does Love Count in Modern Marriage?

Letters to the Man
who wrote
"If My Wife
Had Only Loved Me"

DOES love count in marriage? Should a wife be her husband's sweetheart as well as the manager of his household?

How much is a kiss worth in marriage? Of what value is the caress of a wife in affectionate greeting to her husband?

Is it true that many marriages, which seem to have a happy future, fail because a woman, having "got her man" loses interest in the rôle of sweetheart and companion?

In the August issue of SMART SET, Jesse Bell Woodside wrote "If My Wife Had Only Loved Me," a frank and courageous account of his own marriage, in which he said he wished he could assemble all women who failed to understand the need of a husband for affection and encouragement—and tell them his story.

Never has SMART SET published an article that has had such a tremendous response. Does love count in marriage? More than we had imagined in these days of hurried marriage and quick divorce.

If you were one of the half million people who read Mr. Woodside's article you will recall that he told you his wife was an attractive woman, a good housekeeper, a splendid mother to their son, but her nature lacked that warmth, that ability to display affection, that capacity for boosting him when he needed boosting, which was absolutely essential to his happiness.

For twelve years Mr. Woodside left the house each morning feeling that nobody cared a whoop what he did all day. For twelve years he came home at night to a well cooked dinner and a wife who was so busy taking care of her house that she had no time for a welcoming caress.

Then feeling that he could stand the coldness of his home no longer he gave his wife divorce evidence and went away to begin all over again—perhaps—if he ever finds a girl who will be glad to see him when he comes home at night and who will be "for him" always, one hundred per cent.

SMART SET KNEW "If My Wife Had Only Loved Me" was a remarkably courageous expression of a man's hopes and disappointment. What SMART SET did not know was what a responsive chord it would touch in love-starved hearts all over the country. But shortly after the issue containing the article appeared on the news-stands letters began to pour into this office—letters to the Editor expressing appreciation for publishing so splendidly frank a statement—letters of sympathy and understanding and encouragement to Mr. Woodside.

They came from rich and poor, from small towns and big cities, from girls contemplating marriage, from disillusioned wives, from mothers carrying on for the sake of their children—letters of admiration, one or two of advice, many of personal experiences, each as remarkable in its way as Mr. Woodside's article.

Coming from widely different parts of the country and from so many different types

of people they agree on one thing—that where one partner to marriage is warm-hearted, affectionate and demonstrative, while the other is unemotional and indifferent, happiness will be short lived.

You will see as you read these letters from widely separated places how universal is the desire to be loved and understood.

The first is from a wife in Ohio, Mrs. C. M.—who says:

BEFORE I married my husband wooed me with an ardor that would have put Romeo in the shade. He gave me kisses a plenty.

After we were married he kissed me every morning and evening for three months. Then he ceased, and now I have been married three years, and have had no kiss or caress from him since those first three months. I can't describe the hunger in my heart and soul for some love demonstration from him.

I am one of those women who love to be loved, and so, my husband, having failed to give me any affectionate greetings or caresses, I have fallen for another man, who dearly loves me and shows it in hundreds of ways. My husband doesn't know. He thinks I wouldn't look at any other man.

Don't you think he has driven me into another man's arms? How often have I asked him to kiss me, but he thrusts me aside with a, "Don't be silly."

A kiss inspires a man and woman to do better, and I believe married folks wouldn't think so quickly of divorce, if there were more love between them.

Is affection a crime? Is love something of which to be ashamed? Mrs. E. B. P. of New York, writes that her experience has killed her desire for another marriage. Extracts from her letter follow:

MY HUSBAND seemed to think it was more or less of a crime to show any affection whatever in public or use any endearing names. Even in the privacy of our home if I wanted to sit on his lap or on the arm of his chair and caress him he would always tell me that the neighbors might see us, and would draw away from me, so that in time I found myself losing all desire to bestow any affection upon him.

He had an ungovernable temper and would fly into a rage over the least little thing that did not go just right. I cannot recall a day that passed without a quarrel.

Perhaps I was as much at fault as he, but after a few years together I could see that we would never be able to make a success of our marriage, and six years ago I tried to persuade him to give me a divorce. He promised all sorts of things, so we tried it again, but it was of little use, for he had killed all the feeling and respect I had left for him. Two years ago I finally left him and will soon have my freedom. Don't

you think that abuse in any form soon kills love between two people?

My experiences have deadened any desire for another marriage, and yet, there are times when I long for a home and the love and companionship of a husband.

"I too, have that starved feeling," confesses G. C. of Michigan. She is not married but for over four years she has been keeping company with a man who "does not want a woman's caresses." She says:

I HAVE been keeping company with a man for four and a half years. He can be placed side by side with the woman to whom Mr. Woodside refers in his article.

He does not want a woman's caresses or affection. When I come near him, he always has some remark ready to ward me off. I, too, have that starved feeling and I envy the affection I have seen other girls receive from their sweethearts. He seems to care for me in his own way, but I have decided he is not the man for me to marry.

I am the type of a woman that needs and craves affection and I am ready to give it to a man who cares for me.

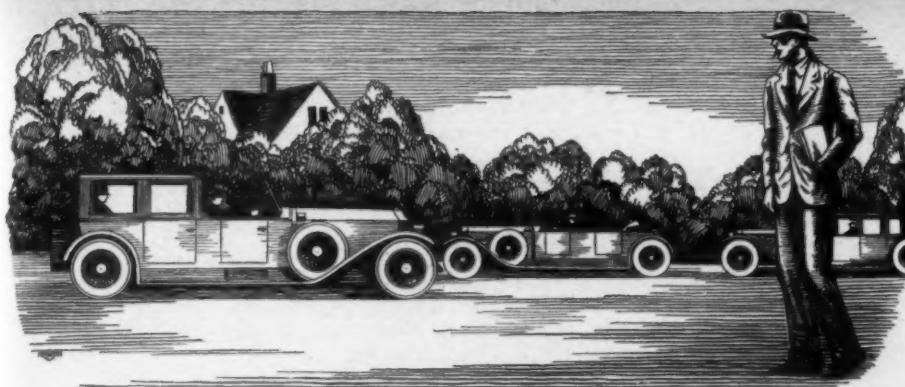
Having wasted some of the best years of my life, I hate to start all over again, but better now than after I married him.

So you see there are some men like the woman mentioned in Mr. Woodside's article. I wonder if that kind wouldn't be better mated to each other.

Z. M. N., of California, writes in behalf of women and is almost bitter in her arraignment of men. She feels that most of these "love starved husbands have been ruled in their mate selections by primitive emotion and when they are disappointed they try to blame everything on poor old love and accuse him of quitting the job. These poor deluded husbands better try to figure out whether or not they aren't partly responsible for the unsatisfactory status of their domestic affairs." Which sounds like excellent advice. She continues:

I HAVE a sneaking suspicion that I am (or was) one of those wives so aptly described in Mr. Woodside's article; that is, I am one of those wives who cannot pretend to be what I am not merely for the sake of fur coats, platinum wrist watches and diamonds on such occasions as anniversaries and the advent of each new baby. And because I was not that kind of wife, I am a grass widow today—by choice.

No doubt most of these poor love starved husbands who have been forced to join the army of the five million misunderstood based their matrimonial intentions on the wrong ideal. They have been ruled in their mate selection by a primitive emotion and when they discover later, that the woman they married "should have been a sister," they immediately begin to blame everything on poor, over- (Continued on page 86)



Many times in the old days, while I trudged home after work to save carfare, I used to gaze enviously at the shining cars gliding by me, the prosperous men and women within. Little did I think that inside of a year, I, too, should have my own car, a decent bank account, the good things of life that make it worth living.

I Thought Success Was For Others

*Believe It Or Not, Just Twelve Months Ago
I Was Next Thing To "Down-and-Out"*

TODAY I'm sole owner of the fastest-growing Radio store in town. And I'm on good terms with my banker, too—not like the old days only a year ago, when often I didn't have one dollar to knock against another in my pocket. My wife and I live in the snuggest little home you ever saw, right in one of the best neighborhoods. And to think that a year ago I used to dodge the landlady when she came to collect the rent for the little bedroom I called "home"!

It all seems like a dream now, as I look back over the past twelve short months, and think how discouraged I was then, at the "end of a blind alley." I thought I never had had a good chance in my life, and I thought I never would have one. But it was waking up that I needed, and here's the story of how I got it.

I WAS a clerk, working at the usual miserable salary such jobs pay. Somehow I'd never found any way to get into a line where I could make good money.

Other fellows seemed to find opportunities. But—much as I wanted the good things that go with success and a decent income—all the really well-paid vacancies I ever heard of seemed to be out of my line, to call for some kind of knowledge I didn't have.

And I wanted to get married. A fine situation, wasn't it? Mary would have agreed to try it—but it wouldn't have been fair to her.

Mary had told me, "You can't get ahead where you are. Why don't you get into another line of work, somewhere that you can advance?"

"That's fine, Mary," I replied, "but *what* line? I've always got my eyes open for a better job, but I never seem to hear of a really good job that I can handle." Mary didn't seem to be satisfied with the answer but I didn't know what else to tell her.

It was on the way home that night that I stopped off in the neighborhood drug store, where I overheard a scrap of conversation

about myself. A few burning words that were the cause of the turning point in my life!

With a hot flush of shame I turned and left the store, and walked rapidly home. So that was what my neighbors—the people who knew me best—really thought of me!

"Bargain counter sheik—look how that suit fits," one fellow had said in a low voice. "Bet he hasn't got a dollar in those pockets." "Oh, it's just 'Useless' Anderson," said another. "He's got a wish-bone where his back-bone ought to be."

As I thought over the words in deep humiliation, a sudden thought made me catch my breath. Why had Mary been so dissatisfied with my answer that "I hadn't had a chance"? Did Mary secretly think that too? And after all, wasn't it true that I had a "wish-bone" where my back-bone ought to be? Wasn't that why I never had a "chance" to get ahead? It was true, only too true—and it had taken this cruel blow to my self-esteem to make me see it.

With a new determination I thumbed the pages of a magazine on the table, searching for an advertisement that I'd seen many times but passed up without thinking, an advertisement telling of big opportunities for trained men to succeed in the great new Radio field. With the advertisement was a coupon offering a big free book full of information. I sent the coupon in, and in a few days received a handsome 64-page book, printed in two colors, telling all about the opportunities in the radio field and how a man can prepare quickly and easily at home to take advantage of these opportunities. I read the book carefully, and when I finished it I made my decision.

WHAT'S happened in the twelve months since that day, as I've already told you, seems almost like a dream to me now. For ten of those twelve months, I've had a Radio business of my own! At first, of course, I started it as a little proposition on the side, under the guidance of the National Radio Institute, the outfit that gave me my Radio training. It wasn't long before I was getting so much to do in the Radio line that I quit my measly little clerical job, and devoted my full time to my Radio business.

Since that time I've gone right on up, always under the watchful guidance of my friends at the National Radio Institute. They would have given me just as much help, too, if I had wanted to follow some other line of Radio besides building my own retail business—such as broadcasting,

manufacturing, experimenting, sea-operating, or any one of the score of lines they prepare you for. And to think that until that day I sent for their eye-opening book, I'd been wailing "I never had a chance!"

NOW I'm making real money. I drive a good-looking car of my own. Mary and I don't own the house in full yet, but I've made a substantial down payment, and I'm not straining myself any to meet the installments.

Here's a real tip. You may not be as bad off as I was. But, think it over—are you satisfied? Are you making enough money, at work that you like? Would you sign a contract to stay where you are now for the next ten years, making the same money? If not, you'd better be doing something about it instead of drifting.

This new Radio game is a live-wire field of golden rewards. The work, in any of the 20 different lines of Radio, is fascinating, absorbing, well-paid. The National Radio Institute—oldest and largest Radio home-study school in the world—will train you inexpensively in your own home to know Radio from A to Z and to increase your earnings in the Radio field.

Take another tip—No matter what your plans are, no matter how much or how little you know about Radio—clip the coupon below and look their free book over. It is filled with interesting facts, figures, and photos, and the information it will give you is worth a few minutes of anybody's time. You will place yourself under no obligation—the book is free, and is gladly sent to anyone who wants to know about Radio. Just address J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. OE-2, Washington, D. C.

J. E. SMITH, President,
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Dept. OE-2, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

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50 diseases**

have their beginning or development. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

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After long exposure to bad weather, after sudden changes of temperature, after mingling with crowds — gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, when you get home.

This pleasant precaution has nipped many a cold and sore throat in the bud, before they became serious.

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ALONE in a Great

This girl came to New York deliberately searching for its thrills and its perils. Her story is gospel truth



A LITTLE girl all alone in a big city." That phrase fitted me perfectly. It was early morning in October. The place was Grand Central station, New York and I, just nineteen, about five feet two, weighing about a hundred pounds and fresh as paint, was out hunting New York's perils.

Don't get me wrong! I was no crusader trying to find New York's wickedness so that I could do away with it. On the contrary I wanted to get into it. I wanted fun and thrills. I wanted New York to live up to its reputation. I wanted city slickers to try their lines on me, and get the shock of their lives.

I knew I was pretty. After all I wasn't blind and I'd had enough boys rushing me to realize I was no flat tire though I was still heart whole and fancy free. There was nobody closer to me in the world than my fussy Aunt Ida, who had never had a date in her life.

I didn't intend to stay a two A. M. girl in a ten P. M. town. So I lit out. I had my living to earn but I couldn't see kissing adventure good-by in exchange for matrimony in a one-gas-station village.

I chose New York as my hunting ground because I thought I knew all about the metropolis. Long ago back in the Wisconsin town where I had been born. Manhattan madness had

seized me. I had read of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, of Madison Square and Greenwich Village. I had read of the diamond horseshoe at the Opera, of glittering gold-diggers and night life. I had dreamed of pearls and emeralds and I thought New York was a woman's paradise.

Vim, vigor and high life of a big city! I wanted to know them all and as I stood there in the station, my dreams were all of rose and gold. In fact, I had that morning all the blissful ignorance of the perfect idiot.

I had two hundred dollars saved from my summer job and fifty more Aunt Ida



"Girls wanted for night club cloakroom work" I read, as though in answer to my thought. The room where I applied for the job was crowded with girls. A short man walked up and down issuing orders. He made me walk around and then told me to sit down

CITY

*What did she find?
Many things that
will amaze you when you
read them as they amazed
her when she lived them*

had given me. I was without references but I didn't care. I refused to believe I could go broke. I had three new dresses, four hats and six pairs of slippers.

Then suddenly standing there in that great terminal, with the crowds, the noise and the excitement just as I had dreamed it all, I became panicky. After all, I was alone, and it was a big city. I didn't know just which way to turn. So I pulled my first boner. I saw a kind looking woman standing near, and asked her if she knew where I could find a room. And what a lot of luck that question didn't bring me!

I can only excuse the subsequent events on the ground that she was a nice looking old thing, rather like Aunt Ida, and I wasn't suspicious when she asked me to go with her nor when she began questioning me about my age, my home, my people and my money.

I answered her questions and then repeated my request about a room. At that my unwanted guardian grabbed me firmly by the wrist and piloted me out of the station.

I tried feebly to escape from her but very soon I found myself guided into a comfortable home. There she made me sit down while she got a telegram blank and wrote a message. I knew the message must be about me, and that knowledge didn't increase my happiness. I didn't know whether she was wiring for poison or a patrol.

I HAD to grin at myself just the same. There I was, fresh as a daisy, out looking for perils and already being quietly bossed.

The first guardian of my girlhood handed me over to another, who took my hat and coat, while another took my suitcase. A third said I'd better have my lunch now. I said I'd gladly go out for lunch but she saw through that easily enough and led me into a dark basement where the whole institution seemed to watch while I ate a dish of dusty hash, four prunes and drank some pallid coffee. Then the questions began again. A woman with a manner smooth as a plate led me away to a little room and shut the door.

"Now, Betty," she said, "tell me just why you ran away from home. Nobody can hear us."

"I didn't run away from home," I said. "I'm here in New York to get a job. I've got money and I can get more from my aunt if I



At last I was alone and free in New York. I threw back my head and drew the sharp, clear air into my nostrils. I started out again, humming a song on my way to the territory of thrills



In a quiet side street I saw a card "Furnished Rooms" and went in and rented a tiny hall bedroom

need it. I'm nineteen and graduated from high school. What right have you to detain me here? I didn't ask for charity over there in the station but merely advice. Now I don't want either from you. Let me have my things and go."

"Betty, dear," she said, "don't you realize that twenty thousand girls have disappeared off the streets of New York never to be seen again?"

"Well, can't I disappear if I want to?" I was angry by this time and I didn't care if she knew it. "What

At breakfast a man in uniform slipped in beside me. He smirked and said: "Tony's girls are nice to me." I was frightened for I thought he'd lock me up



business is it of yours what happens to me anyway?"

"We are going to protect you," she said, and her voice was too honeyed for endurance. "We shall protect you even against yourself. We've wired your aunt about you. When we get word you aren't a runaway we may release you, but not before. Now go downstairs and read a nice book and I'll see what we can do about getting you work later on."

Having been such an idiot as to get myself into this fix I went slowly back to the dismal basement. There was nothing else I could do. I certainly felt discouraged. Was this the real New York? Was it actually so vicious that interfering women like these were necessary?

I started to walk about the building. Attendants shooed me back into the basement. The windows there were barred. So were the doors. I couldn't escape. I didn't even know where my hat and coat were. There were only three books in the bookcase, one a hymnal, one a sort of calendar, and the third, the spotless life of "Elsie Dinsmore."

Supper time came finally. They fed me and then suggested I go to bed. In the little cell-like



Selling nuts in a cheap night club is the hardest work in the world. In time though, I learned the trick and my fluttering eyelashes tempted the men to buy

room on the fourth floor, the window wouldn't open but the damp air had crept in somehow and the sheets were cold and clammy. I heard a clock strike eight. The magic hour of New York, when dinner parties are ending and theater crowds gathering! Eight o'clock and me in bed! Oh, what a hot time I was having with the perils of New York on my first night!

Aunt Ida must have come to my rescue, for next morning they announced, without giving me any details, that they were sending me to a girls' club. Not that I had anything to say about it. I could only tag along after the fat woman who held my suitcase and money.

We rode through crowded streets on a crowded trolley. She made no attempt to talk to me but indicated when we were to get off. My heart lightened when I saw that the club building was beautiful but when I saw the girls inside I knew the place wasn't as sweet as it looked. For all those girls talked out of the side of their mouths like prisoners.

I was sent to bed at ten that night. Next morning a doctor put me through a mental test. He passed me on to a second for a physical examination. From him I went to the employment manager who had to get the statistics on my education, handwriting and what not. In combination those three made me feel I hadn't even an expression I could call my own.

"Why do I have to put up with this?" I asked. "Please let me go. I don't want this charity," but once more I was met with staged smiles and was told to go upstairs.

Temporarily they gave me a job as a chambermaid to eighteen bedrooms on the top floor and for more than a week they held me there. I couldn't go out. I couldn't telephone. Letters were inspected before mailing. They said:

"It's never safe for a girl to telephone any man in New York. Never go to a man's office and never have anything to do with a rich man. They don't mean well by pretty country girls."

I was to stay long enough in New York to learn what bunk all that was, but for the moment their system was too perfect for me to buck, so I kept my mouth shut and dreamed of freedom.

The first break came when they announced my tests showed I loved children and that accordingly they had secured work for me at a kindergarten. It was a great opportunity, they said.

The opportunity, as it turned out, was Mrs.



"Pack your things and go," she ordered. "This is a respectable house. The first evening you live here, you're out all night and come sneaking in at dawn"



During the eleven days I was held a prisoner, I was given a job as chambermaid to eighteen bedrooms. I couldn't escape so I had to do the work

Schwartz's son. His mother said of him that there was just something the matter with him and there certainly was.

He was sixteen and still in a wheel chair and his head wouldn't stay upright. My big opportunity was to work at the kindergarten from nine until one, and with Mrs. Schwartz from one to midnight looking after the boy friend in exchange for room and board. One day of it and I turned that job down to the club attendant who called to inspect me.

So the next day I got another opportunity. This was as nursemaid to a minister's three kiddies. The plan then was for me to do the kindergarten in the morning, to work at some store in the afternoon to earn spending money and to stay at the minister's at night and tend the children in exchange for room rent. I'd have to pay my board from the afternoon's earnings.

And those were the great, big, lucky breaks, enough to break the heart and soul of any girl, which were offered to me in New York.

I wanted perils but I wasn't going to be driven into them, and such a life I knew would soon drive me mad. So I tried strategy. I was still under the domination of the club and they still had my money. So I went to the head matron and staged a scene.

"I'm beaten by the city," I said. "I want to be just a country girl. Let me have my money and return to the simple life and my Aunt Ida."

Now that was the kind of a story they wanted to believe. They'd not believe I had come to New York ready and willing to earn my way. They [Continued on page 104]

What Every Woman Fears

THE other day I was reading about repressions and the unconscious. Oh yes! Even we Southern women know our Freud. And it made me wish that I were of that religion that has its confessions. It would be a relief if I could unburden myself freely. That, I suppose, is why I am writing this.

You needn't try to recognize me. You won't, for I'm changing names and places, altering situations and surroundings, so that if perchance you live in my own little Southern town you may suspect me but you will never be certain. And the one unequivocal condition under which I am allowing this to be published is that the editor has promised that no one but himself will know my name and that he will never reveal it.

To begin with, I am young; I am well-born; and I am beautiful. Vain? Perhaps I am that, too. But we Southern girls learn men while we are learning to talk and when I come from under the needle spray of my shower, I stretch myself before my mirror like a lazy, supple, slim cat, and it tells me that I am soft, and rounded and moulded into pleasing lines. I know I don't deserve credit for the beauty of the body God gave me, but I do deserve credit for keeping it beautiful.

The first time I saw Allison Deane I knew that I wanted him, and that he was dangerous. Women know. They fear a man that has "It" and yet, they love him. Don't ask me what "It" is. How should I know?

MY MOTHER and my aunts tried to warn me that Allison had been married twice and divorced both times for a cause. His feet were not made to stay in a straight and narrow confine. Never, so long as he had a wife, could she know that tomorrow he would be hers alone. Did they think I did not know he had a wandering eye and a wandering fancy? His first glance told me that, but I wanted him anyway. All women did.

Attracting him was not hard. Many other women had done that. And the other men who crowded about me did not hinder. Allison, like all other men, wanted what no one else could get. He came through the black coats about me at a dance like a sharp prow cutting through tossing waters and I gave him dances that other men thought were theirs. I knew they would be angry but I did not care. I knew I wanted him and I knew I would never want any other man.

You Northerners and Westerners amuse me, attempting to deride our Southern attitude toward "family." How do you go about knowing what a given puppy will do, when he grows up and goes to hunt in the fields? Why, you take him from a litter that is blooded! You know what he will do by what his fathers and his mothers ahead of him have done. How do you Westerners go about improving the strain of your cattle? By introducing a new strain, of course!

But those, you say, are animals, while we are human and that's entirely different. Nonsense pure and simple! We eat and sleep and have our being, exactly as they do.

Tradition says the women of my family do not love lightly. My great-aunt Jessamine shot herself because her father was a colonel in Lee's army and she could not therefore marry a young lieutenant of cavalry who wore a blue uniform. My grandfather's cousin in

France was married by her parents to a man she did not love and she left him that very night to live openly for half a century with his cousin. But why go on with it? If you agree, you agree; if you do not, that can not change the facts. I knew that I wanted Allison Deane; and I knew that I would never want any other man.

They warned me not to marry him but in the pride of my youth I laughed. What if Allison's eye and fancy were roving? I knew I was beautiful enough to hold him.

Our honeymoon is no part of this story. I can never forget any incident of those first days but it is one thing of which no woman will talk very freely. And yet, through my happiest moments always I was haunted by the ghosts of living women—those two other women with whom Allison had spent a honeymoon. I do not think I was jealous but I could not help wondering, when he put his face close to mine, if that were not a gesture he had learned from one of them. Every endearing term brought its mute inquiry.

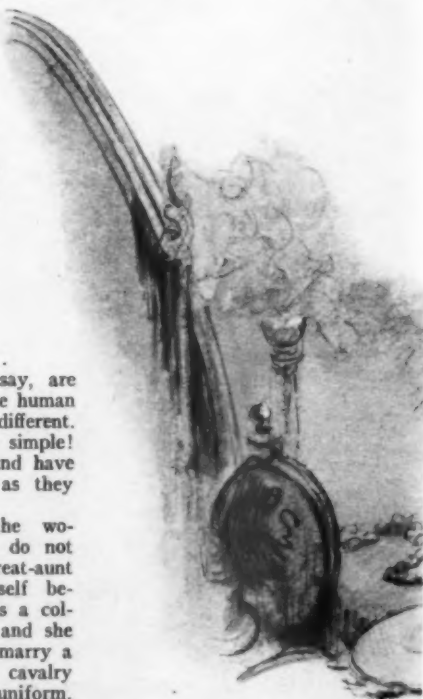
NOT that I was unhappy! I was happy, wildly, deliriously, unreasoningly and yet, reasonably happy.

A year passed and our happiness confounded the predictions of the pessimists. They wondered. But I did not.

I laugh often at men's grave, philosophic discussions of the divorce problem. They are so solemn in their wisely delivered and gravely received edicts. The answer is so absurdly simple that naturally no man would think of it.

They have never learned that we women are all in business too. Our business is men. And just as a man fails in his business and goes into bankruptcy, so do we fail, and go into divorce.

Of course, there will always be divorces; just as there will



Should Wives Believe
COMPETITION
Is the Life
of
LOVE?

With Drawings
from Life

By
JOHN H. GROSSMAN



I am young; I am well-born; and I am beautiful. When I come from under the needle spray of my shower, stretch myself before my mirror like a lazy, supple, slim cat, it tells me that I am soft and rounded and moulded into pleasing lines

always be failures. But a good business man does not fail.

That's why, when I stand before my mirror, I glow with exultation as I look at my reflection.

Don't misunderstand me. I have talked mostly of the beauty of my body but I know better, far better, than to make that my only stock in trade. My man had a brain and it took a brain to hold him.

I DON'T mean that I needed a knowledge of calculus nor abstruse club-paper facts. But I needed to know why, for instance, it was better to hunt with a setter than a pointer; why the apparently dry-as-dust figures in the government cotton reports meant food and dresses for people in the backwoods plantations. I needed to know the intensely interesting, too-often Rabelaisian, things that men talk about. For this is a man's world.

Don't think that I, like every other woman, haven't rebelled. The present system is wrong, of course. Everything gives the man the better break but my personal knowledge of the injustice is no reason for my denying myself advantages I can win by making use of that knowledge.

We had been married perhaps a year when we ran across Betty and that, by the way, is her real name. I almost hope somebody does recognize her.

Betty was pretty. No one would deny that. Sleepy gray-blue eyes, tawny hair woven about her head like a halo as the light struck it, pert little face and nose. Yes, Betty was pretty and she knew it. I was almost glad that she was.

When he met her Allison did nothing that he had not done half a hundred times before but this time there was a difference. I could not have told how I knew. How do you know your Airedale dog from a thousand, apparently just like him? How can you tell your child's

voice from a multitude of the same pitch and the same tone? It would have been easier if I had not loved Allison more than ever. But I did and I fought for him.

Allison was a man and manlike had not seen half a hundred things that no woman could overlook. Betty's face was like that of an angel at dawn, but her ankles were thick. Betty's laugh was like bells but when you began to talk of anything more complicated than the weather she began to wonder what it was all about.

What I did was very little. I just let Allison find out.

When Betty sat on the couch I sat beside her, and I pulled Nell Carter down at her other side. Nell's ankles are lovely too!

In this day of frank legs, with Betty between us nothing more was needed. And then, later, I let Betty in on the secret that no woman could be alluring to Allison for any length of time unless she could bat his ideas back to him when he talked.

HALF an hour later I saw Betty with Allison in a corner and they were talking, talking, talking. Allison, not so much. I hid my contentment and tried to keep others from interrupting.

Afterwards, at home before my dressing table I put about my shoulders the flame-colored silken robe that I'm almost afraid to wear because I know that never in all this world can I get another that transforms even an ordinary-looking woman into something transcendent; and the women who read this will understand why I did not remove the touches of rouge from my cheeks.

Expectant as I was, it was a shock when Allison came up behind me and said, "Oh, honey! The more I see other women—" and I had my reward in the undertones that ran all through his voice.

Yvonne was a girl I could not help admiring a great deal myself so I did not blame Allison for finding her attractive. There are, I expect, a few thousand girls on the stage who are supposed to come from old Southern families. Yvonne really did.

Dark soft hair, shot through with unexpected glistening lights, great gentle brown eyes, a straight little nose and a mouth that need mighty little make-up. She was by no means a danger to be undervalued. There had been no other woman since the slight affair with Betty and the intervening months had almost made me careless.

Yvonne came back home for a vacation from her work at big-time vaudeville, and she took our little Southern town at first assault. Married men, bachelors, college youths and antediluvians found her irresistible.

I did not blame them. Yvonne's voice could twist my heart strings and her firm, true touch made the piano a part of herself. Yvonne had personality; and her stage experience had not lessened her ability to get it over.

No, I could not blame Allison. None of the other men could resist her and Allison is like a blooded horse that will let no other horse lead him.

After a few weeks of it I started checking up on myself. Allison's attentions to Yvonne made me think.

Before I married him I had rather welcomed the idea of opposition to test my power upon. Where was the zest of a game if there were no opponents? Now I did not know. I had expected to fight my fight and be done with it.

Beautiful, of course I was beautiful! The long, slim lines, eyes wide and full of understanding, teeth even and perfect. But from men I had learned that when a boxer goes into the ring he may look to the untrained eye perfectly fit where the expert sees the slightest sign of relaxation in the paunch, the too-fullness of the cheek, the drawn look about the eye that tells of a lack of perfect condition. And I had not been as careful as I might.

HALF a month later, Dick and Mamie Carroll invited us to their place on the lake. Yvonne was invited, too.

During that half month I had gone back to my exercises, and I was hard as nails, physically and otherwise.

There was swimming down at the Carroll place and Yvonne's suit was a Paris creation. When I first saw her in it I had

misgivings. Had I mistakenly delivered myself over to the enemy? Creamy, soft skin, white slim arms, delicately moulded legs and knees. Yvonne was beautiful.

And yet that bathing suit could never be practicable for real swimming.

The lake at the Carroll's is not arranged for lolling on the beach. Mamie Carroll has a sideboard covered with cups she has won and the rest of us take delight in making her look to



her laurels. Yvonne did not swim.

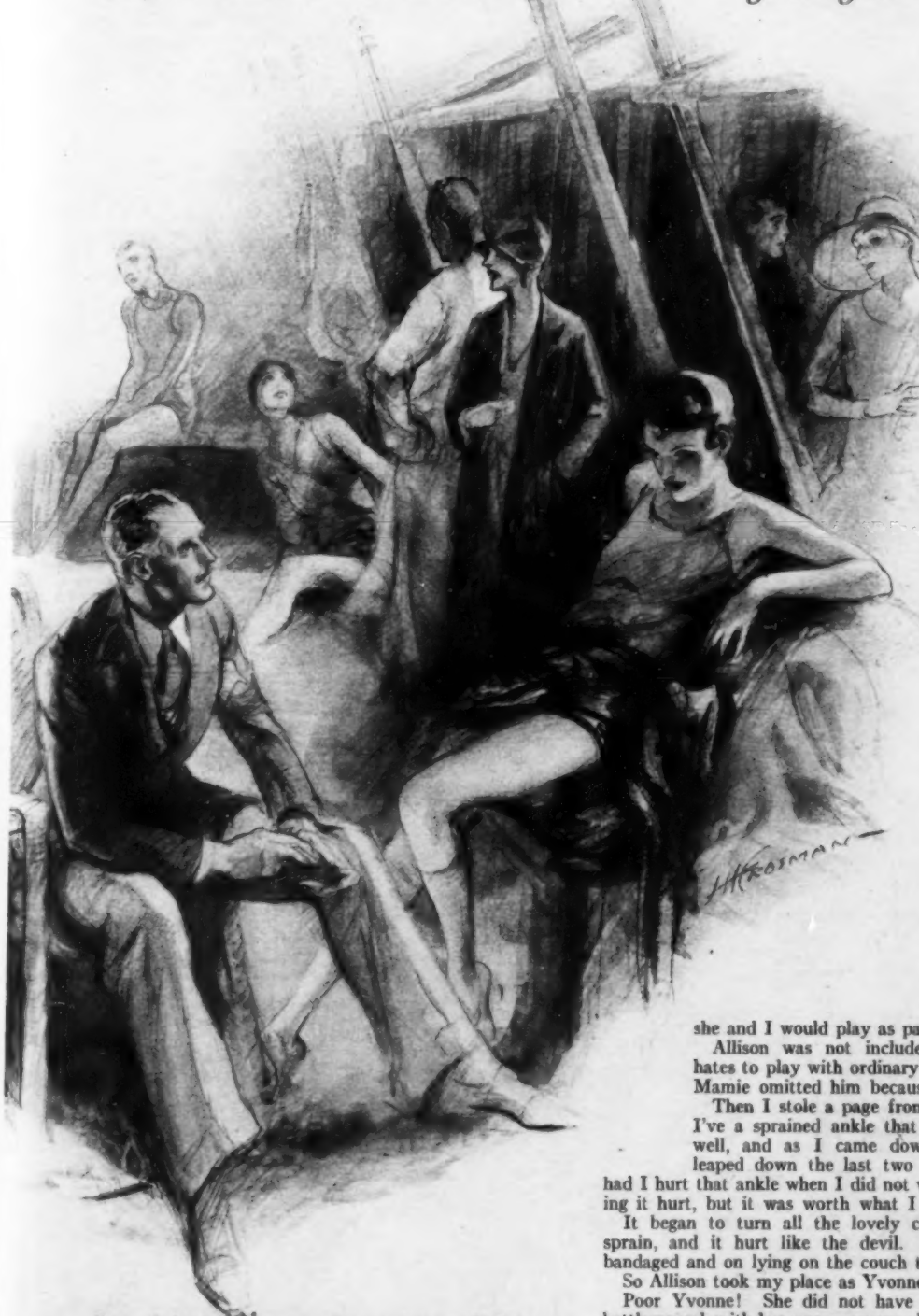
Allison stayed with her on the little beach but as the afternoon wore on I could see his face turned, more and more often, toward the rest of us disporting ourselves on the raft, racing for the cork balls thrown from the diving platform, swimming about, two by two in the clear warm water.

MAMIE, bless her dependable heart, had arranged a poker game for the men and bridge for the women. With Allison, poker is a religion. He never wants to stop. I know of no one else so much in demand for the game.

Yvonne's game of bridge, I soon found out, was not her chief attraction. She could not be blamed for it. Her traveling, I suppose, prevented her keeping up with it. She raised my bid to three no-trumps and, laying down the dummy with an air of duty well done, went to lean on Allison's chair and watch him play poker.

Each New Rival Made Me
Try to be More Beautiful

But How Long Can a Woman
Hold Her Beauty?



Yvonne's bathing suit was a Paris creation and when I first saw her I had misgivings. Yet, when the spell of her first appearance began to wear off, hope stirred. That suit would never do for real swimming

She did not know that Allison is superstitious about anyone's putting a foot on the rung of his chair. He does not like anyone to pick up his cards and look at them "for luck," and he would kill a bishop who commented aloud on the cards he drew.

Through the archway I could see enough to make me happy while I was being set four hundred, and I smiled to myself the rest of the evening. Yvonne and I drew each other for partners in the "set" game of bridge that Mamie and I arranged for the next afternoon. There are ways of manipulating the draw for partners, too; and that meant

she and I would play as partners—perhaps.

Allison was not included in the drawing. He hates to play with ordinary partners, and he thought Mamie omitted him because of his entreaties.

Then I stole a page from "Sentimental Tommy." I've a sprained ankle that has never been entirely well, and as I came downstairs for the game I leaped down the last two steps. Not for nothing had I hurt that ankle when I did not want to. Of course turning it hurt, but it was worth what I bought with it.

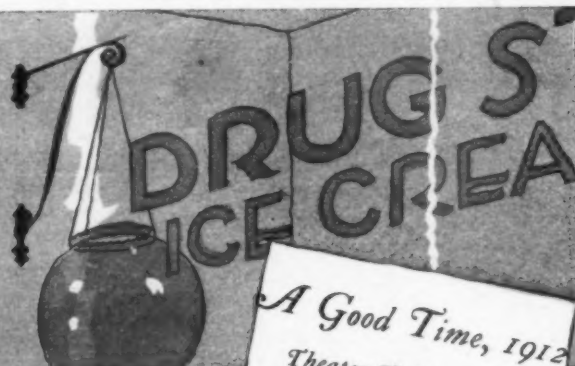
It began to turn all the lovely colors of an indisputable sprain, and it hurt like the devil. I insisted on having it bandaged and on lying on the couch to watch the game.

So Allison took my place as Yvonne's partner.

Poor Yvonne! She did not have a chance. On her own battleground, with her own weapons, she could have won, hands down. But she was playing as partner with one of the keenest bridge players south of the state of Kentucky and though she did her best, both as a partner to Allison and an opponent to me, she failed.

I knew I had won afterwards when [Continued on page 120]

JUDGE OBERWAGER Charges You Girls



A Good Time, 1912

Theater Tickets	\$2.00
Candy	.60
Carfare	.20
Ice Cream Sodas	.20
Total	\$3.00

The High Cost

"**R**EALLY, girls, he's the nicest boy I ever met."

Crowded close beside me in a subway train were three young girls, office workers, I should say, homeward bound from their day's work. They were nice young girls, bright-eyed, alert, bubbling over with the effervescence of modern youth. Their conversation, coming to me in snatches through the roaring of the train, had to do with their social conquests, a sort of matching of past achievements and future intentions. During a short halt between stations what they had to say became less disjointed. The youngest girl of the three, a blue-eyed blonde, less vividly made up than the others and seemingly less sophisticated, was enthusing about the nice chap she had met on her vacation.

To credit her answers to the searching third degree of her friends, he must have been handsome, intelligent, "so respectful," and alive with the sense of fun.

"You should have heard him laugh the other night," said the young girl, "when we got caught in a rain storm coming home from a show. I couldn't see the fun, though. It took all the pleats out of my new blue silk."

"You don't mean that he wasn't taking you home in a taxi!" said one of her friends.

The pride of conquest that had irradiated the face of the blue-eyed girl began to fade, and an apologetic expression took its place. She nodded her head slowly.

"Cheap, I call him!" girl number three said.

"I'll bet that he had you sitting in the gallery," said the other.

Are So Greedy Boys Can't Afford to Court You

A Big Night, 1927

Theater Tickets	\$15.00
Flowers	6.00
Taxicab	6.00
Cover Charge,	6.00
Night Club	25.00
Supper	
Total	\$58.00

As Told to
John S. Lopez

of Loving

The face of the youngster was a study. She looked as ashamed as though she had been detected in something undeniably improper.

"We had seats in the balcony," she said. "Good seats. We could see perfectly. You see he's only started in a law office and he doesn't earn much."

And then to hear the comments of the other two! He was a piker! He had a nerve to ask a girl out unless he wanted to show her a good time. She was an utter fool to waste her time on a "flat tire", when there were Tom and Cal just aching to take her out anytime and show her some real action.

It was clear that a lot of this was indirect bragging, intended to enhance their own valuation by showing the sort of entertainment they demanded and received. And while the young girl flushed and looked ashamed and began to agree with them, it was clear that her heart was not behind her acquiescence.

Nevertheless, after they had informed her, not once but a dozen times, that she was a fool to waste her time, I heard her say, "I s'pose it is silly. A girl is only young once."

I lost the rest of their conversation, but I have no doubt whatever that the nice boy who was "so respectful", had a sudden and sad awakening from his dreams.

Not long after this there was arraigned before me in court a lad of twenty-one, charged with stealing from his employer. Acting as part time collector for a large installment house he had been pocketing varying sums [Continued on page 136]



With Drawings
from Life
By RUSSELL PATTERSON

*With Drawings
from Life*
By DE ALTON VALENTINE

FEET of

*Was the Man
She Loved
A Real Hero?*



"**SPEED**" McKenna was the most popular man in the university and, from all I could learn, the most modest. Dad's hunch that he was a grand-stander was just another bit of evidence that hunch players are foolish. Everybody seemed to agree that he was a good sport

FROM the time I was a very little girl the word "sport" meant more to me than it does to most people. It meant a hero, a gentleman and a good comrade, like my father.

Some people called him a gambler because he made his living betting on contests and yet he was both the squarest and most gullible man I have ever known.

His father and grandfather had been horsemen and gamblers and gentlemen. They had owned and operated a stud farm in Kentucky and had been comfortably wealthy. When my dad was just a baby his father went bond on a friend's note for a large sum of money. The friend skipped the country and my grandfather was stripped of everything he owned.

He died when my dad was only nine years old and dad had to make his living working as a stable-boy. He got his education from trainers, roustabouts and jockeys. It wasn't an ideal environment, but dad had something fine in him that nothing could spoil.

When he was sixteen he made a killing with a two hundred dollar bet on a twenty-five to one shot. He quit the stable then and took to the betting ring for a living.

He played the races as a virtuoso plays a violin. Picking them right was a passion, an art, and a life work to him. The money he won or lost was a secondary consideration and he had the bitterest contempt for the followers of the track who were interested only in the size of their winnings.

When dad was twenty-four years old he met my mother who was then eighteen. She was the daughter of a vaudeville couple and as the theatrical phrase has it, she was "born in a trunk."

The show business parents objected to dad because he was a race track habitué and dad, oddly enough, objected strenuously to the show business. So mother gave up the stage and followed dad in his wandering from track to track.

My earliest recollections are of hotel rooms, railway trains

CLAY

Can a Girl in Love Be a Good Judge?

and race-track grand-stands. I knew the names and past performances of scores of horses before I knew my alphabet.

I knew early, too, what a sport was. At least I knew what my daddy meant when he used the term. A sport was a little girl about my age who said "thank you" on all proper occasions, who went to bed on order without whining and who always shared her toys and goodies with a playmate.

A sport, too, was a loving wife and a kindly, capable mother, who cared for her children and cherished her man. A woman like my mother!

Also, a sport was a square, game man who knew some one thing well and used his knowledge honestly and diligently, giving his best to life without complaint and taking in return what ability and luck combined gave him, taking it without growls of protestation when it was bad, and without vulgar elation when it was good.

To be a sport was my father's life creed and he turned to it for solace when my mother died.

He turned again to it for strength a few months later when he realized that he couldn't keep me with him and do me justice.

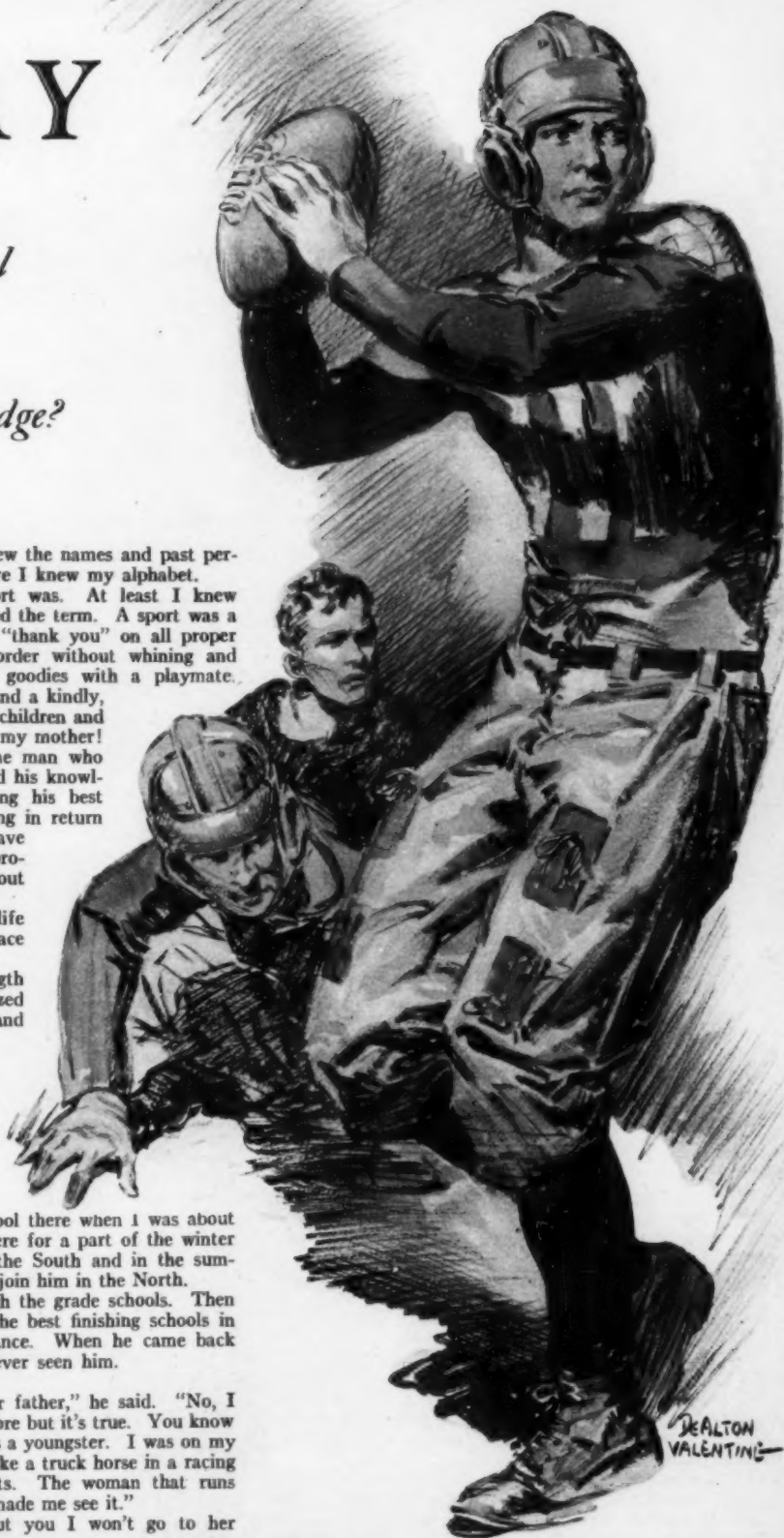
"I've got to be a sport about this, honey," he told me. "You've got to go to school and learn things I can't teach you. I'll take you with me when I can but we mustn't cheat."

He placed me with a family in New Orleans and I went to school there when I was about eight years old. He used to be there for a part of the winter while the horses were running in the South and in the summer, as soon as school was out, I'd join him in the North.

That went on until I was through the grade schools. Then dad very proudly went to one of the best finishing schools in the South to arrange for my entrance. When he came back he was broken up worse than I'd ever seen him.

"HONEY, I ain't fit to be your father," he said. "No, I ain't. I never realized it before but it's true. You know things broke bad for me when I was a youngster. I was on my own and I had no schooling. I'm like a truck horse in a racing string when I mix with real sports. The woman that runs that school I wanted you to go to made me see it."

"If she said anything bad about you I won't go to her old school," I said.





"The truth ain't bad," he said. "She only told me the truth. She runs a place for real thoroughbreds, honey, and she won't have you there on account of me."

"Oh! She won't!" I said. "Well, she's just an old snob, and if you think I care—"

"She's all right," dad said. "She's a trainer and she knows her job. She knows I wasn't handled right when I was young and she's afraid to take a chance on my daughter on that account. I don't blame her. I'm going to Judge Hawkins about this, honey."

Judge Hawkins was a wealthy old Kentuckian who raced a string for his own pleasure and had known dad's father and grandfather in their good days. He pulled wires and got me admitted to the school where I'd been refused.

I WENT but I hated it. Dad never came to see me while I was there. When I visited him he kept me away from the track. The old, happy-go-lucky companionship that we had enjoyed was smashed. I blamed the school for that and hated it the more bitterly.

Hate it as I would, however, it had its influence. The summer I was seventeen I visited dad in New York and for the first time in my life his appearance and mannerisms embarrassed me. I despised myself for feeling the way I did, but

I was glad when September finally came and the visit was over.

That fall I matriculated at a big state university in the Middle-west. I chose to go there because the best girl friend I had in the school at New Orleans lived in the town where the university was located. Dad was enthusiastic about my going there on this account, and also because of the great football teams this university turned out.

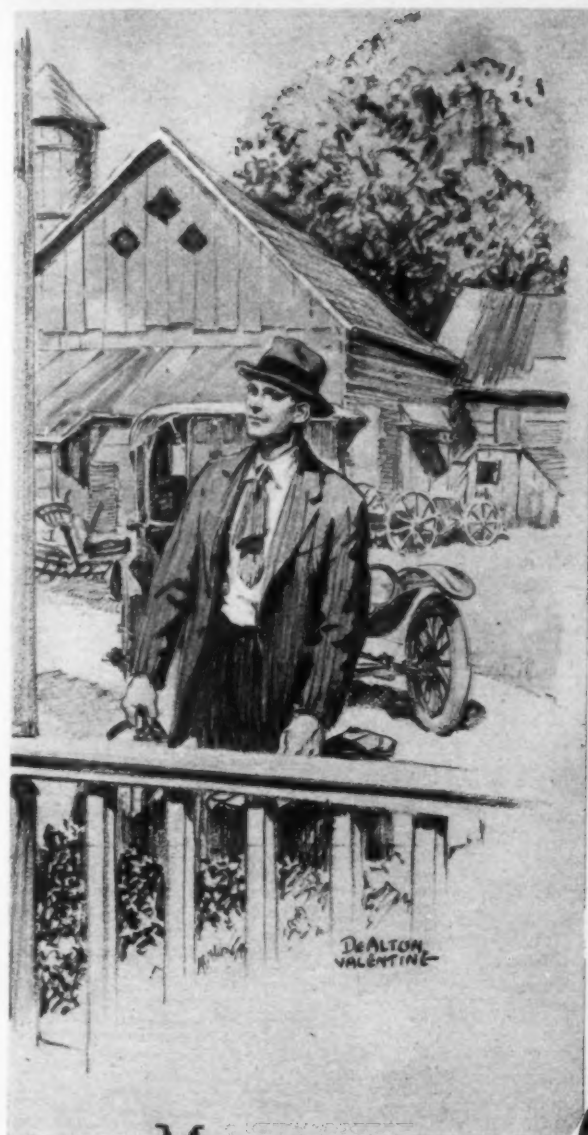
FOOTBALL was the only sport, aside from racing, in which he took any interest.

The night before I left him in New York he talked to me for an hour about the history of the team at the university to which I was going, its prospects for the coming year and its personnel.

"Keep an eye on this fellow McKenna and write me what you think of him," he said. "They say he's the best half-back in the country today but I've got a notion he's a ringer."

"A professional?" I asked.

"No," he said. "His record's clear on that. I mean I think he's a grand-stander. It's just a notion I've got from reading about him and I may be wrong. Watch him special for me and give me your hunch. If he's on that field to get his name on the front page then he ain't a football player at all. No sport can play college football and think about his own repu-



My sweetheart's parents were the dearest old pair! I ran to them without waiting for the formality of an introduction and kissed them both. Then I laid my head on old Mrs. McKenna's shoulder and bawled

"I've a notion that 'Speed' McKenna is a grand-stander," said dad. "Just keep an eye on him and let me know what you think. No sport can play college football and think about his own reputation while he's doing it"



tation while he's doing it. Just keep an eye on him and let me know what you think."

I had no difficulty in keeping an eye on "Speed" McKenna. He was the most popular man in the university and, from all I could learn, the most modest.

"You've often told me hunch players were foolish," I wrote dad. "Your hunch on McKenna is just another bit of evidence that you are right about that. If he is a grand-stander several thousand people out here who have known him for three years have been completely fooled. He's a good sport, dad. A real one."

"GLAD to hear I was wrong about McKenna," dad wrote back. "Not surprised though. My idea was just a hunch and nobody knows better than me that hunches are usually wrong. Have you met McKenna yet?"

"A poor little freshman out here has just about as much chance of meeting McKenna as the average American tourist passing through London has of meeting King George," I wrote in answer to this.

But a month later I did meet McKenna, by accident. Sally Burdette, the girl I had known at school in New Orleans and in whose home I was rooming, had a little roadster she let me use when I wanted it. I was driving alone one afternoon late in the fall. A little skim of ice had formed on the road. My hind wheels skidded on it and the roadster slipped into the ditch and turned over. It was Speed McKenna who found me lying unconscious by the side of the overturned car.

When I regained my senses he was kneeling beside me sponging my face with his handkerchief. I wasn't seriously hurt, but McKenna drove me home and called the next day to see how I was getting along.

He liked me. That was evident from the beginning and I was thrilled to bewilderment when I realized it.

When I went out with him I was envied by every girl in the university. For the first time in my life I was a social somebody and I loved it.

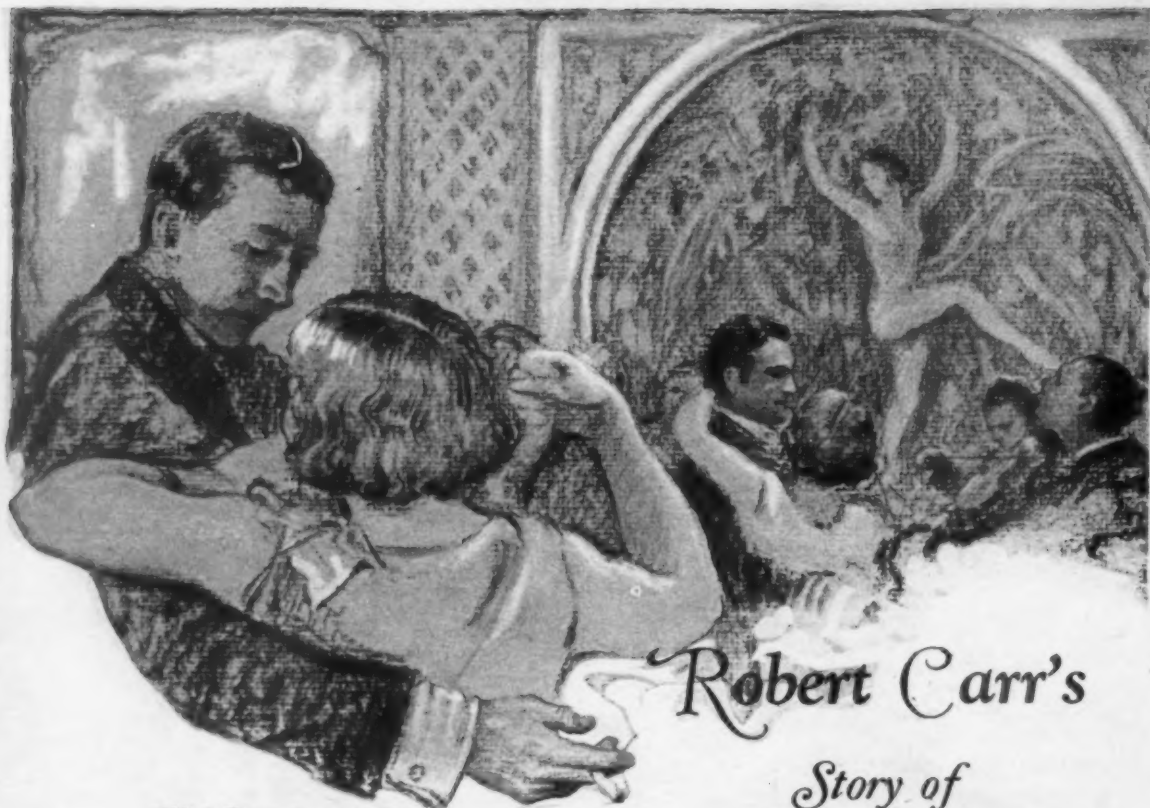
When he asked me to marry him he suggested that he run east and see dad about it, but I assured him that was unnecessary. For the first time in my life I was fully and frankly ashamed of my father and still more ashamed that I felt that way. He seemed to understand how I felt and I got the idea that he was ashamed of his folks too. Some way that was a shock to me and for the first time in a long while I remembered dad's hunch. But I put the thought away because when a girl's in love it's easy not to see feet of clay.

The engagement was announced late in the winter. Even the New York newspapers mentioned it and the Chicago papers made it quite a feature. Speed McKenna was a nationally known character and he had been notoriously girl shy. His engagement was news.

"THAT boy McKenna can pick a girl with as good judgment as he picks a way through a broken field," dad wrote me. "From all I hear he must be a real sport. You're class, honey, all the way through. Our line skipped a generation in me, but you'll take up where my father and mother left off. I think I could have held my own with the rest if I had the right training, but I did not have it, so I am not fit for good company. I won't be able to get to the wedding, honey. Going to Europe for a little spell about June. Don't misunderstand this, little girl. I am sure you won't. I would give my right eye to be at your wedding and at the same time I would rather have them both put out than come to it."

Of course I wrote to him and told him he simply had to come to the wedding but even while I was writing it I was glad because I knew he wouldn't.

"He's too good a sport to come!" That phrase kept sounding in my brain. Poor sport that I was! [Continued on page 107]



*With Drawings
from Life*
By C. R. CHICKERING

Robert Carr's
Story of
High School Life Today

Crucible of

PAUL BENTON was sixteen, a freshman in high school and he was wearing his first long pants, so he felt that he had to prove himself one of the clan of regular guys. The village pool room was his first achievement. Then he went on a wild auto ride with the bunch, learned to drink his "licker" like a man and after that the first cigarette came easy. He swore at his father at least once and flatly refused to go to church any more. He managed to corral the family flivver for just one night but his first date with a girl didn't turn out to be all he had expected. Maybe that was because Gertrude Humphreys was the one girl the older fellows had told him to keep away from. His double dates with "Hungry" Alkire, a junior, his girl Eunice and Ruth Sherwood were much more successful. He felt that he sure was steppin' out! Then something happened which gave Paul a chance to feel more like a regular guy than he had ever hoped to. His father got a bigger job which made it necessary for them to move to the city right away. The city! Hot rocks!

STUNNED into a happy, dazed state which precluded intelligent anticipatory thinking, Paul plunged into the maelstrom of moving like an inspired maniac. He ripped up rugs, he tore down pictures, he packed dishes in barrels of newspapers and strained his back lifting enormous trunks. His father unbent enough to call his son "Paulibus" and they swore fraternally together as a Gargantuan motor-truck moving-van backed up to the front porch. Sweaty men quickly gutted the square white house of furniture and drove away towards the city!

Envious, curious, wistful stares from the boys and girls; the pool room gang.

"G'bye, Larry, you ole horse's neck! S'long, Buck. Aw, darn it, got dust in my eye. Oh gosh, yes, Ruth, I'll write! By gosh, I will! G'bye, sweetheart."

A friendly-faced boy named Johnny lived in the other side of the double house where Paul lay awake in a strange new room listening to the strange new sounds the city made all



Youth

For the first time in his life Paul was in a public dance hall. His head was in a whirl. Somehow he bumped into a girl and the next thing he knew he was on the floor. Stabs of embarrassment pierced him through and through

night long outside the window. They were not unfriendly sounds.

And on a bright Monday morning in early September, Paul Benton descended the front steps of his new home and walked briskly towards East High School.

A glistening little roadster pulled in along the curb, its silver-voiced siren tooting a greeting. "Jack, oh, Jack!" said a voice. The door swung open invitingly as the car came up parallel with Paul, who hesitated, then stepped to the curb, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Oh! Pardon me." The cool, well-dressed young man behind the wheel was apologetic but not flustered. "You looked

just like Jack Greenburk from behind. My mistake." He regarded Paul suavely. "School?" he inquired.

"Why, yeah."

"Hop in."

Paul sank wonderingly into the low-slung upholstered seat. The car leaped forward like a grayhound.

After a moment Paul looked timidly at the young gentleman who had picked him up. The boy sat behind the wheel as bland-faced and inscrutable as a Chinaman. He piloted the glistening little roadster past street cars and around other machines with skillful twists of the steering wheel. Un-

expectedly he turned to Paul and without preliminaries asked: "Think they'll put this closed lunch-period stuff over on us this year?"

PAUL was bewildered. "Why, I dunno. You see, this is my first year here."

"Oh." A faintly bored look crept over the countenance of the other. "Where from, LeDure?"

Paul had never heard of LeDure, but he had presence of mind enough to come back quickly with, "No, Westfield."

"Westfield? Don't believe I ever heard of the dump. Prep school?"

"No, it's a high school. Westfield's a town."

"Oh! You're from out of town, huh? Why, saaay, you don't mean Westfield, that little hick dump 'bout twenty-five miles back in the sticks?"

"Gosh, Westfield's no hick dump. There's more'n a thousand people lives there."

The bland-faced driver laughed silently for a few minutes.

"That's rich!" he murmured. "The country! You don't look it though, much. First time you ever lived in the city?"

"Yeah," admitted Paul meekly.

"What's your name?"

"Paul Benton."

"Mine's Meredith, Art Meredith, alias Half-pint. Gladta meetcha, Benton. So you're from the country? God help you, Benton!"

Paul and Meredith alighted from the glistening little roadster and walked rapidly up the vast front approach. Meredith with a pleased anticipatory expression, Paul gape-mouthed, dumbfounded, awe-stricken.

He kept close on Meredith's heels. The city boy plunged into a mass of shrieking, chattering, young people, and became as insane as the rest. "Hi, Jack! Hi, Roger! Bill, old sock! Have a good summer? Yeah, bo!"

When he greeted girls, as he frequently did, he swooped on them, imprisoned both their hands, dragged them up close to him and impaled them with a bright hypnotic stare. Paul had dizzy impressions of carmined lips, of penciled eyebrows flickering up and down, of cool, sleek, alabaster-and-pink little women.

Suddenly, from all over the great building, a dozen clear electric bells rang out. The gay mob halted, wavered, then trickled from the far reaches of the building down into the huge auditorium.

PAUL followed the crowd. He slipped into a seat and with wide eyes watched the sea of empty seats change to a sea of bobbing heads. He gazed wonderingly at the long stage far up in front, its back-

drop silvered in a huge square for a motion picture screen.

Into two of the three vacant seats between him and the aisle dropped a pair of boys. They wore loose, light-colored suits, so extremely collegiate as to betray themselves instantly as high school cubs. Vests were not in evidence. Polka-dot shirts and small, violent, "jazz-bow" neckties gave them a colorful appearance which was heightened by wide, brilliantly-figured leather belts.

Paul inspected them from the corner of his eye, taking mental notes. He was becoming painfully aware of the fact that his blue serge was getting shiny, and now he suddenly resolved to launch a new suit campaign the instant he got home.

A third boy pushed in past them and sat down beside Paul. It was Art Meredith, the boy who drove the shiny roadster.

Far up in front, on the big stage, a man in a rusty brown suit began to talk. He was a huge man and his thunderous voice rumbled all over the great auditorium. The hum of a thousand voices diminished by about two-thirds.

PAUL sat and absorbed East High lore until the meeting was dismissed. They filed from the mighty auditorium and presently Meredith steered Paul into room 101.

He stood in a corner, biting his lips, and marvelled at the girls and the shiny furniture until a teacher entered.

She did not look like a school teacher. She was dressed in rather good taste and was not especially homely. She motioned the pupils to sit down, which they did very circumspectly, so as not to give the appearance of obeying.

Paul showed her the little card he had brought with him from Westfield High School.

She studied it for some time, then spoke. "You'll have to start in as a 10B. The work you had as a freshman last year in your country high school is taught in the ninth grade of the intermediate or junior high schools here in the city, so that makes you a freshman again." She smiled.

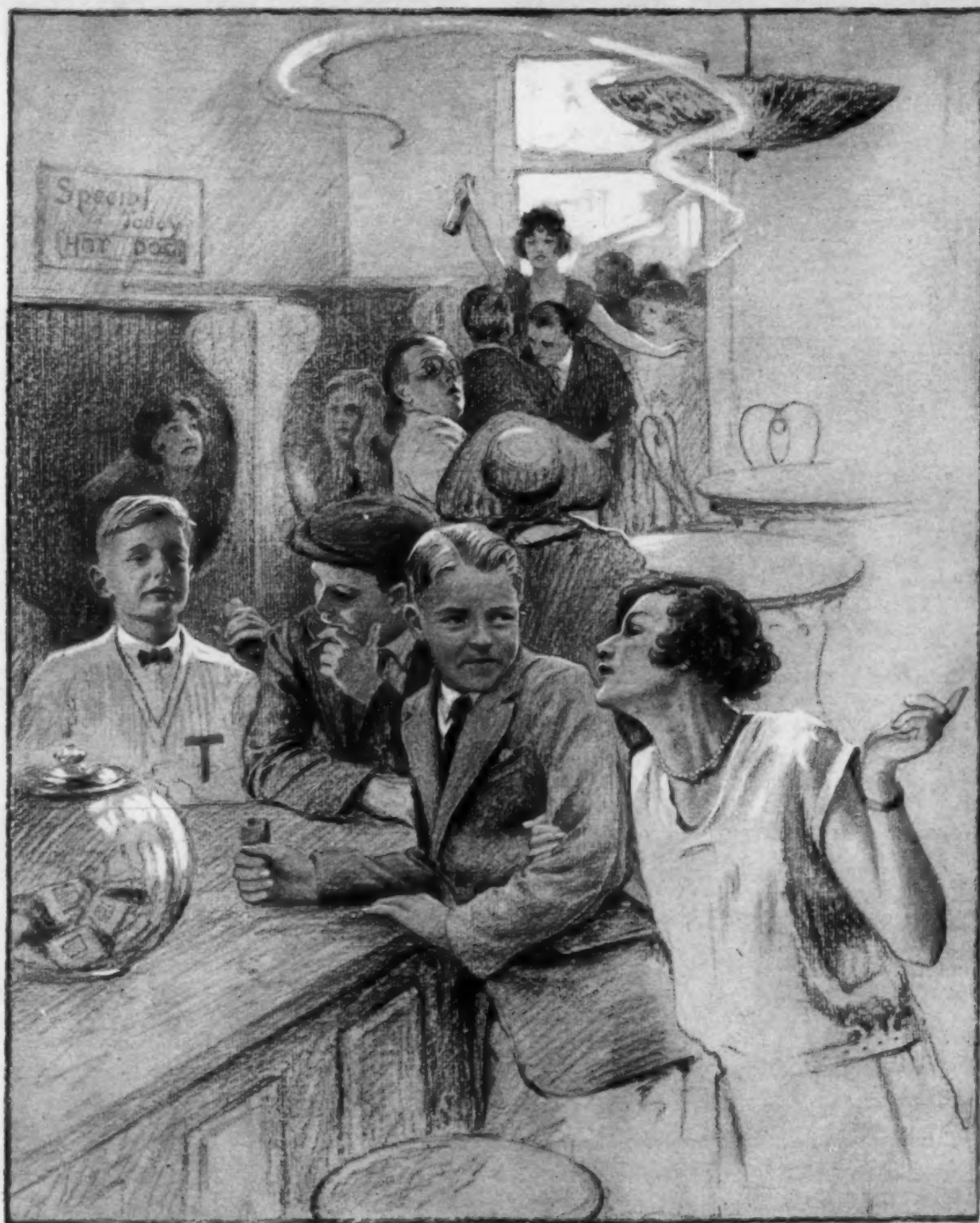
But Paul felt more like crying when he heard that he was a mere "freshie" once more.

"However," the teacher added, "you'll graduate in three years just the same as if you were a sophomore, which you are now, in reality. But since only the last three years of high school work are given here, and since your second year is your first year here, you'll have to register in room 208 with the 10B's. Do you understand?"

Paul did not understand but he nodded his head and went blindly out into the hall. After a little tour of inspection he entered a room numbered 208. He joined a group of pupils



This is how our eighteen year old author looked as he typed his amazing story of high school life and here are the schools he attended. Do you recognize the one above, at Columbus, or the one below at Ashley, Ohio?



As Fritzie watched Paul grin, his clear blue eyes shining at her, something stirred deep in the calloused leather thing that had once been a school girl's soul. Paul's cleanness touched her and made her feel dimly ashamed of herself. "You look lonesome, Blondie," she cooed. "Come on over here and tell Fritzie all about it." She started to drag him across the room to one of the dark little booths that tried so hard to be collegiate

Meredith pil-
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proach of the East
High School, Paul
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baster-and-pink little
women

who were clustered around the desk and finally succeeded in attracting the attention of one of the teachers, a brisk man with glasses.

Paul handed him his card. "Is this the right room for me?"

The brisk man glanced at it with the hasty, annoyed look of a rushed box-office clerk. "No, no, no! We have no record of you here. This is where you belong all right, but you'll have to go to the office first."

The office was a merciless place with tall filing cabinets of cold olive drab steel. There was a breast-high counter behind which harrassed young women clerks raced back and forth. One of them faced Paul. "And you?" she asked.

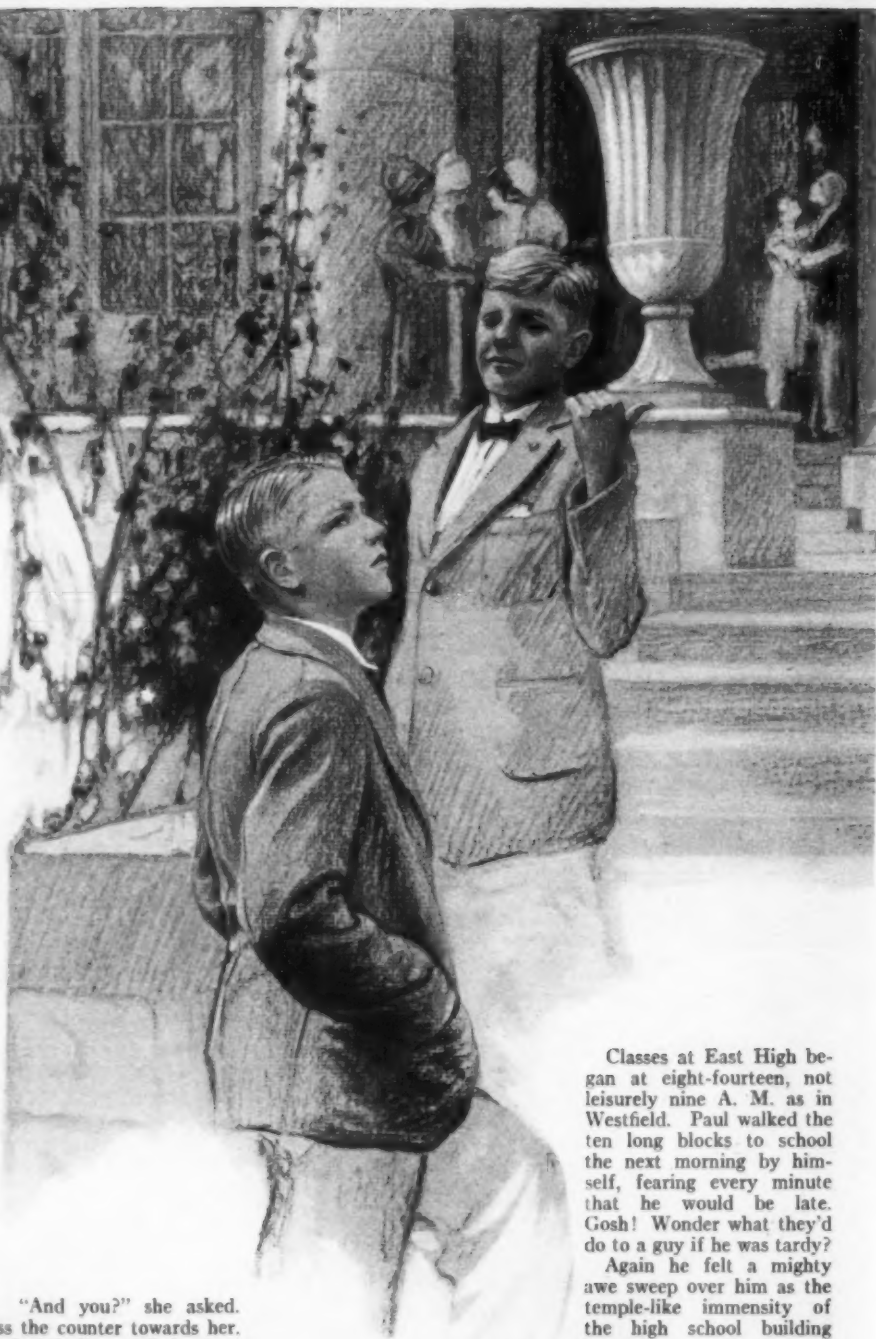
He shoved his precious card across the counter towards her. For an instant he had a queer, detached feeling of living in a steel filing cabinet world inhabited by indexed slips and cards.

"You're an out-of-town pupil," she said. "Is this card all the record you have of yourself? Then we'll have to write your former school. In the meantime, well, you come in tomorrow and we'll fix you up a schedule. Now hurry back to your registration room."

Paul left the building about noon, thoroughly confused and almost wishing that he were back in pokey old Westfield.

As he passed out through the lofty main entrance, there was chatter and swirl on all sides of him. Fine clothes. Self-assurance plus.

He jerked himself sternly erect. He was a city fellow now, he told himself fiercely, not a darn hick! What did he care about some little dump out in the sticks somewhere?



Classes at East High began at eight-fourteen, not leisurely nine A. M. as in Westfield. Paul walked the ten long blocks to school the next morning by himself, fearing every minute that he would be late. Gosh! Wonder what they'd do to a guy if he was tardy?

Again he felt a mighty awe sweep over him as the temple-like immensity of the high school building loomed up. He brought himself to loiter on the

curving stone balustrades. There was a half-wistful, half-wondering smile on his lips as his eyes took in the scene.

The girls' vivid dresses and slickers were scattered across the noble white background like scraps of gay ribbons. The boys, in their loose fall suits, most of them of light-colored material and all too large at the bottoms, strutted about or slouched along the balustrades kidding the girls. Everyone went bare-headed.

Paul's foolish young heart went out in a great yearning to these grotesqueries. Oh, if he could only dress thus, and chat cleverly with sophisticated little women in vivid dresses! A group of girls passed by, a small gale of rustling slickers. Paul stared after them, his brow wrinkling slightly as he



studied the fancy initials and brightly colored pictures inked on the backs. He had started to remember something when the clarion of the bells shrilled out from within the building and sent his thoughts flying.

Remembering he was to receive his schedule that day, he went into the office and rested his elbows on the tall counter. Soon he was being cross-examined by a clerk. She finally wormed the necessary information out of him, and for some time was busy with files and cards and slips. She turned and handed him a small form-blank, at the top of which she had written: "Benton, Paul. 208."

Paul walked slowly out of the office studying the little slip.

In the hall some time later, while making a short-period round of his schedule to meet his teachers and learn what books he was going to need, Paul came face to face with Art Meredith.

"Hi, Country," he greeted, "have they still got you rattled? Le's see your schedule. Why, gee, you and I are in the same English class, 102 the fourth. The Old Hoss teaches that class. You'll love her, Country, like fun!"

Together they sauntered along the hall.

"Country, you oughta meet some of my gang," said Art. "You look like you might be a dead game sport. Many hot-time parties where you came from?"

"Yea, bo!" Paul said. "Just before we moved I was on a big lick-party and got cock-eyed."

A fraternal look crept into Meredith's eyes. A bond had somehow been established between the two boys. "Seems to me I've heard there's lots of stills down through that part of the country. Plenty of hot dates, I 'spose?"

"Yea, bo!" cried Paul, but for some reason hesitated to elaborate.

"But old 'Yeast' High School has got 'em all licked when it comes to that!" declared Art. "Here comes Fritzie now." He indicated a flashy little minx in a tight-fitting dress. "You gotta meet Fritzie some of these nights, Country." He smiled wickedly at her and she winked in return as she passed.

The remainder of the day was a whirl to Paul. As he walked out beneath the Doric pillars at twelve-thirty, his step was almost jaunty.

At the top of the sweeping front steps he encountered Johnny Wells, his neighbor. They walked home together, planning to go down-town that afternoon to buy their school books.

Quite irregularly Mr. Benton was home for lunch, and had brought with him an automobile salesman. Paul broke through the salesman's barrage of high-powered selling talk for an instant only.

"Dad, I gotta have bout five dollars for school books!"

Mr. Benton handed his son a five-dollar bill and turned eagerly back to the auto salesman. Paul stuffed the bill in his pocket, bolted the

remainder of his meal and fled for fear his father would come to his senses.

That afternoon Johnny conducted him on an exploration tour of the down-town section. Paul discovered that his friend had three of the four needed books left from the year before and would sell all of them to him second hand. Accordingly, Paul bought only one new book and came back from down-town with three dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket. The second hand books

from Johnny took the seventy-five cents, making a net profit of three dollars for the afternoon's finagling.

The next morning Paul leaped from the table out into the front hall. He snatched up the school books he had not studied or even thought of, donned his hat, then stopped abruptly. On a sudden impulse he turned back to the mirror in the coat-rack, removed his hat, and surveyed himself from all angles. He smiled approvingly and walked out into the cool morning sunshine bare-headed.

A milestone had been passed; a [Continued on page 110]

How I Became A Liberal Minded

MANY people who meet us are amazed at the freedom my wife and I enjoy in our marriage. I am a liberal minded husband. She is a liberal minded wife. We go where and with whom we please.

But it was not always that way. Within three weeks of our marriage she was ready to leave me. I was probably the most unreasonable, the most narrow-minded, the most jealous husband there ever was. If she smiled at a man I was sure it was to lead him on into a flirtation. If she was at all gay in company other than my own I thought she was deliberately making herself attractive to engage the attention of the men present.

Whenever a newly introduced man suggested playing golf, tennis, or cards with her I believed the man was creating an opportunity to start an affair. If she accepted these invitations I immediately decided she was welcoming his advances.

My great trouble was that I tried to find ulterior motives and hidden meanings in everything that concerned my wife's speech and actions with other men. Invariably I went far beyond the point of any issue that ever came up. I distorted everything that was said or done.

I have seen so many men who are as I was eight years ago, and so many marriages smashed because of unreasoning jealousy and narrow-mindedness that I am going to tell you frankly how I discovered what a simpleton I was, and how I became a liberal minded husband.

Before I begin, however, I want to make clear that there is a vast difference between being a liberal minded husband and being a loose minded husband. A loose minded husband doesn't care what his wife does. A liberal minded husband is one who admires and respects his wife enough to trust her completely. You will see what I mean as I get along in this story.

I am a writing man and blessed, or perhaps cursed, with a lively imagination. I used to regard women as angels rather than human beings, and I called my reverent attitude one of romantic idealism. But I have learned that it is a mistake to regard women as angels rather than human beings, and quite unfair to both parties con-

cerned because both are bound to be disappointed sooner or later.

The girl I married was lively, vivacious and beautiful. She was popular, courted, sought after. She was one of the belles of her Southern town. These were some of the reasons why I was attracted to her. If I'd been at all consistent I should have wanted her to remain the girl I courted. Certainly I should not have wanted her to "settle down" as soon as she became my wife.

Even today I cannot definitely say that I wanted her gay, happy nature to change after marriage. But I do know that immediately after our wedding all the popularity, gayety, charm, and sportsmanship which had so attracted me, filled me with jealous fears, and suspicions. From that time on I gave a narrow-minded twist to everything that concerned her relationships with other men. Our very first clash came as a result of this attitude.

A dance was given for us the second night we returned from our honeymoon. Everyone at the party was anxious to meet my wife, and among others, Jim Dale was presented to her. He was the uncle of Susan Dale who had formerly lived in our town. My wife bore a remarkable resemblance to Susan, and like everybody else, Jim had noticed it. He was one of the local characters, and had a reputation for saying the first thing that came to mind:

"Well, well, I declare!" he said. "You look so much like my niece Susan I almost ran up and kissed you."

"Oh! why didn't you? Just think what I've been cheated out of," my wife said in a voice loud enough for the whole receiving line to hear.

I saw red, and it was all I could do to keep from turning on her in public. My mind was capable of only one reaction. Her answer seemed to me to advertise that she was quite willing to be embraced by a strange man. I was positive everybody else would take it the same way.

IT IS possible that no one else in the crowd even dreamed of construing her words that way, but I regarded it as an open invitation.

As soon as possible I led her to an isolated part of



Soldier, athlete and author, T. Howard Kelly chose an active athletic girl for his wife and then he says he became "the most jealous husband there ever was." It was a hard job for Mrs. Kelly to get that nonsense out of his head. She succeeded in doing this only after they had both gone through some harrowing experiences. All of which Mr. Kelly relates frankly in this article

By T. Howard Kelly

Husband

There is a lesson in my story, not only for husbands, but for wives as well. When I was married I called myself a romantic idealist and that meant that I was filled with unreasoning jealousy. It was not until I had made a fool of myself and nearly lost my wife that I learned to become a Liberal Minded Husband

the veranda, and exploded. She tried to tell me her remark was only party chatter.

"Why, he's old enough to be my father, and unromantic enough to make an old maid turn him down," she said. "Take me home. You've spoiled everything."

At home I drove her to the verge of hysteria with my accusations and criticism. I told her that there was only one kind of real, true love in my mind. It was love for one man that made a woman see other men with impersonal eyes.

"DO YOU really think I could get a thrill from old Jim's kiss and embrace?" she asked.

But young love, though it suffers hurts very easily, also forgets its heartbreak in its ecstasies. Within two days we were happy again, although my narrow-mindedness had cut a first scar in the pattern of our love.

A fleet of Navy ships came into port a few days later and the officers were entertained at a dance. As my wife and I stood talking with some people, a good-looking young lieutenant came over and greeted her effusively, asking what she was doing so far from home.

"You'd be surprised," she said.

Only a man deliberately looking the wrong way at this answer could have come to my impetuous, and absurd conclusion. It was obvious enough that she meant he would be surprised to learn she was married. He had addressed her by her maiden name. But I thought my wife liked this officer and didn't care to risk scaring him away by the news that she was now a married woman.

At this moment two more officers came up, and the lieutenant introduced her by her maiden name. Then she introduced me as her husband. The lieutenant who knew her seemed in-



T. HOWARD KELLY

author of "What Outfit, Buddy?"

credulous. Immediately I decided that the officer was upset because he and my wife had been in love.

"I've been in foreign waters so long I haven't had much news," he said.

"I've been trying to tell you the news ever since meeting you, but you wouldn't give me a chance, Harold," she said.

These words should have exploded my first narrow-minded belief that she had purposely evaded telling him she was married. It is possible that they might have done so had it not been for the fact that I had already decided that they were old sweethearts. "No wonder she didn't want to tell him she was married until she had to," I thought. No girl likes to admit this to a former lover she meets unexpectedly.

"THE navy has a great thirst," my wife said to me. "Let's take them over to the bowl of spiked punch."

"I'll take them. You wait for us, dear," I said. I was annoyed at her suggestion that she accompany us. I had explicitly explained that in our town girls never went to the bowl of spiked punch. If they [Continued on page 92]

*The
Romance
of a
Lovable
Outlaw
Who Was
Too Brave
to Steal
A
Maid's
Heart*



*I lifted Carmelita into my saddle
and carried her back to her home*

Just a Soft

HOW I came to be what I am is nobody's business. It all began long ago with a moonlit night, a woman in the arms of another man, and a blow struck in anger. Life after that didn't mean much.

I was twenty-five, yet I thought I was through with both life and love. So I drifted, bruised and cynical, heedless of time and place, until I found myself one day, alone and penniless, on the edge of the Mexican desert, which became my home for a while.

I worked out on the ranges, did a little trapping back in the mountains, even tried panning gold. Then one night fate threw me in with a Mexican who called himself Ramon. He was fat and oily, but I learned that he had a large ranch about a day's ride south of us and that he was something of a power in his own country. Two bands of horse rustlers worked under him, one in Mexico and the other in south Texas. Their system was effective and simple and so far they had worked without detection, but Ramon needed a leader, preferably an American.

So, very guardedly, he began to intimate that if I would act as his lieutenant, he would not only see that I was protected



With
Drawings
from *Life*
By
RAY SISLER

I couldn't tell what Carmelita thought about marrying me. Once I asked her if she was happy about it. She answered me only by quoting the Spanish proverb, "Love blows as the wind blows"

Hearted Bandit



from arrest, but that I should receive a generous share in the profits. Looking back I know it wasn't the money I was after, but the danger. The thought of matching my wits against both American and Mexican ranchers appealed to me.

So before long I was riding the border trails at the head of as ugly a band of Mexican cutthroats as the desert country had ever seen.

I NEVER went to Ramon's ranch myself, but always sent one of my men with the stolen herds. It was my job to keep to the border where the hardest work and the greatest danger lay. Before many months the fame of that band of mine had spread; the ranchers banded together and the rangers became active. It was no easy matter to get away with even a small handful of horses. More than once we were forced out into the desert to escape the Texas Rangers.

Then I made a mistake that turned out badly for all of us, but somehow I have never been able to regret it.

I had ridden one evening, with three of my band, into Verde where we were getting a late supper at a cantina on

the Mexican side of town. Pablo, one of my band, had a sweetheart dancing there. Between her turns she sat with us and once she pointed out a table where two Americans were drinking.

"You see the big one there," she said. "He has made me afraid to come here, that pig. Always he follows me, even in the day time, and when I leave here at night, I must run all the way. It is not pleasant, but then I am a dancer and they say he is a very rich man, and powerful."

I saw Pablo finger the knife at his belt.

When it came her turn to dance I watched the man at the further table follow her with greedy eyes. As she finished and started over to us he got up. I had just time to whisper a word of caution to Pablo when the man put his hand on the girl's shoulder.

I stepped between them and for a moment we looked into each other's eyes.

It was no place for a mix-up so I signed to Pablo to get

Ramon made me one of his lawless band of Mexicans



the girl out. The man followed us to the door and suddenly without a word, he struck at me with all the force of his heavy body. I caught the blow on my shoulder and as he turned, I hit him full on the jaw. He dropped at my feet. Looking down at him, I remembered the words of the girl: "He is very rich". The mad thought of kidnapping him seized me and a moment later we had thrown him across one of the pack mules.

BY SUNRISE we had hurried our captive into the little-known desert hills. There I held him for ransom. We demanded ten thousand dollars and a week later the money was paid. We released him only to learn that we had kidnapped the brother of a United States Senator.

Well, things became plenty warm after that. A squadron of U. S. Cavalry was ordered to pursue us. They surrounded us out on the desert one night and it was every man for himself. All night rifles flashed and men cursed about me and just before dawn I crawled through the mesquite, stole a

horse from under their sentries' noses, and by sunrise had forded the Rio Grande. The game was up. There was nothing now but to seek out Ramon and lie low until better days should come.

I rode all day in the blazing sun and late that afternoon I came to the banks of a stream not over fifty yards wide, but rushing with all the angry violence of a mountain torrent. I put my lips to the water, drinking only a few drops at first and allowing my horse only a swallow at a time. For half an hour we rested there by the bank while I weighed the wisdom of trying to swim my weary horse across that raging water.

But that was to be decided for me.

As I stood looking idly up-stream, I heard a smothered scream. Then a human figure floated around a bend. I could see the long, black hair streaming over the water's surface. An arm rose, clutched frantically in the air, then sank again. In a second I was in the saddle and had driven both spurs deep into the horse's side. A moment later we were battling the current in midstream.



Carmelita would listen with bright eyes and half-parted lips while I spoke of some wonder such as airplanes or twenty-story buildings, and José would cross himself and mutter softly in Spanish

Water swirled about my waist while the frantic horse fought to make the opposite bank. Again the black hair appeared, nearer this time, and I leaned forward in my saddle. I wrapped my arm about the wet, limp body and pulled it over my saddle horn.

Again I drove the spurs into my horse and with one last heaving effort we were across and up the opposite bank. I laid the unconscious girl on the grass and pushed the long, black hair back from the face. Then I gave a little start of wonder and surprise, for the slim body and pallid face were those of a Mexican girl.

SHE scarcely seemed to breathe and I turned to my saddle pockets for a flask of brandy. Before I found it I heard a muffled sneeze behind me and turned to see the girl sitting bolt upright on the grass. She shook her thick, black hair about her like a veil, and pointing up-stream, said in Spanish, "My clothes, they are there."

I picked her up in my arms and carried her to where a little

pile of clothes lay on the stream bank. I went back to the horse and a moment later she joined me.

She was very young and very good to look upon. Her tawny eyes told me that something other than the blood of Mexico was in her veins.

"What happened?" I asked in Spanish.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I was bathing in the stream up there and then—I do not know. I remember the water closing over me and then I remember lying here on the grass at your feet. I am ashamed, but without you, *senor*," she said, "I should still be out there. *Mil gracias*." She sat down abruptly and began plaiting her long hair.

I seated myself beside her.

"Do you know a rancher living near here, named Ramon?"

"A very fat, disagreeable man?"

"Perhaps. But he happens to be a friend of mine."

"He lives in my village beyond the hill there. My mother says he is more than half a devil."

"I should not be at all surprised if your mother were right."

But you know even with devils one has business now and then."

She was weak and still tremulous from fright, so I lifted her into my saddle, and took her up the path to the little Mexican village. It held not over a dozen adobe houses and naked Mexican youngsters played and rolled in the street.

A little bell tinkled from some near-by flock and as if in answer the bell from the adobe mission tolled Vespers. For a long moment I stood there in the gathering dusk, drinking it in as one who has lived over long amid the dust and grime of cities drinks in the peace and beauty of the open fields.

AT THE door of a near-by house sat a fat, competent-looking Mexican woman, mixing tortillas. To her the girl shouted eagerly. "Madre mai, thank for me this big Gringo who but only a half-hour ago saved my life."

Then in rapid Spanish she outlined the part I had played in saving her from the waters. Through it all the mother watched me quietly and thoughtfully. Then she, too, thanked me in broken English. I could see she was very proud of that English of hers.

"See, I speak the English, señor. For why not? My man he was Americano. He was the father of this good-for-nothing Carmelita here, so you see, she is half Gringo."

I stood for a moment in doubt. The presence of another American in this village might mean danger.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

She raised her plump shoulders in a gesture of amused indifference.

"He went even before Carmelita came. You do not stay long, you Americanos. You do not love long."

She shrugged her shoulders again and went on with the tortillas.

Meanwhile a tall, dangling youngster had joined Carmelita and already she was telling again the story of her rescue. She finished and with a kind of half sob, the boy ran to me and kissed my hand. Tears stood in his dark eyes.

"Senor," he said, "my life is yours if ever I can help you."

But Carmelita only laughed and pinched the boy's ear.

"How should a sheep-herding boy ever help such a great caballero?"

"You're her brother?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, I'm only José, the sheep-herder, but—"

He hesitated and I patted his shoulder. "I know," I said.

In the silence that fell I looked wistfully down at him. It is worth something to know love like that exists.

You could read it in the worship of his big brown eyes.

Then I turned my horse and rode slowly down the street to where Carmelita had pointed out the hacienda of my ally, Don Ramon.

He didn't seem too glad to see me, that oily Mexican. He had grown colder, it appeared, now that the band was scattered and driven over the edge of the borderland. I was no longer of use to him. Still, I think he knew that even though I was alone and in an alien country it might not be wise to drive me too far. The two automatics at my side were not carried for ornament. He knew, too, that he owed me two thousand pesos and the safe thing would be to keep me at his ranch.

WE TALKED till long past midnight of our plans for the future and then Ramon gave me the room next his own. I lay there on the little cot until nearly dawn thinking over the tangled thread of my own life and wondering in what strange paths the future lay. Just before I fell asleep came a resolve to stay here for a time to learn, if I could, something of the peace that God has given to these simple border people. Something of the quiet happiness that in the heat of strife and the bitterness of disillusion I had lost.

Time passed. Rumors came from across the border that new squadrons of soldiers had been sent after the kidnapper and horse-thief. One day we learned that the Mexicans were joining with the Americans to comb the whole border country on both sides of the river for me and my band. My only chance was to hide where I was, ready at an instant's warning to make a dash for the mountains. So I lay low and each day the charm of my life in that lazy little Mexican village grew stronger, until I almost forgot that out there beyond the desert lay a land of violence and sudden death and aching hearts.

I saw Carmelita often. She was as natural and unspoiled as some lovely animal and almost as ignorant of life. She had reached the years that in Mexico mean womanhood. But her soul was still the soul of an unawakened child. Yet she loved life. She was a very radiant part of life, and I found myself seeking her out more and more often in my rides.

JOSÉ, too, was always with us, sitting silently beside us strumming a guitar. One night I took the instrument from him and showed him how chords are struck. Solemnly, almost reverently he tried them after me and his joy was complete to find he, too, could evoke those perfect harmonies.

And I would tell them tales of the big world outside, the world they had never known. Carmelita would listen with bright eyes and half-parted lips while I spoke of some wonder such as airplanes or twenty-story buildings. José would cross himself and mutter softly in Spanish.

Once he said, "How happy you must have been out there, señor, a great caballero in all that world of wonders!"

But I shook my head. "The great caballero, José, would have given all those wonders many times over for the happiness that belongs to you."

José smiled, for he thought that could only be a jest of the strange Americano.

A kind word from Carmelita raised him to Paradise. And more than once when she frowned on him, I have seen him go back to his flocks, and stay there for days in brooding loneliness. Yes, love of Carmelita was one of the important things in José's life. We all knew it, but to her it meant no more than the affection of a friendly dog. Love had not touched her.

And it was of love we talked that evening, Carmelita's mother and I, before her adobe hut. We had been watching Carmelita and José sitting together bandaging the leg of a sheep that had been bruised.

AND watching those two children it came to me that I would give everything I had ever known or hoped for just to regain this youth and peace that were theirs. Perhaps I voiced this to the stout, middle-aged woman beside me, for she looked at me with her dark, thoughtful eyes a while in silence before she said:

"Why do you live alone? For see, you are strong and rich and the good God knows you get no younger as the days pass. And sometimes from the way you look out toward the desert, I feel that you are not willing to leave us and that perhaps some danger for you lies out there. So I say to myself, why should not the big Americano take a girl for him and stay with us always, eh?"

I looked at her and smiled without mirth. "Does love come as simply as one would buy a sombrero, or a pack of cigarettes?"

"It is of Carmelita I am thinking. Carmelita is young and not unbeautiful. And perhaps it could [Continued on page 122]

Where the Heart Lies

By Margaret E. Sangster

AN old house, a white house, and
green lawns stretching wide,

A fountain tipped with silver, a
sundial touched with pride;

A far off hint of music, a murmuring
of mirth,

And sunlight, slanting softly, across
a fragrant earth.

A calm porch, a hammock, a length
of old brocade,

And eyes that meet eyes kindly, with
glances unafraid;

A breath of romance stirring where
blossoms dip and fall,

A sense of deep contentment—a
blessing over all.

With an Old-Fashioned Curl



In spite of what people say about little girls with curls in the middle of their foreheads, the more we see of Evelyn the better we like her!

*Send by Evelyn
Fryer, M.G.M.*

Wandering Beau(s)

Jeanne's aim in life seems to be to keep a string on her bow and her beau on a string, while Dotry's evidently puzzling over what gown to wear when HE calls. Don't you like her "as is"?



Posed by
Jeanne Williams
of Paramount



Clarence Bull

Posed by
Dorothy Sebastian
M.G.-M.



If you offered Alice a penny for her thoughts you'd probably find out after you'd paid in advance, that she wasn't thinking—she was just posing for her picture

Richard Bell

*Posed by Alice White
First National*



Our Favorite with Her Favorite

Lovely Mary Brian, Paramount, knows lots about reel life but she reads SMART SET, just as you do, because she's interested in real life

O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story This Month

This Was My First Ambition

What Was Yours?



I'd
Be Happy
IF

I Could Only

Walk a Tight Rope

YOU hear men and women say they have achieved their ambition. I doubt it, for a wise and inscrutable Providence will never offer stagnation to the world. We grope and stumble on for the mythical pot of gold at the rainbow's end. It is that, and only that, which makes life livable for most of us.

My own early ambition was sadly thwarted. It may cause you to smile as it has others, but to me it is pretty sacred.

My first ambition was to be a tight-wire walker. I wanted to be one of those "Kings of the High Wire" emblazoning every circus poster. I do not go to the circus any more because the colorful life under the big tops leaves me with a sharp pang of vain regret.

I know a barber who is becoming palsied. It is his ambition to own a little three-chair shop that he may not become an object of charity.

I know an industrial giant whose name looms on oil tanks along every railroad siding. His dream is to become a violin virtuoso.

It is possible that neither will achieve his ambition, yet without it both would be unhappy. It is difficult to believe that those who realize their dreams find them frozen, yet every philosopher, from Socrates to our moderns, knows this is true.

The other day in Chicago, between trains, I was prowling around what was once known as "The Gold Coast," the district which housed the aristocratic rich in the days when Chicago was young. Today its crumbling buildings mock a former glory. The home of a great beef baron is now a disorderly

house. Kindling wood and coal hawkers flaunt chalked signs in every cellar.

And a beetle-browed taxi driver, who might have been a poet and who acted as my guide, remarked:

"Here's the leavings of a lotta guys with big ambitions. They all go the same route. When I get enough smackers to buy my own cab, I wouldn't trade places with any of 'em."

As a reporter, largely through the accident of circumstance, I have had a fair measure of success. I have many friends whose loyalty has been tested and who are very dear to me. I have been able to keep a few jumps ahead of the sheriff, travel about quite a lot and meet worthwhile folk.

Yet that old ambition of mine to become a tight-wire walker has never lost its hold. It clings like the barnacle to an aging ship.

ONE day when the Ringling circus was playing at Madison Square Garden I dropped in to see Dex Fellows, the press agent. In a moment of confidence I told him of the boyish dream I had snatched at and missed. He laughed at first, then he grew serious and asked me to follow him.

He led me to the dressing room of a stalwart, muscular gentleman in glittering spangled tights. Photographs on his dressing table told the story. He was an intrepid devil of the high wire. Dex introduced me as a newspaper man.

"A newspaper man, eh?" said the performer. "Well, I always like to meet them. You see they are sort of heroes to me for all my life I have wanted to be a newspaper man."

So there you are!

The Great Director *Knew* All About PICTURES

With Drawings
from *Life*
By HARVÉ STEIN



"Is that acting?" Rhinox shouted at me. "Get a devil in you. You're nothing but a well-fed pampered tomboy. You wanted action, eh? Well, now go to it"

WHEN my chance to make good came to me, everything went wrong. I had been playing small parts in Hollywood, when Rhinox, the great director, offered to star me in "The Love Fight," a film full of cave-man stuff. He told me I had something primitive and passionate in me, as well as something sensitive and beautiful. I was mad with joy and determined to put my heart and soul into the part. Then I began to flunk.

I blamed my failure on Rhinox. They all said he was a savage. He was merciless with himself and others. And he looked it—tall, powerful, of broad frame, with forceful deter-

mined face, large dark eyes, a large nose and set lips.

He was one of those directors who sacrificed everything to the picture. He would cheerfully kill a horse, wreck a train, jump an actor from one cliff to another, keep an actress in a burning room until she was nearly insensible, hold the company all night after working all day, go a thousand miles for an effect, and himself go head first into the worst of it, if he thought it helped to get a thrill or a touch of beauty into the film.

I had heard of his brutality, but he had spoken so beautifully to me when he engaged me, that I did not think he would try his tactics on me. But in the very first scene, he flew into a rage. He called me "cheap," and cursed and raved. The

But Did He Know All About GIRLS?



The Love Fight

effect of his treatment on me was startling and terrible.

It was as if he had killed something in me. I actually felt cheap, and I acted cheap. He held me in contempt, so I wanted to appear contemptible. He thought I was wooden, dull and half-witted as an actress, and some devil in me said, "All right, so be it."

Yet, my heart was breaking. Here I had the opportunity of a lifetime, the chance to be one of the great stars, working with one of the great directors, and if I failed it meant obscurity and poverty for myself and my mother.

"Why does he do it?" I asked Martingale, the leading man.

Martingale laughed:

"You'll get used to it, Garnia. That's just his way when he wants great acting. He keeps on working on your nerves until you explode. Then you act. There's nothing personal about it."

But I didn't get used to it. Rhinox's method had just the opposite effect upon me. It made me feel like being impudent to him. And of course, the worse I got the worse he got. Several times I am sure, he was on the point of throwing me out; just as often I was on the point of walking out.

But there must have been some sort of malign fascination between us for I kept coming back for more punishment, and he seemed to take a sneering joy in giving it. Of only one thing was I sure: he was bitterly disappointed in me.

How One Girl
WON
After Almost Losing
Her Big Chance
For
FAME and LOVE

And then one day came the climax. Our outfit, in four cars, went out to the Big Bowl. This was an immense, natural amphitheater set among the mountains, far from everything.

Rhinox was already there. The day was perfect, the air clear and washed with bright light. Each fold and crevice of the mountains had its shadow of violet or purple or blue. The Bowl was partly stony and partly wild groves of pin-oak.

AS I made my way forward, I heard Rhinox reciting in a rich rolling voice:

"A savage spot! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman, waiting for her demon lover!"

Some devil awoke in me. I sneered at his recital.

"Say, Rhiny, where do you get that stuff?"

He turned and glared at me. I was clad mainly in skins, which parted somewhat for my legs as I walked, and my feet were in sandals. I am not tall, but I am shapely and supple, with fair skin, and a rather large head with shaggy bobbed hair. My eyes are very large and very blue, my nose tilted, my lips well curved.

His glaring eyes made me conscious of my appearance. Rhinox took a step toward me. His face had an ugly look.

"You wouldn't know if I told you," he said.

"Is that so?" I tossed my head defiantly and began to sing "Ain't She Sweet?"

Rhinox roared at me. "Can that stuff!" Then he muttered under his breath:

"Brainless fool! And I've got to make her act!"

Quite deliberately I went on singing. Once or twice while Rhinox was speaking with Turfy, his camera-man, he shot a strange and unpleasant look at me. I turned away and pretended not to notice.

"Really, Garnia," Martingale said to me, "we'll all pay for it if you keep on tantalizing him."

"I'm sick of it," I said, "Listen."

Rhinox did not know it, but the air was so still and clear, that his words carried easily over the fifty feet that separated us from him.

"Don't take her full face," he said to Turfy. "When you see a part of her, she looks fairly intelligent, but her full face is a give-away. Set a mirror out to throw the sun on her left side."

I felt suddenly numb with spent anger. What was the use? He had told me time and again that I was ruining the picture, and it seemed to me now that it didn't matter. His repeated cruelty had simply congealed me. Why try?

And then I heard Marboy, the assistant director, say: "Well, she may come through, don't you imagine?"

"I?" echoed Rhinox. "No, I do not. And yet, the first time I set eyes on her I had hopes. I thought, 'Behind that



A fierce anger against both hands gave the

innocent face is a tornado.' Innocent face? Look at her! Did you ever see any one dumber?"

I gave them an eyeful, deliberately. I sat on a rock, my knees crossed, and I did everything I could to make myself look dumb.

"When are you fellows going to begin?" I asked. "I'm getting a chill!"

Martingale offered me his coat.

"Oh, bother! I want action!" I said.

"All right," Rhinox said, "you'll get it. Just come along over to this spot by the trees."

We came, camera-man, property man, and all. Rhinox concentrated his attention on Martingale and me.

"NOW, Garnia," he said, "this scene makes or breaks the picture. You've got to draw blood or quit. You get me?"

I dug my toe into the sand, looked dumb, and said nothing.



Rhinox flashed through me. I was a tigress as I sprang forward and with steering wheel a mighty twist. . . . There was a great crash and then—blackness

"All right," he said. "Here's the action. You're passing by and Martingale is watching from behind a tree. He comes forward, grabs you, you struggle, he overcomes you and drags you to his cave. It's rough stuff; it's savage; and you've got to put up a primitive fight."

I went on digging my toe in the sand.

"All right," Rhinox said. "Now tell me, Garnia, how you'd feel if you were attacked like that. Use your imagination."

I giggled outrageously. I wanted to see just how far I dared go.

"I'd put him to sleep," I said, "with a left hook to his jaw."

Several of the men swallowed a laugh as they saw Rhinox frown.

"What I might expect," he said. "That's about the size of it, a chorus girl trying to do the heavy. But let me tell you: the first reaction is shock; then comes horror; then doubt, then agony, and finally murder in your heart. You'd kill that man if you could, but he conquers you, and you crumple in despair."

Again I said nothing. I merely looked far off and dug my toe in the sand.

"Well," he said, "it's two o'clock now. We're going to keep at it till dark, every day for a month if necessary. So the quicker you go to it like the end of the world, the better for you. Set 'er up, Turfy! We'll begin."

I HELD two fingers between my lips and blew a shrill blast, and immediately Julie and a little negro boy came from my car bearing a make-up set, a mirror and a camp-chair.

Rhinox gave me hardly five minutes before he came roaring at me:

"Say, are you coming, Garnia?"

For answer, I raised my voice and again began to sing "Ain't She Sweet?"

Then I joined the group in front of the pin-oaks.

There was some business of adjusting the mirror while Martingale and I posed a still and [Continued on page 102]

Can No One Control

In the days before the war girls away from home looked upon chaperons as a part of the scheme of things and consequently could be controlled



I AM a professional chaperon in the city of New York. During the fifteen years of my chaperonage service more than three thousand girls from the best homes in the United States have visited New York in my care.

Perhaps you will laugh at the idea of a chaperon in this jazz-mad age that frankly does as it pleases, but I am not the kind of chaperon who is present at the social gatherings of young men and women as a sort of arbiter of conduct and deportment. That sort is no more. Yet my kind has remained because there is still a job for us to perform if we can perform it. I am supposed to take the places of the parents of girls who visit New York under my care and I honestly try to look after the girls who come to me as if I were their own mother.

Yet, in spite of my efforts, I probably am the most conscience-stricken woman in the world today. There are times when I feel that my only escape from bitter self-denunciation lies in abandoning the work that has supported me for fifteen years. It has become a business of false pretenses, for I cannot keep faith with the parents who pay me to look out for their daughters.

However, if I force myself to follow the dictates of my conscience, I will divorce myself from my only means of livelihood. My chaperonage service is my sole means of support. There is nothing else that I can do. I am fifty-one and without business training of any kind. And there isn't any person, or persons I can turn to for financial assistance. I wonder what another woman in my circumstances would do.

The story of how my chaperon service has grown from the personal charge of one socially prominent Southern girl to its present proportions reads like a novel of adventure, mystery and romance because it is the story of the adventures,

The CONFESSION

the thrills, the romances, and sometimes the tragedies of eager, ardent girls who in the world's greatest metropolis have quested for the answer to Life.

In my own girlhood my Texas parents were wealthy; by the time I was nineteen we were paupers, bred on luxury. I made an unfortunate marriage. My husband was killed in an accident, shortly after my parents' deaths. I was penniless again, and thirty-six. Soon after his death I came to New York on a chance of recovering a fragment of my parents' fortune.

AT THIS time a prominent railway official in our city desired to send his daughter to New York and the railroad executive paid my expenses in return for chaperoning his daughter.

We went to a very refined residential hotel in the West End section of New York. Shortly after our arrival two young girls from Louisiana came to visit my Texas charge. These girls were anxious to remain in New York but their parents were leaving. They begged me to chaperon them, and brought their parents to see me. The fact that I was chaperoning the railway executive's daughter proved sufficient recommendation.

My business ball began to roll. Within a month six girls from prominent families of the South were living at the same hotel with me under my chaperonage. Some had come to study music, art and what not. Others to see, and explore.



Lydia won a pair of pajamas. The wager called for letting Jimmy see them on her. She was doing that when her father entered unexpectedly

You Modern Girls?

of a CHAPERON

Some merely came to shop and play. But, all came questing for the answer to Life. Many found romance, thrills, glamour. A few, unfortunately, found tragedy in their questing.

Eventually my business grew to such proportions that a whole floor in the hotel was reserved for my girls. The management gave me my own suite free, and paid a commission on all the girls I brought to the place as guests. However, as my charges were very moderate, and as I often had to spend considerable sums entertaining, my profits never were big.

DURING the first six years of my service my rules were very strict. They still are, but like many other rules of the day they are not respected, and I am unable to enforce them. A girl had to come to me very highly recommended, or else I thoroughly investigated her social history and position before accepting her. A person from the South who moves in good society always knows people who know each other. I knew somebody from almost every Southern state, consequently my clientele was hand-picked, and represented the flower of the South, and Southwest.

From the moment a girl arrived in New York she was under my eyes. Everything she did had to be approved by me, and while my supervision of her activities was very close it was



The girls had been out on a wild party and while the men were paying the bill, they found a taxi without a driver, climbed in, stepped on the gas and were off

always as unobtrusive as possible. The first thing to do in chaperoning a girl is to be sure of the people she is thrown with. If her companions and environment are all right, the chances of anything unpleasant happening to her are perceptibly decreased.

I obtained from every girl's parents a list of people she already knew in New York who were acceptable to her father and mother, and a list of the people her parents had reasons for her to meet socially—or for educational or business reasons. She was allowed to accept invitations for lunch, tea, dinner, the theater and dances from the people on her parents' lists.

But even under these circumstances, her escorts were required to call for her at my own suite which was an open house for all the girls. In the event that she met strange men at a party who wished to make engagements, the men had to call on me first. If for any reason I decided against them they were not, to my knowledge at least, allowed to make engagements with my charges.

That was the old order of things prior to the war when I was able to exercise my chaperon's [Continued on page 128]



With Drawings
From Life
By AUGUST BLESER, JR.

HUSH

I MARRIED Bert Graham the year he graduated from college and shortly after that we came to New York to live on account of Bert's work. We lived very quietly on his modest salary and Bert Junior, was five years old before anything happened to disturb the tranquil course of our lives. It was then



JIMMY,
Her Husband's
Best Friend

that Jimmy Saunders, who had been my sweetheart when he and Bert were college chums, turned up unexpectedly with a fortune that he had accumulated during eight years of wandering. He took an apartment near us and was in and out of our house all the time. When we went to spend the summer in the bungalow he had rented, Jimmy and I began to realize that our old love for each other was as strong as ever. For fear of hurting Bert we tried to push it into the background and, when Bert fell ill that fall, Jimmy decided to go to the Coast and leave us in the bungalow. Before he went he told Bert that he had made his will and left all his money to me, although I didn't know about that until later. I was just answering the only love letter I ever had from Jimmy when Bert came in with the terrible news that Jimmy had been badly hurt and was in a San Francisco hospital. Jimmy had no relatives and Bert thought we ought both to go out there immediately. So we left for the Coast that very night.

SALLIE,
The Wife

WHEN I got in my berth on the train that night I could not sleep. All sorts of dreadful possibilities rose in my mind. The first and most dreadful, of course, was the fear that Jimmy might die. And very close to that was the fear that Bert might in some way find out the truth about us. It was not on my account that I feared this, as much as on Bert's. He adored Jimmy and would have trusted him with anything. For him even to suspect what had happened would destroy his faith in love, in friendship, in life itself. And yet the truth was that Jimmy had always cared for me, from the start, and had never changed in his feelings toward Bert on account of it. I prayed during that dreadful ride: that Jimmy would get well, and promised myself that if he did I would never, as long as I lived, be untrue to Bert even in the slightest thought.

One of the worst things about the trip was the way that Bert kept talking about Jimmy, saying what a loyal friend he had been, and how he had proved his great love for both of us by arranging to leave all his money to me. It may seem a strange thing to say, but every time I thought of touching a cent of Jimmy's money, I felt like screaming. I didn't want his money. All I wanted was for him to get well again.

Whenever Bert spoke of his love for me, I shivered, for Jimmy did love me, not in the sisterly way Bert meant, but with all the devotion of a strong, determined man, and if both he and I had not been unwilling to hurt Bert, we would have



*Another Absorbing Chapter
from the Life Story of a Wife
Who Wanted to Have Her Cake
and Eat It, Too*

MONEY

run off together, and tried to find what happiness we could. But Jimmy had been decent, more decent, I guess, than a lot of men situated as he was would have been, and I had tried to be decent, too, and sent him away, and what was the result? The poor fellow had been knocked down by an automobile, in the streets, and was likely to die because of it. That was justice for you. Or was it just fate?

My brain finally became so muddled I had to give up trying to think things out. All I could do was wait while the train dragged on through never ending towns and cities, and fields of corn, hoping and praying that no harm would come to either of the two men who had given me their love. But I was sick and afraid, and could neither eat nor sleep. For all I knew, Jimmy might have got into that accident on purpose. His letter had seemed desperate enough.

AT LAST we were in San Francisco. We knew that Jimmy was still alive, because Bert had wired ahead to the doctor, from time to time, and gotten replies telling us that he was resting easily, doing well, holding his own, all those meaningless things they tell you at hospitals. So the moment we reached San Francisco Bert had our baggage sent to the same hotel where Jimmy had been stopping and we drove right to the hospital, taking little Bert along with us.

My teeth were chattering, when we got there, and my hands were like ice. We went up to Jimmy's room or to the corridor, at least, for the nurse wouldn't let us in. Presently the doctor came, and he and Bert had a long talk.

"How is he?" I asked when Bert joined me again. "Is he going to get well?" My voice was just a queer whisper, and my brain was whirling.

Jimmy had come through the operation all right, Bert said,

but had developed pneumonia. He was very weak. The crisis was expected some time that night. The doctor hoped he would pull through, but he had not been very encouraging. He thought we had better go to the hotel, have something to eat, arrange for one of the maids to look after Bert Junior, and then come back to the hospital again.

Bert had wired the hotel people that Jimmy's room was to be kept, and when we got to the hotel, he asked for Jimmy's bill and paid it.

"I am Mr. Saunders's best friend," he said. "Please see that nothing in his room is disturbed."

All the time we were trying to force down our suppers, I was thinking about Jimmy's room. His letter to me had been dated a week before the accident. Had he written me again, during that week? Had he left any unfinished letters in his room, that would involve him and me? I felt almost certain that he was going to die. If he did, Bert, as his executor as well as his friend, would be obliged to examine all his papers.

I trembled at the thought of it. He might so easily stumble on the truth, and hate poor Jim forever.

Some people may think it strange that I could be so worried about such matters at a time like that, with a man I cared for desperately ill in the hospital, but it was Jimmy and Bert I



*BERT
Her Husband*

was thinking of, more than myself. Whether Jim got well or not, I couldn't bear to think of anything happening to destroy their friendship. I had it on my mind all the time.

We hurried back to the hospital after supper, leaving little Bert with one of the hotel maids. When we arrived, Jimmy was still unconscious and so weak the doctor said he could offer us very little hope. I sat in the corridor outside his door and prayed, but I did not have much confidence in my prayers. I saw now, in looking back, that I had done a very terrible thing and I blamed myself bitterly for it now that it was too late.

When Jimmy came back from Texas, after all those years, and told me that he still loved me I should have stopped everything then and there. But I suppose I was weak. It flattered my vanity to think that a man like Jimmy would continue to care for me, even after he had made a fortune and could get almost any woman he pleased. But I had reached one of those danger points that usually come to a man and a woman after they have been married for seven or eight years, with very little money and no hope of getting much more in the future. I am not saying this to excuse myself. But even with Jimmy as ill as he was, I still knew that, deep down in my heart it was Bert and our boy that I really cared for.

The affair with Jim had been romance, very sweet, very dear, while it lasted. Jimmy had had the power, when he was with me, to make me forget things, to stir my emotions so that my brain refused to work. When I was away from him, and able to think things over calmly, I knew that I would not put Bert aside on his or any man's account, and in justice to myself I can honestly say that I had always told Jim so, from the start.

IT WAS while I was trying to think things out, that the nurse came to the door of Jimmy's room and beckoned to me. I went in, scarcely able to stand, I was so weak and worn out. Bert and two doctors were beside the bed. The nurse whispered to me that the end was very near and ten minutes later Jimmy Saunders died.

He had never regained consciousness, never known that he had come to see him. I broke down then, and the doctor told Bert to take me home and put me to bed. He gave Bert some medicine to quiet me. I was hysterical, and don't remember much about what happened, except that Bert had to give me two doses of the medicine before I went to sleep.

It was noon next day before I opened my eyes. I remember staring up at the ceiling for a time, wondering where I was, and then I heard a clock striking twelve. I staggered out of bed and threw up the shades. The sun was shining, factory whistles were blowing and there was the usual roar of traffic.

There was no sign of Bert, or of Bert Junior. I learned afterwards that his father had arranged with the maid to take him out for a walk, so that I would have a chance to sleep. When I remembered poor Jimmy, lying dead in the hospital, it seemed as though I could not bear it. The fact that I had suddenly become a rich woman never even entered my head. But I did think that now was my chance to go to Jimmy's room and destroy any papers he might have left, which would kill Bert's faith in him, and in me.

I went to the telephone and called up the office. When I

asked about Bert, they said he had left word for me to wait for him, that he would be back about one o'clock.

Without waiting to order any breakfast I went down to the office and asked the clerk for the key to Mr. Saunders's room.

He hesitated for a moment but handed it over when I told him it was a question of arranging for suitable clothes for Mr. Saunders to be buried in. It was horrible, to be obliged to say a thing like that, and yet in a way it was true, for somebody had to think about it.

I WENT into the room, feeling as though I were about to meet a ghost. There were no papers on the writing desk, nor in the drawer. I looked through the pockets of the two suits hanging in the closet, but found nothing in them. Nor was there anything in the bureau drawers, or the tray of his trunk. I breathed easier.

If Jimmy had any papers he must have been carrying them with him, as men usually do, and they would be in his suit at the hospital. No doubt Bert had already examined that, so there was nothing further I could do.

I went back to my room to wait for Bert, hoping that nothing had happened or ever would happen to destroy his faith in his friend. It was foolish I suppose, to worry the way I did, but my nerves were on edge, and I kept imagining all sorts of things.

Suppose Jimmy had talked about me, to his nurse! Suppose he had been delirious, and said things, or given the nurse any messages to me, before the attack of pneumonia came on! I was so nervous I found myself jumping at every sound. If ever a woman suffered for doing wrong, I suffered that day. I thought the minutes would never pass.

At one o'clock Bert came. He was very quiet and grave, as was to be expected, under the circumstances. He told me about the arrangements he had made for the funeral. There was no use, he said, in taking poor Jimmy's body back home as he had no relatives close enough to care anything about him. Then he said he wanted to go to Jimmy's room, and that the clerk told him I had the key.

"YES," I said. "I went up and looked around. He has a dark suit, in case you need it."

"That's good," Bert said, and I knew from the way he spoke that he suspected nothing. "The one he wore when the accident happened was torn and covered with mud. I found his check book and some papers of no importance in his pocket. There was also a picture of you in his wallet. I don't believe, Sallie, that you realized how much Jimmy cared for you."

I began to cry, then. I couldn't help it, and Bert came over and kissed me and asked me if I had had anything to eat. When I told him I hadn't, he ordered lunch, and I managed to eat something and drink a cup of black coffee. I felt better after that and Bert suggested that we go to the undertaker's, where the funeral was to be held next day, and take the suit, and to a florist's to see about some flowers, and to one of the stores to buy a black dress in case I hadn't brought one with me.



I went into the room, feeling as though I were about to meet a ghost. I looked through the pockets of the two suits hanging in the closet but found nothing



"I'll sell that place to you at a very special price." "How much?" I asked, trying to keep my voice from trembling. "A hundred thousand dollars, Mrs. Graham," he said, "with the letters in the fireplace just where I found them. If you don't want to buy, maybe I could talk things over with your husband"

I waited outside for Bert, while he left the suit that afternoon, but the next day, when I found myself standing beside Jimmy's coffin at the undertaker's, I almost broke down.

I had taken the little picture of myself that Bert had brought me, and slipped it under Jimmy's coat, next to his heart. The tears were streaming down my face, but I didn't care. Somehow, right then, knowing how deeply Jimmy had loved me, how splendid he had been, all through, I didn't

seem to care whether Bert found out about us or not. I felt that poor Jimmy hadn't got a square deal from life, and I bent and kissed him, hoping that in some way it might make him happier, wherever he was, to know how I cared.

"I love you, Jimmy," I whispered. "God bless and keep you." And Bert said, "Amen."

A week later we were back in New York, and I realized for the first time that I was a rich [Continued on page 88]



Could You Make Your Head

I EARNED my living by the nimbleness of my feet and the fitness of my body. I was both a dancer and a dancing teacher. Illness robbed me of the power to use my legs, perhaps permanently. I refused to bend to Fate's decision, and today, though I cannot dance myself, I am still a dancing teacher with a large following.

The misfortune which came upon me some six years ago was not the first hard knock I had from life. At the very outset of my career as a dancer, when I was barely fourteen years of age, my father died, leaving my mother and her young family in not too comfortable circumstances. It seemed then that my training, which had barely started, would have to stop for lack of money and that I should have to look about for some way of earning a living to piece out my mother's slender resources.

I don't mind saying that I was pretty miserable at the prospect of giving up all idea of becoming a dancer. Even at that age I was devoted to the art. I had never found the hard work which training entailed exhausting. I thought dancing, talked dancing, lived and slept dancing. And I had made such progress that I was a favorite with my dancing instructor.

I don't know that I wept to my mother, but I am sure that she understood the despair in my heart. She knew what dancing meant to me, and she believed in me. She drew me into what I might call a committee of two, and quite calmly we sat down to consider ways and means. The courage my mother showed in facing that problem was my first remembered lesson in pluck. It gave me a lesson in facing trouble which has been of service to me all my life. I pass it on for what it is worth, to the readers of my story.

There is nothing so hopeless in the way of problems that it cannot be lightened by the simple process of sitting down and examining it from all angles, dispassionately and bravely. Somehow, somewhere, one is sure to find a gleam of light. And that gleam only needs tracing to its source in order to find oneself in the sunshine.

The ray of light my mother and I found was this: It would be hard to get along without some little help from me in the way of money, but it would not be impossible. If by some means or other I could earn the money for my fees, the rest could be managed. I was well-advanced for my age, and my teacher would often hand over the beginners to me so that I



Baily

I Teach DANCING from a Wheel Chair

"I was a dancer and the head of a successful school. Then I lost the use of my legs. I was helpless and crushed by despair. How could I make my living when the nimbleness of my feet was gone?" That was the problem Miss Dillon faced. She solved it and in this article she tells you how she solved it. What would you have done? Could you make your head work for your feet? And keep happy? And go on to success?

*By
Gwladys Dillon*

Work for Your Feet?

could teach them the fundamentals. There was a chance that from this little beginning something could be developed and I made up my mind to try.

MY DANCING teacher was kind. In addition to giving me a chance to help in her school, she let me have a day off each week so that I could hunt up private pupils for myself. Gradually I began to build up a tiny class of my own, children to begin with, then older people. And gradually I began to earn money over and above what was necessary for my own training.

In teaching others I found I was teaching myself. I invented little dances and new steps to show to my pupils. What was more important than anything, and especially lucky in view of the misfortune that was to come upon me later on, I found that I was a born teacher. It is not every dancer that has that knack.

Time went on. I absorbed everything that my teacher could tell me, and by dint of practice there was no single step or combination of intricate steps that I could not do. My beginner's class had grown. It was not big enough as it stood

to justify branching out on my own account, but I thought it could be increased. Now that my training was finished I could devote all my time to building up a business. So once again the committee of two went into session and discussed ways and means.

Some element of risk there was undoubtedly in the plan of opening the Dillon School of Dancing, but not enough, it was decided, to frighten us, provided ambition did not run too high at the start. A room was found at a reasonable rent, the necessary music was providing, and while still in my teens, I was launched!

Prosperity did not come with a rush by any means. Sometimes the firm got dangerously near shallow water, but somehow it never quite ran aground. My pupils liked me and spoke well of me, and the business grew. I worked hard to make it grow. Nowadays I look back at some of the expédients I used to make myself well-known, and I laugh at the comic kid I must have been.

I was not then, and I am not now, much of a rival for Helen of Troy, though I don't think my looks would frighten any babies. As a little girl my [Continued on page 125]

Another Fascinating Record from Behind



I am a doctor, and a doctor is supposed to be above personal response, but I must confess the appeal of her intense beauty and the love she laid at my feet tempted me for just a moment

THE doctor, especially the family doctor, is often a confessor, who learns the most sacredly guarded secrets of his patient. This is natural, for physical ills are so often tied up with mental, that a patient, who for instance, has been disappointed in love will feel compelled not only to say that he has a pain in his heart, but also that he has a "broken heart." He tells the doctor all about it and that is often the first step in his healing.

The doctor is therefore sometimes in a dilemma. He is bound, by his honor as a physician, not to divulge such secrets and by his duty to science and humanity, to describe those cases which shed light on medical and mental problems. He may even feel compelled, as I do, to share those cases which are not purely medical, but are universal in their meaning, with a larger audience. It has therefore been the custom of doctors in giving out case-histories to hide the identity of the patients and so touch up the material as to lead even relatives and friends off the track.

In a previous paper I told the story of a man who refused to be jealous and thereby wrought havoc with himself and his wife. I also hinted that there was another story I wanted to tell you. It concerns a beautiful girl, Edwyna W—, who

The Substitute

brought up for me the problem of the doctor loved by his patient.

Edwyna W— had been found by the police wandering New York streets. She was in a dazed state of mind, and did not know her name.

Luckily, her hand-bag contained a love letter, written by a man evidently her fiancé, and on the envelope was her address. She was, therefore, returned to her family, but did not recognize her mother or father. Her fiancé, Herbert S—, was heart-broken when she said gravely that she had never seen him before and did not know him.

Her mother brought her to my office. I made everything as quiet as possible, shut the windows, though it was a warm day, closed the doors and had Edwyna recline in a deep, comfortable leather chair. I remember that she looked at me dazedly, that her lips were aquiver when she smiled and that she seemed unconsciously to plead with me not to

hurt her. I questioned her in a low voice, but she could tell me nothing. She remembered only that she had been walking aimlessly about the streets. She knew this was New York, she recognized the general facts of life about her, but her past was blotted out, and these people who claimed relationship with her she was sure were strangers.

We sat in silence until she leaned forward and impulsively put her hand in mine.

"Doctor," she said, "I'm not afraid of you."

"I'm glad," I said, "because I know now you'll help all you can."

HER mother then gave me a simple outline of Edwyna's life. She had been carefully brought up and had spent four years in a woman's college in a near-by city. Returning to New York, she had met young Herbert S— and they had fallen madly in love with each other. But almost immediately Edwyna began to have nervous fits of crying. She locked herself up and wanted to be alone, and she had grown steadily worse, in spite of the fact that her love for Herbert had been returned.

"That's what makes it so strange," her mother said. "If

A Family Doctor's Door—

A Girl

Who Couldn't Confess

Lover

she had loved him and he had not loved her, her nervousness would have been natural."

Luckily her loss of memory had occurred only a few hours before the police picked her up and so no harm had befallen her.

I NEXT sent for Herbert S—, who proved to be an unusually handsome young man.

"Doctor," he said, "I'm pretty brave about most things, but I'm not brave about her. I'm weak as a child when anything hurts her. Oh, if she doesn't get better, I want her dead, and not in this living death, where she is a stranger to me and I to her."

I questioned him. He said that often when she was depressed and despondent, he had taken her in his arms, tried to soothe her, and begged her to confide in him. She had always said that there was nothing the matter. At times he feared she did not love him, but when he suggested that to her she clung to him in terror of losing him.

I told him then that it was best for him not to see her for awhile, since it evidently distressed her when they said to her that he was her fiancé.

AND thus matters stood for several weeks, during which I questioned Edwyna about her dreams.

They all had to do with her going blind as some sort of punishment. I explained to her that going blind probably meant not being able to see or recognize those near to her; that her present condition was a sort of mental blindness in which she could not see that her mother was her mother, her father her father, and so on; and that evidently this mental blindness had been brought on by a feeling of guilt. But of what was she guilty? She could remember nothing.

"I would tell you if I knew," she would say. "I would tell you anything." I had won her complete trust which I knew was the first step toward her recovery. For what followed, however, I was not prepared, though I should have been.

It was one morning, a little after nine, that her mother called me up. She said that Edwyna was in a fever and kept saying that she was going to die. Would I come right over?

Twenty minutes later I was in the W—'s apartment, which is high up in one of the sky-scraper hotels. Both her mother



I remember she looked at me dazedly, her lips were aquiver, and she seemed unconsciously to plead with me not to hurt her. She remembered only that she had been walking aimlessly about the streets—her past was blotted out. She could not remember her name or where she came from. But there was a love letter in her hand-bag

and her father met me at the door. They were almost in a state of collapse.

I spoke to them quietly. "I must see her alone," I said. "Just show me the way."

Sunshine filled the room I entered; flowers were everywhere. Edwyna had heard me coming, for she sat bolt upright, staring at me with fever-shining eyes.

Then, as I drew up a chair, and smiled at her, I saw that she regarded me with a despairing and tragic expression. She could not smile back.

I took her hand; it was dry and hot. And then I stooped to open my bag.

"NO," SHE said, "you can't help me that way, Dr. L—, or any other way."

"Don't be sure," I said.

"Oh, trust me, doctor," she said. "I know."

"You know what?" I asked.

"What troubles me," she answered. "And, oh, it is too much for me; it is killing me. Doctor," she said, "I am dying."

"You told me you would tell me everything; that you trusted me. What is the trouble, Edwyna?"

Her crooked smile came for a fleeting instant; her eyes were half shut, there was a dreamy, vague look on her face which I could not help recognizing. In spite of my years and my knowledge, a pain shot through my heart.

"So, it's that!" I said.

She glanced at me startled, and put a hand to her mouth.

"What?" she asked.

"Edwyna," I said, "you are in love with me."

Her eyes continued to stare at me a moment and then, without warning, she crumpled back into a faint.

I bathed her face with water and gave her a sip of whisky. Her eyes slowly opened, and while still only half conscious she murmured:

"Darling, darling, I love you."

But a second later her expression became one of anguish and despair.

Now I am a doctor, and a doctor is supposed to be above personal response in such matters, but I must confess that just for a moment the appeal of her intense beauty, and the beauty of the great love she laid at my feet, tempted me to take her in my arms and heal her with a kiss. Just for a moment the doctor in me was off guard. Then he returned.

She was looking away from me and speaking in a low voice, more than mournful, since it was also desperate.

"It is the only thing in the whole world I want; it is the only thing I have; there is nothing else. And I can't have it. It is like a flame devouring me, killing me. I am dying, Dr. L—."

"Edwyna," I said, "if you love me as you say you do, then trust me and help me. If you do, I have something precious for you, something you will love, something that will fill your heart with happiness."

She turned about, her eyes questioning mine. Just how far she understood my words, I don't know. But she grew quiet and put out her hand.

"I trust you," she said.

I held her hand in mine as I put the question:

"Did you dream again last night?"

She sighed:

"Must I think of that?"

"Yes," I answered.

She looked about vaguely, as if trying to remember. Then her hand trembled in mine.

"I dreamed," she said, "that the man from Devonshire took

me to his dark house, and that the police caught me there, for I had on the slippers of Francesca da Rimini. They put me in a dark cell where I went blind. First they rubbed my eyes with herbs, but it didn't help. Then an angel appeared and said I must tell my dream to you."

There was something about the dream that caused a thrill to go up my spine. It seemed to me that if I could find out its meaning, she might be healed; but that if I failed, she might easily die. I gathered myself together and looked at her intensely.

"Follow me closely, Edwyna," I began. "You say that the man from Devonshire took you to his dark house. Does that word 'Devonshire' remind you of anything?"

She gazed at me fascinated, and answered almost mechanically:

"Only Devvy. He was very worldly, tall, easy going; he made me think of a cat. He gave parties in a big house." She stared at me harder, and caught her breath. "It's indistinct after that, doctor."

"Let's go on," I said. "You had on the slippers of Francesca da Rimini. Who was she?"

"I don't remember."

I looked about the room. There was a bookcase in the corner and on the top shelf I found a worn copy of Dante's *Inferno*. I turned to the fifth canto, and read those lines about Paolo and Francesca, who sinned together because of deathless love. Then I said:

"PERHAPS it was Devvy. Perhaps you gave yourself to him. Perhaps you did as Francesca did."

She had turned pale and started forward with a stifled cry. "That's right," she said. "Oh, it's coming back, it's coming back."

"Wait," I interrupted. "I noticed when you said that herbs were applied to your eyes to make them see, that you didn't pronounce it 'erbs,' but 'herbs'."

Her crooked smile came for a second. "I always make that mistake," she said.

"And herbs, the way you say it, makes me think of Herbert. Herbert S—. They brought him to you first to help you. Your fiancé."

I could not stop her, she was so quick. She had slipped out of bed, and stood in her bare feet, looking around the room.

"Oh," she said, "this is my home, but where's mother, where's dad, where's Herbert?" She was starting for the door, when she stopped and turned and stared at me.

"Doctor," she sobbed, "doctor, I can't tell him. I can't tell him!"

"If you tell him," I said, "you will be healed. But first talk to me."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, and I covered her with a quilt.

"Edwyna," I asked, "just when did you begin to remember the past a few minutes ago?"

"When you spoke of Francesca and her sin, I remembered

my sin and how I couldn't tell of it. That is why this happened. I couldn't tell Herbert. I tried and tried. When his arms were about me the words were on my lips. But I loved him so that if I lost him I would lose my reason or my life, and if I told him, I knew I would lose him. He is so fine and wonderful, Dr. L—, he couldn't bear me to be so wicked. I was vile and low and wicked. I couldn't tell him and then I forgot everything."

"And you love him so," I said. "Not so long ago, you thought you loved me."

She stared at me. "Oh," she [Continued on page 124]

Are You Liberal Minded?

PRIZE CONTEST

IS it wrong to be jealous? Is it wrong to want the one you love all to yourself?

Can love remain love and spread itself thin over many affairs?

Have You lost more by being jealous or by being liberal minded?

Read T. Howard Kelly's article on page 38 and then write SMART SET a 250 word letter, based on your own experience, in answer to the question:

Are You Liberal Minded?

For the best letter SMART SET will pay \$10: for the second best, \$7; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next ten best. The editors will act as judges, no letters will be returned and contest closes Oct. 31, 1927

A Surprising Lesson for Superstitious Fathers

Lady Luck- That's Me

NEARLY every man I've ever had anything to do with always treats me as though I were a baby. Yet the longer I live the more I see that all men are children. It doesn't make any difference if they are six or sixty, if they are successful or struggling, each and every one of them is a child, and they never grow up!

Dad, who is a successful stock-broker, and who gambles on the side, though he pretends he doesn't, is just as big a baby as any one I've ever met.

Yet, though I was nineteen last birthday dad never calls me anything but "Booby" unless he is mad at me. Apart from the fact that he knows a little about the stock exchange, I suppose I know infinitely more on most subjects. Still in his mind I am his darling, his only child, his pet and his precious, his little Booby!

As a rule I get my own way. It isn't very difficult, if you have brains and are an only child. If dad is difficult about anything, then I go to mums and work one against the other. They don't have much chance against me.

The biggest row dad and I ever had was the question of Beresford Smith, who is a lamb pie!

There were lots of boys before Beresford, but until things got really serious between us neither dad nor mums interfered much. They never made any fuss about the other two boys I was engaged to, although dad used to laugh and bet me a hundred dollars to a dime that I would be fed up with them in less than three months.

And each time he won that dime and collected it. He said was lucky, but then dad is more superstitious than any

I used a nail file to weaken the picture wire that supported a heavy mirror on the wall. When the wire would barely hold the weight, I replaced the mirror. I hoped it would crash in a day or two and I knew what that would mean to dad



colored mammy. He pretends he isn't, but he is always giving himself away. I've never known him to walk under a ladder if he could avoid it. He's terrified of seeing a new moon through glass, and he has a fit if he hears a dog howl.

His partner, Alfred Austin, told me that once dad had a plate of soup in front of him with tiny bits of vermicelli floating in it. The vermicelli formed letters that looked something like the word "sell." This was at lunch, and dad jumped up from the table right away and sold some shares that he was worried about. Before the stock exchange closed that afternoon, those shares had fallen and nothing will convince dad that the vermicelli did not tip him off!

Then, the day I was born turned out to be a tremendously lucky day for him, so dad believes I am his mascot. Often when he is gambling and pretending he isn't, he will say to me:

"Give me your handkerchief, Booby, or something you've

sort of a wild party, and poor Beresford got all the blame.

When I met him, he was thinking about going into the movies, not as an actor, but the producing end. His father was dead, and although his mother had heaps of money, she wouldn't hear of it, so Beresford was doing nothing. Just staying at home with his mother, his sister, and two older brothers, all jumping on his neck and telling him he was a waster.

It was the night before we left for our country place that Berry proposed to me. We were driving around the park in Berry's brother's car, which he had borrowed without permission. There was no moon, but it was romantic and beautiful and lovely. Berry slowed down to about ten miles an hour, while he told me how miserable he was at home and how much he loved me. I promised to marry him in spite of his family.

"They'll say I have no right to be engaged until I am making money," he said. "They all of them think the idea of the movies is all wet, but I am certain this chap I told you about, George Beer, will do what he promised. He knows everybody in the game, and he's out at the coast now. He swore he would land me some sort of a job as an assistant director, and California



"I shall want something more as a bonus," Berry said. "What do you mean?" dad asked. "Don't you think I'm rather a nice bonus?" I said

been wearing just for luck!" Oh, no, he isn't superstitious! So we were the most tremendous pals, until last summer, when Beresford Smith appeared.

I adored him from the first moment I met him. To begin with, he is frightfully good-looking, a little John Gilbertish. He had got into some row at college and had left rather suddenly. It wasn't anything serious, but there had been some

is much cheaper to live in than New York. If I get a wire, Phyllis precious, saying he has landed it for me, will you marry me?"

I promised that I would, and I didn't expect any opposition from my family. If they do make a fuss all I have to do is to get something to eat from Mrs. Dunn, the cook, who worships the ground I tread on, and then look pale and pensive at dinner and refuse to eat anything.

"You'd better come and see dad now. We are going away tomorrow," I said. "Then when he has formally accepted

you as his future son-in-law, you can come up and stay with us at the lake, and we'll have a lovely summer together."

Berry agreed that that was a good idea so he turned the car and we arrived at our house just before midnight.

Dad hadn't gone to bed yet, though mums was upstairs. I went into the library with Berry, and found dad making out checks. That was unfortunate as lots of them were to settle accounts for me.

"I came around to tell you that Phyllis and I love each other and we want to get married, Mr. Cartnell," Berry said.

"That's the worst of

"I'll go, as you throw me out," Berry said, and I was so proud of him for standing up to dad, "but I warn you in advance, Mr. Cartnell, that I will see Phyllis any time that I can make it, and the moment I land that job, we will be married and go out to the Coast with or without your consent."

I followed him out of the room, and while Lefferts stood by the front door, taking care not to look in our direction, I put my arms about Berry's neck, and kissed him. "Will you stick to me in spite of what your old man says or the attitude of my own family?" Berry asked me.

"I'll always stick," I promised him. "Nothing shall ever come between us. And remember that Elsa Vanderpoel and her brother Frank are the best pals I have. Their place is next to ours on the lake so I'll always be able to see you there, and I'll telephone to you every day."

"Has Mr. Smith gone, Lefferts?" dad called.

"Going now, sir," Lefferts answered.

Berry and I kissed each other again. Then he went out, and I turned to face dad.

"Why are you so horrid and unsympathetic and unkind, and why don't you understand anything?" I said, and then I wept.

Dad placed a hand on my shoulder.

"Cheer up, Booby!" he said. "There have been other young men before."

"And you never made such a scene about them," I said.

"Quite!" he said, "but New York is really a small place and I happen to know something about young Beresford Smith. Princeton threw him out on his neck, and a boy who talks about going in for directing moving pictures can't be taken seriously. He's just an idle young waster, sponging on his mother."

"I want to warn you," he said, "that the day you run off with this fellow and marry him, you cease being my daughter."

"You sound like an old-fashioned melodrama!" I said.

"Possibly," he said, "but the old-fashioned melodrama had a happy ending; this one won't. Don't be an absurd baby, Booby! You're an extravagant little devil, and you would be perfectly miserable living with this boy on what he could make. When you have to go without a car and pretty clothes I think your love would die very quickly."

WHEN I got up to my room, I began to think over what he had said and before I went to sleep I had made up my mind that I wouldn't marry Berry without dad's consent. I had also made up my mind that I would get it if it took me the whole summer.

The next day we moved up to the lake, where dad has a big summer camp. It's about two hours by car from New York, and dad had arranged only to go in to town two or three times a week, keeping in touch by telephone with his office during the rest of the time.

For three days I ate nothing! That is, I ate nothing except what Mrs. Dunn smuggled me without them knowing. The fat old darling was a perfect peach, and she and Lefferts and I talked the whole thing over, and both of them were willing to risk their jobs to help me out.

Mums, because she is a woman, was much harder even than dad.

"Your father is perfectly justified, Phyllis," she said. "I shall not interfere."

I took her up on that right away.

"Is that a bet, Mums?" I asked. "I mean that if dad consents to me marrying Berry, you [Continued on page 139]



With Drawings
from Life
By GRATTAN CONDON

this prohibition gin," dad said. "Take my advice, my boy, and spend the night in the Turkish baths. They'll sober you up quicker than anything."

"We haven't had a drink the whole evening, dad!" I said.

"Then there isn't the excuse of too many cocktails?" dad asked. He studied Berry's face as if he'd never seen it before, though he had been to the house to dinner two or three times.

"I am perfectly sober and very much in earnest," Berry said, and I could have kissed him he looked so wonderful.

I perched myself on the arm of dad's chair. That generally works, but he just got up and moved away from me.

AND how do you expect to support my daughter?" dad asked. I wondered that he couldn't have thought up something a little newer. "It might interest you, my boy, to know that this evening I have issued checks to the extent of some six hundred dollars for part of her summer outfit. Are you in a position to take care of little items like those?"

Berry began to explain quite reasonably about George Beer being at the Coast and how he had promised to land Berry a job as an assistant director.

"And when you get in the game and become a big director yourself," Berry said, "you pull down five thousand a week."

"Suppose you come around when you're making five hundred a week," dad said. "Then, if both of you feel the same way, we might contemplate a very long engagement."

He touched a bell, and the butler came in.

"Oh, Lefferts," dad said, "Mr. Smith is going. I want you to remember him, because if he calls on us we are always out."

Does Your FACE

*Study This Article
and You Too
Can Study Faces*

*Faces—faces—faces —
To study them is to
know something more
about humanity and
about yourself. If you
can know others at a
glance, life can become
so much more vivid and
valuable. Remember,
too, that you yourself are
constantly being judged
by the people who meet
you. You can make
them see in your face
just what you have in
your character and your
spirit. Habits of thought
and ways of living mould
our faces and create for
us hostility or friendli-
ness at first glance*



EVERYONE is born, falls in love, fails or succeeds, dies—and the variations of these experiences which make up life are constantly being recorded in plays and novels.

But there is a certain experience that everyone—or nearly everyone today—goes through. I mean securing a job. Some of us secure many jobs in a lifetime, a few retain one and only one for always.

The moment when the person whom you are asking to employ you looks at your recommendations, puts a few questions, glances at your face, is an anxious moment. In a few seconds it is to be decided whether or not you will do. And you want that job.

I know, because I have had a job. It was the job of selecting other people for jobs, of accepting and rejecting them, by the dozens, by the hundreds. Before going into business for myself, I was engaged in supervising the employment of workmen, clerks and executives in dozens of factories and mills at a time.

My job had an imposing name—Personnel Director. It was a specialized task created by the needs of great corporations which are no longer individual enterprises, but organized armies moving solidly according to vast and complex systems.

But machines must have their human facets. They must judge human values by human standards.

I must look at some applicant, ask my questions, glance at the filled-out blank—and make a swift judgment.

The fact that I have been able to do this with a fair accuracy made me conclude that I could “feel” people, form a judgment unconsciously.

I don't mean I can do so by black magic, of course, or by some special psychic gifts. In fact the thing I speak about is so common that it is scarcely a gift at all. For we almost all of us form impressions swiftly, without exactly knowing why or how.

But it was my job to do this, and I don't like mystery. I tried to find out why it was I thought one girl wouldn't do, and another would, why I felt that someone had the makings of an executive but was of doubtful loyalty, or someone else was an instinctive salesman.

Then it came over me that I had been reading faces—unconsciously reading them, just as we all do!

If I could read them unconsciously, wouldn't I be able to read them all the better consciously?

Tell Your SECRETS?



By
Boyd Fisher

who is one of America's foremost authorities on scientific employment management. He has directed the personnel work for some of the largest industries in this country and thousands of persons have passed before him in quest of jobs. When America entered the war President Wilson called Mr. Fisher to head the important Employment Management Section of the War Industries Board. This article gives you in half an hour the knowledge that he has gained in his long experience

I thought so, and I began to study what had been written upon a much disputed subject.

Lavater, a Swiss, was one of the first to develop a system of physiognomy. After him came many others, from the charlatans who hold forth in booths at country fairs to Lombroso who attempted to define criminal types by a classification of the lobes of the ears!

AND here is where I found a stumbling block. Most of them flatly disagreed with one another. Worse than that, I flatly disagreed with them!

A high forehead is a sign of intellectual force, of brains. Well, what about Socrates, the wisest man in recorded time, with his low, jutting brow?

A receding chin is a clear indication of weakness and vacillation? What about a great lawyer whom I happened to know personally, and whose strength of character is like the strength of granite and yet who has practically no chin at all?

Puzzled by these contradictions, it came over me finally that no one feature can tell the entire truth, it is the combination of character traits, the addition and the subtraction of them

that gives us the final shade of truth in regard to the whole.

For instance a girl came to me to apply for a secretarial position. She showed me evidence of her ability, and certain form references.

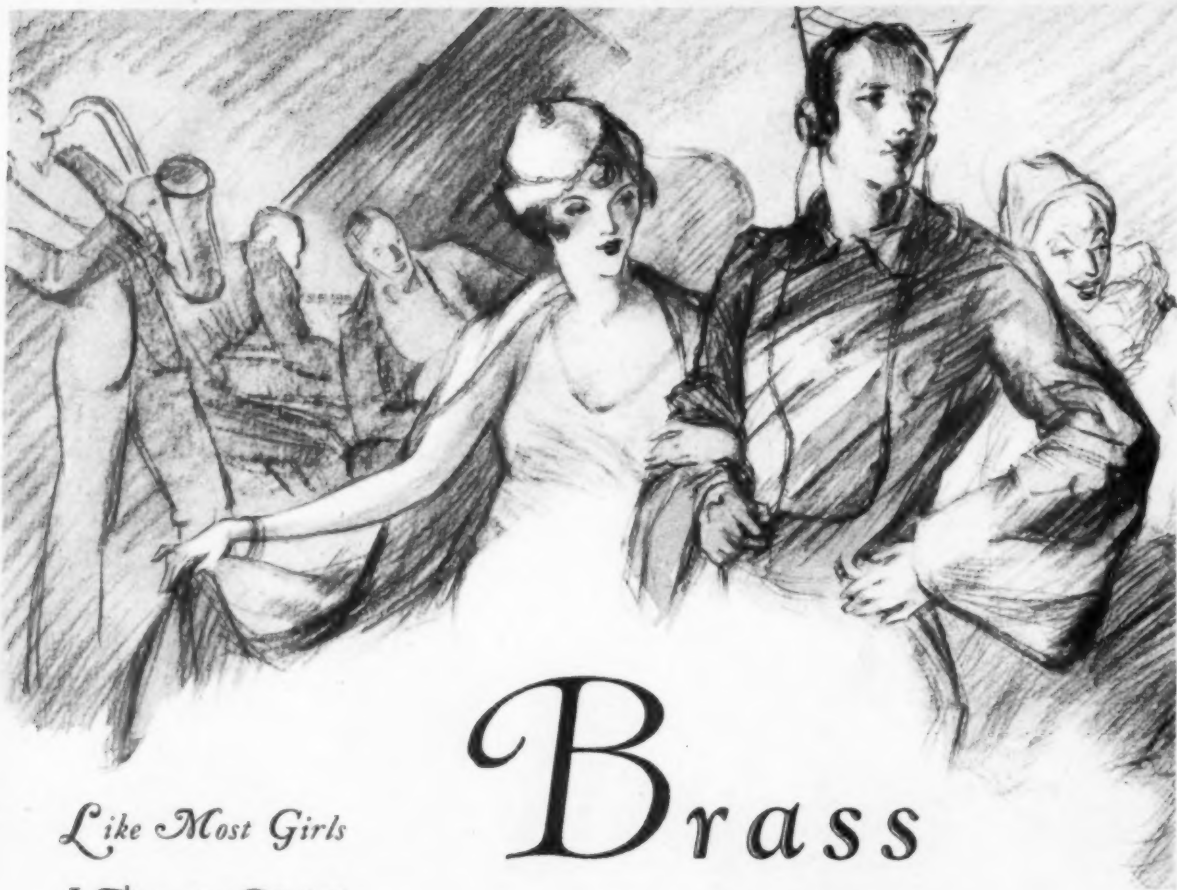
But I know well enough, as everyone knows, that there is no one living who cannot secure excellent references.

I had to judge her as a person, making a rapid calculation as to her character-type, the scope of her abilities, the good and bad qualities which I must take into account if she is to be an employee.

She was young and fairly pretty. She was neatly, quietly dressed, she had poise, and slim, well-cared-for hands. She spoke in a low, modulated voice, rather slowly.

I noticed that she had a rather softly rounded chin, that her eyes were wide open, but did not rest very long on anything. She smiled quickly and furtively. But when she stopped smiling, the corners of her mouth drooped the least bit, making an almost imperceptible line.

She held her head a little on one side, even a trifle languidly. Her upper lip was short and made a quick curve. Her nose was a trifle tilted and was small. Her [Continued on page 141]



*Like Most Girls
I Thought GOLD
the Most Precious
Thing in the WORLD*

Brass FOR Love

FOR two years, while I worked as a stenographer in San Francisco, I had been saving and planning for this trip to Honolulu and romance! I was beautiful, not unintelligent, and Honolulu was noted as a playground for men of wealth and leisure. I hoped for great things from this winter vacation.

But as I stared out at the water I shivered in the cold drizzle. The Hawaiian music down below sounded like a dirge as the ship poked her nose out through the cold gray blanket of harbor fog. A few passengers huddled against the rail. From somewhere in the distance a gong sounded for luncheon.

I wasn't hungry, but I was suddenly lonesome and homesick, so I followed the others down the linoleum covered stairway.

I paused uncertainly at the door and looked around.

"Hadn't you better leave your coat here?" someone asked.

I glanced up into the twinkling blue eyes of an assistant steward, a young and surprisingly good-looking man. He was altogether too handsome to be a mere steward.

"Where in the world did you get the disguise?" I asked.

"You look like a glorified bell-hop at a costume ball."

"Sh! Don't give me away," he said and made believe he was alarmed at my having penetrated his disguise. It was all nonsense of course! He was a steward, for the time at least, but as I stepped into the dining salon my heart was lighter for the moment's friendliness.

The head steward assigned me to a table, and as I took my place, a man of about forty arose.

"My name is Gleason," he said. "As we are to be tablemates for several days, we might as well get acquainted." He introduced me to two ladies already seated. "This is Mrs. Fitzgerald and her daughter, Mildred," he said. "They are from New York."

"And I am Miss Frances Parker of San Francisco," I said.

MR. GLEASON was a handsome man with gray hair. A close cropped mustache gave him an air of distinction. Mrs. Fitzgerald was large and severe, and Mildred, good-looking and boyish.

"Are you one of the Gleasons of Philadelphia?" Mrs. Fitzgerald asked.

"Yes, my home is there," Gleason said.

"Oh, then you must know—" and she launched into a



long discussion of names. Mildred did not join in the conversation and I felt myself an outsider.

Gleason finished his luncheon and excused himself. Scarcely had he left the table before Mrs. Fitzgerald asked for the passenger list.

SHE ran a jeweled finger down it, and exclaimed, "Yes, here it is! He is the Harry Gleason, a bachelor! Immensely wealthy, they say. One of Philadelphia's best catches."

Here was just the opportunity for which I

*With Drawings
from Life
By Y. E. SODERBERG*

Dancing with an abandon new even to me, I sent the grass skirts twirling and twisting. With a final swaying movement I reached Gleason's side. "Come have the first dance with me!"

had been hoping, but apparently Mrs. Fitzgerald had conflicting plans.

To my surprise, Mildred got up abruptly. "I don't feel so well, Mother," she said. "If you'll excuse me, I'll go up on deck."

Mrs. Fitzgerald looked after her in astonishment. She hadn't seemed ill a moment before. We saw her pause a moment and say something to the "glorified bell-hop," at which they both laughed. Perhaps it was foolish but I felt a momentary jealousy.

"All a matter of imagination," Mrs. Fitzgerald said. "If one has enough will-power one never becomes seasick. I never do. Is that ice good, my dear? Forgive me! I've forgotten your name already."

I repeated it although I was sure she'd forget it again.

"You're not one of the Boston Parkers?"

Devils of impishness prompted my answer, though I knew I was signing my social death-warrant as far as Mrs. Fitzgerald was concerned.

"No, I'm not one of the Parkers from anywhere," I said. "I'm a stenographer at William and Truxell's, Importers of Oriental Goods in San Francisco."

"OH! A stenographer! How interesting," Mrs. Fitzgerald transferred her attention to her salad so pointedly that I left the table smiling to myself. The "glorified bell-boy" brought my coat.

"You know," he said as he held it for me, "you're one person I'm not going to accept a tip from at the end of the trip."

I wondered if he had said that to Mildred too. "All right, I'll bite. Why?" I asked.

"No joke, I'm serious. You were the first one to see me, and not my uniform. The first one to smile at me; the only one who knew I didn't belong in these things."



Slowly he stooped and kissed me. That kiss might have taken a second—or lasted an eternity. We were lost to time, there on the top of the world

"The only one? How about the girl in the tan sports-suit? The one who smiled back at you?"

"Oh, well, she did speak to me. But she was just being nice to 'the lower classes.' Social service stuff."

I laughed. "I'm not so sure. I've been smiled at by social workers, myself. I know the look. She didn't have it."

Up on deck Mildred motioned to the chair beside her. "Do sit down a moment," she said and I accepted eagerly.

"I wasn't seasick," she went on.

"I didn't think so," I said.

Mildred studied me a moment, then laid a hand over mine. "It's mother!" she said. "She's dragged me over half the world trying to get me a rich husband. I'm sick of it! I don't want any husband. I want to do something worth while, something interesting. I'm not the society type, and never will be. But mother keeps on hoping against hope that she'll be able to mold me. You saw how she threw herself at Mr. Gleason this noon. She'll make the whole trip miserable, trying to bring us together."

"Never mind," I said. "Leave him to me. I'm only a stenographer, but I'll vamp him and keep him out of your way."

Mildred laughed. "I suppose it's silly to let it upset me so, and I don't know why I should bother you either, unless it is because you do things. I'd like to earn my own living. Anyone can see that you have culture and breeding. How did you manage it?"

"It was managed nicely for me," I said. "It was a necessity. The family's bank account went smash during my second year

at Leland-Stanford. I was lucky enough to land a good position with the father of one of my college chums."

I saw Mrs. Fitzgerald coming then so I excused myself and went down the deck to my own chair.

By four that afternoon the wind whipped the swells into white caps. I was standing at the stern to watch the milky trail of water, and that was where the "glorified bell-hop" found me.

"She's got the Honolulu habit," he said.

"What?"

"The ship, slinging a wicked wiggle. Are you seasick yet?"

I shook my head.

"Good! I'm glad there's one person who isn't. From the way the bell's been ringing, you'd think everybody was dying."

"By the way, what's your name?" I asked. "I won't know how to call you, if I should fall by the wayside," I said.

"Just ring the bell, of course. That's the way to call a steward."

"No, honestly, tell me," I said.

"Oh, just Bob. One never calls the bell-boy 'Mr.' And you're Miss Frances Parker. I looked it up in the dining room chart."

"Thanks for the interest. I suppose you looked up Miss Fitzgerald's name, too?"

"Sure."

The first mate beckoned to Bob, and he turned to me with a shrug of disgust.

"Guess I'm a social outcast. Bell-boys aren't supposed to talk to passengers."

"Tell him you can't help it, if you're so attractive that they talk to you."

That evening at dinner, I found Mrs. Fitzgerald at the table alone.

"Mildred tells me that you are a college girl," she said. "I'm wondering if you have ever done a social secretary's work?"

"No; nothing of that kind," I replied.

"But I'm sure you could. You see, my dear, I am President of the Woman's Club of Highdale, and I have many lectures to deliver when I return home. It just occurred to me that this would be a splendid opportunity to clear up my work provided I could get someone to help me. Do you think you could?"

"But, you see, I'm on my vacation," I said.

"I know, but it would mean only a few hours each morning. I could make it well worth your while. Think it over, please, and let me know."

It would be nice, I thought. With the extra money I could go out to the Moana Hotel instead of staying at one of the cheaper, private boarding-houses along Kalakaua Avenue. But, on the other hand, I knew that Mrs. Fitzgerald was one of those women who would make many demands and that the





Gleason put his arm around me, drew me to him and tried to kiss me. "Let me go," I said, but my struggles were useless. He only laughed. "You've fought long enough," he said. "Now kiss me."

"few hours in the morning" would lengthen into many more.

A half hour later, as I was leaving the dining salon with Mr. Gleason, Bob handed me a note.

"From Miss Fitzgerald," he said.

"Still pretending to be seasick," it read. "Here's your chance to help me out with Gleason. You're so attractive that all he needs is one evening with you. Then he'll never look at me again." There was a postscript, too. "Did mother say anything about the secretarial job? She thinks it's her own idea, but I decided it would give you a splendid opportunity to carry out your vamping plan."

I looked up at Gleason. Surely he was attractive in his evening clothes. After all, perhaps this was my chance. I would play the game seriously. Not just to help Mildred against her mother. I certainly didn't want to spend the rest of my life in an office and Gleason had family and money.

"Let's go to the upper deck and look at the moon. It must be glorious!" I said.

Two hours later we were still there. Most of the other passengers had retired, and only the lights from the card-room showed out across the deserted deck. Reluctantly I got up from my chair. Gleason, rose, too.

"Must you go down?" he asked. "We're just getting acquainted. You're your own chaperone, and it's early."

He put an arm around me, drew me to him and tried to kiss me.

"Please let me go," I said, and I tried to push him away.

"And why should I?" he said. "Why should I let you go?"

"I've asked you to."

"Nonsense! On a night like this, on board ship, with a moon. Come, kiss me."

My struggles were useless. Gleason only laughed.

"Now you've fought long enough to satisfy your conscience, so you might as well give in gracefully. I intend to kiss you. I've made up my mind to that!"

He stooped quickly and kissed me. Then holding me tight, he kissed me again and again.

I was furious because I was not used to permitting such liberties. I realized that to him this was only a flirtation, and to carry out my own plans I must make him think of me in a very different manner.

Bob came along the deck just then with a pitcher of ice water, evidently on his way to the card-room. I called to him.

Abruptly Gleason let go my arm.

"It's all right, Bob," I said.

Bob took in the situation at a glance and scowled. "Shall I come back and take you to your room?"

"No, thank you. It won't be necessary."

"That was a contemptible thing to do!" Gleason said as Bob left us. "That boy'll tell the whole boat."

"And what if he does? Did you care what anyone would think if they came along and saw it? You wouldn't have cared if the whole boat had known that!"

Gleason looked at me in amazement. "I do believe you mean it. I'm sorry. I thought you were only bluffing. You see—"

"Yes, I see! You knew that I worked for my living. Mrs. Fitzgerald took pains to tell you that I was a stenographer. I was traveling alone, and you thought you could do as you pleased with me. You, with your family and your money!"

"Please, Miss Parker, I'm not quite that bad. I did act like a cad, and I apologize. Real nice girls expect a little romance; rather resent it if they don't get it. I simply thought you were like most of the modern girls. I know that's really no excuse. The only thing I can do, is to say that I'm sorry. And I do that, most humbly. Won't you please forgive me?"

"Yes, I'll accept your apology," I said. "But whether I forgive you or not, depends entirely on your future actions."

Back in my stateroom I sat down on the edge of the bed in the dark.

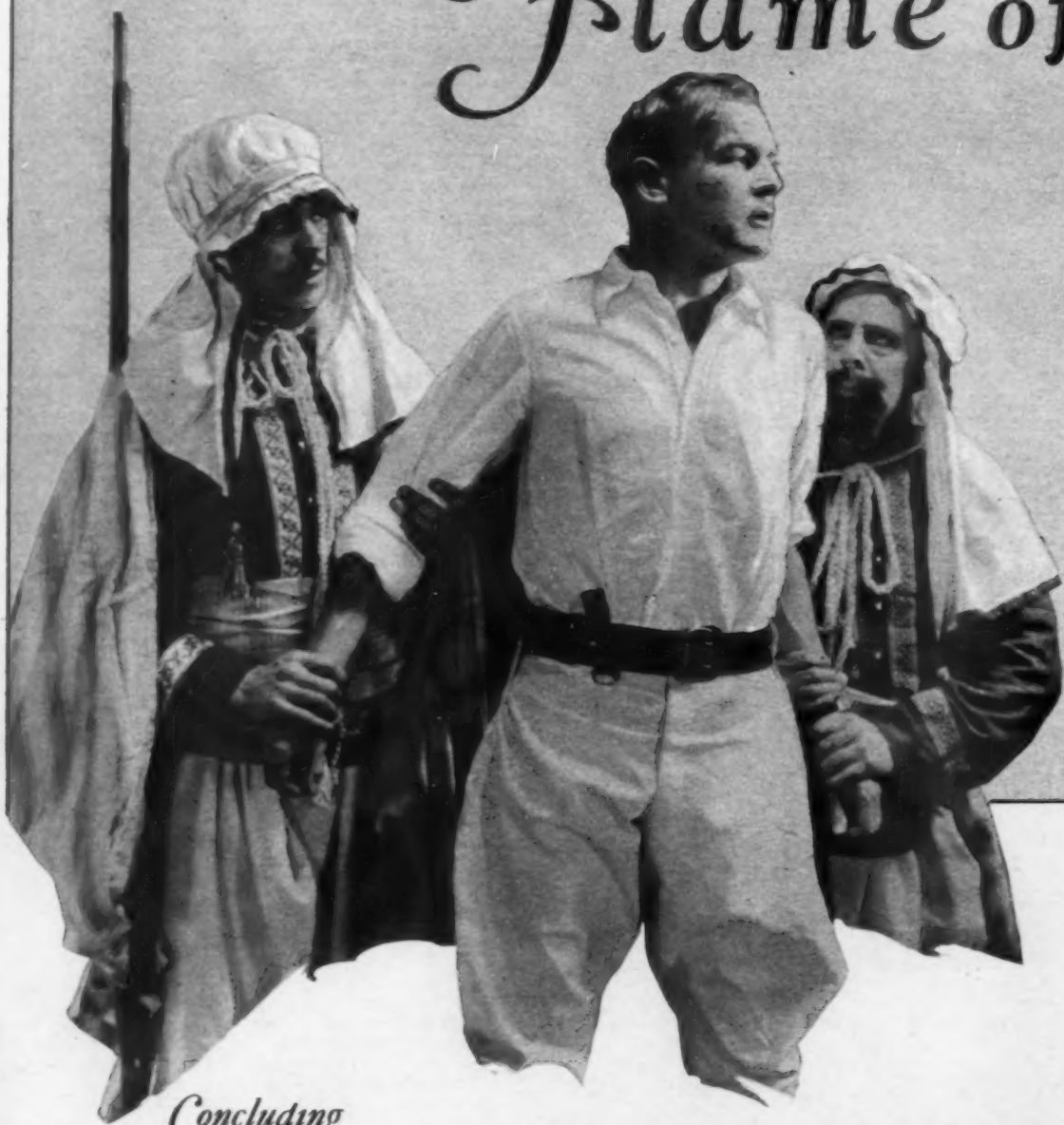
"As a vamp, you're one hopeless failure!" I told myself.

But, after all, perhaps being natural had been my most effective method, for during the next few days I was constantly in Gleason's company. He was charming and I was still firmly resolved to marry him if I could.

For two days Mildred remained "sick." Bob got her books from the library, writing paper, ice water and a dozen or more things each day, and every time he lingered for a chat.

When Mildred appeared on deck [Continued on page 96]

Flame of



*Concluding
An American Girl's
Thrilling Adventures
in the Land
of Love and Sheiks*

OF THAT strange man, El Rani, Akbar of Tiflis, of whom I knew so much already, I was to learn still more on that last wild ride through the desert.

My sensations in the first moment of flight I cannot explain. The Arab chieftain's treachery dominated all other thoughts at first. Flame O'Neal had saved El Rani's life at the risk of his own, and yet El Rani had not only deserted him when he had been wounded, but was galloping away with me. And certainly he had heard and seen enough to realize that to Burke O'Neal this was a deep injury.

For my own part the life I had been plunged into, that life of dangers, of long and weary rides, of men fighting in the death grip, had exhausted my emotions. I lived in a nightmare where I was scarcely conscious of my own hopes and fears. And even now, when I might have been forgiven for thinking of my own peril, I thought instead of Captain O'Neal's

the Desert



From the shadows of the dune, two men came swiftly, untied O'Neal's bonds, slipped his gag, lifted him to his feet. "What is this, El Rani—what is this?" he stammered hoarsely. El Rani was still smiling quietly. "This is good-by," he murmured

betrayal by the man for whom he had sacrificed so much. El Rani, as I had already found out, had steel muscles concealed in his slender body, and the one arm he had thrown around my waist, made struggle impossible.

The silken gag in my mouth made speech equally impossible. I became angry at my own helplessness as we rode on in the dusk. El Rani stared fixedly ahead as if his eyes could pierce the darkness and pick out the trail.

It was evident that he was not riding aimlessly but that he had a definite goal. He rode until I was so exhausted that I

would have fallen from the saddle had he not supported me. I wondered where his strength and endurance came from.

YET I felt no fear, for subtle influences told me more plainly than words that I was in no danger for the moment.

Hours and hours afterwards, when the thin crescent moon had lost its brilliance, El Rani drew rein.

Like a trooper in a forced march, he cared first for his gallant horse. Then he took a thin blanket from the saddle

pack and spread it on the ground for me to use as a bed. It was bitterly cold as the desert can be at night when the lion prowls for its kill and the frightened small animals go scampering by in the dark.

My teeth ached from the gag that had been thrust in my mouth. With fingers that did not hurt me, so delicate was their precision, he released the gag.

"You must sleep," he said quietly. "We have many miles to cover soon."

"WHERE are you taking me?" I asked.

"That you will learn in due course."

I wondered why in the fury of my despair I did not seize the dagger from his belt and strike him dead with it. But my nerves, my spirit, were in a kind of coma and I could do nothing but stare at him through the velvety darkness. I could not see the expression of his face, and yet I almost felt that he smiled.

"You've given me a clear insight into your character tonight, El Rani," I said. "Captain O'Neal saved your life and you told him you wouldn't forget, yet you didn't hesitate to be treacherous to him!"

"You exaggerate," he said. "What treachery have I shown him? O'Neal knows the desert better than I know it myself. He reads its secrets and can go where he chooses."

"But he's been wounded fighting for you."

"His wound has been dressed. It will give him no further trouble. O'Neal learned the desert and its ways of fighting in the Legion. That wound to him is only a scratch."

He seemed as calm, as if he were discussing a matter of no importance, and could not understand my attitude.

"But you took me away," I said.

"Oh, as to that! You have admitted you do not care for him and he has given up hope. The loss of you can therefore mean nothing to him."

I turned from him with an impatient exclamation, and huddled my body in the blanket of camel's hair, resolved not to waste my breath any longer. As I lay there, I realized that though we were alone I did not need to fear at this moment.

PRESENTLY he left me and came back with an armful of dried stalks with which he built a blazing fire.

Tired as I was, I wondered why El Rani had made this fire. It was like a signal beacon for miles around, and if I knew anything of O'Neal, he was as dogged as the Arab and could not be far away. This fire would tell him exactly where we were!

At last I fell into a brief troubled sleep, only to be awakened at the first hint of dawn by a touch on my shoulder.

"We must be off at once," El Rani said and I looked at him in bewilderment. He seemed as fresh as if he had slept for hours, and yet I was certain he had not slept at all.

As I rose to my feet I saw a single horseman, as faint as a speck on the horizon but even in those dim outlines I knew that figure and the angle of the pith helmet. I knew the fiery head it covered, and the indomitable spirit of Flame O'Neal, who was following us grimly.

El Rani led the way politely enough, but back of his courtesy was a threat. If I had resisted, he would not have hesitated to force me. I mounted the horse before him, but I kept turning my head to watch the progress of the figure on the

horizon. I wanted to signal to him but I did not dare.

He made pitifully slow progress. Only the unconquered spirit of the man pushed his tired beast ahead in a pursuit so hopeless that anyone except Flame O'Neal would have given up.

El Rani's blooded mare was ten times swifter. It was easy to put miles between us and the figure on the horizon.

We galloped until we were well out of sight, then on the crest of a sand-hill El Rani drew rein and looked back. It seemed that he was actually waiting for Flame O'Neal to catch sight of him!

For a moment I suspected that El Rani was leading O'Neal into a trap. But I decided that was not possible. El Rani was cut off from his men, as alone on the desert as Flame O'Neal himself. No, the Arab must be leading the Irishman on to mock him out of sheer cruelty. When he was ready, he would gallop far away. But where? In my anxiety for the wounded man who toiled behind us I did not even wonder!

That night we made camp as before, with a fire lighting up our position. I took long draughts of the warm, insipid water from the deep bags that were thrown over the mare's back, and threw myself down on the blankets.

I was determined to keep my own counsel but curiosity got the better of me.

What was El Rani up to? What was the plan that lay concealed in his subtle Oriental brain?

I COULD not resist attempting to find out, but the queries I thought so skillful achieved nothing. When we had eaten our ration of native bread and ground grain, together with a handful of ripe dates, the Arab spoke of what was passing in his mind, but he did not mention Flame O'Neal.

"The Sultan of Mascar has long before this put my poor followers to the sword, or to torture. I wonder if any escaped! That little fool of a Frenchwoman is by this time in the Sultan's fingers. She will not find it so easy to slip through them and back to her boulevards as she supposed. Imbecile! She thought of this trip as a story for the press. It may very well be a story she will never escape to tell!" He was silent for a moment.

"Well," I said, "since it was I who brought everything about why haven't you killed me?"

"There are reasons," he said, "though you have done more than you planned. You have made me an outcast among my people, for I was a favorite of the Sultan."

"And yet," I said, "you don't even seem to hate me for what I did!"

"Why should I? It was your right to escape if you could by ruining me. You have ruined me very utterly, but you have not yet escaped!"

Then he looked up at the stars and began pointing out this and that constellation, as if to turn the subject from his griefs and mine. He talked magnificently and with a strange sadness, and I thought of those first Arabs, the wise and cultured people of the earth, astronomers and scientists and brave men, from whom he was descended.

He was no longer like the savage who had attacked me in the perfumed cell by the oasis, but like some ancient philosopher with the wisdom of the ages in his blood.

And I marvelled at this man of many moods and characters, who seemed so careless with his life and who yet, had made life so full and glorious a thing. [Continued on page 116]



Flapping Backwards



TODAY!

Designed by Marceline
for M.G.M.



TOMORROW?



YESTERDAY!

There was a little flapper once,
Years 'n' years ago,
Wore nothin' but a leopard skin
Wherever she did go.
Then the fashion changed a bit—
She took to wearin' clothes.
What will she wear tomorrow?
Nothin' we suppose!

THE BRUNETTE:
Don't you know you
ought to hold on when
you're turning corners?
CHARLEY: Well, how
did I know I was going
to fall for you?



Posed by Charley
Chase and Hal
Roach Comedy girls
in "King of Stings"



The Har-
lequin
twins with
their million
dollar smiles
can even
pass off bad
checks

Posed by Mack
Sennett Swim-
ming Girls

Posed by Helen
Fainweather and
Joan MarCUS in
Charlie's Comedy



Posed by Sally
O'Neil
M.-G.-M.

Sally drinks like a fish since she came
back from the bottom of the ocean



"Left, dress!" doesn't mean a thing to most
bathing beauties but you'll be talking their
language if you say "New dress!"



FATIMA: Do you want
cigarettes, Miss?
FOURTEEN CARROT
BLONDE: No, thanks, I
roll my own

DIRECTOR: Say, do you call that dancing?
MISS-LEADING LADY: No, but my sugar daddy said
he'd pay just to watch me do my daily dozen

Feared by Green Lee and ballet girls in
M.-G.-M.'s "After Midnight"

the FILMS



Feared by Lucille
Hallen and Clem
Bourgeois in Mar-
ried Couples

Feared by Kar-
en Sharer and
Green Lee in
M.-G.-M.'s
"After Mid-
night"



Clem expected to find a welcome on the
mat but it looks more as if he were
going to find himself on the mat



Dorothy will be all up in the
air in just about a minute

Feared by Dorothy
Schanner, M.-G.-M.

Posed by Billy
Dowley and Vera
Vandamm in the
Christie Comedy,
"Row, Sailor, Row"



This gay young dog of a sailor almost wrecked
the party because he still had his "see-legs" on

Life Savers

CHARLEY: Baby, do
you know you're div-
ing with shoes on?
BABY: Yes, but you
see if I can't swim to
the raft I'll have to
walk ashore



Posed by Sally
Blane in Para-
mount Picture

If this is a true
picture of one
of Robert S. Carr's
little queens in cal-
ico he can "take
us to high school"
with him tomorrow



Posed by Charley
Chase and Edna
Marion in Hal
Roach Comedies



L · T · P I V E R · P A R I S (Fondée en 1774)

The crystal clear glass and distinctive gold top of the new four-ounce Azurea Flacon render it a charming addition to the well appointed toilet table. Priced at \$9.00 the bottle, or in 2 ounce size \$4.50 the bottle.

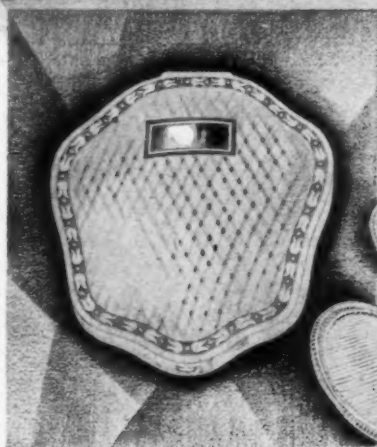
* * *

The new Azurea Twin Compact with its specially designed silvered engine-turned case, its delicate border of enamel and its unique construction, will delight the most fastidious. In all standard shades of Powder and Rouge, \$2.50 each.

To further emphasize one's personality with an individual odeur throughout the toilette, there are available for the selection of the discriminating, the following world-renowned PIVER odeurs—

AZUREA — POMPEIA — FLORAMYE
— LE TREFLE INCARNAT — SAFRANOR and FETICHE

which may be obtained in Essence, Eau de Toilette, Eau Végétale, Poudre de Riz, Twin Compact, Poudre de Talc, Poudre à Sachet, Savon, Sels pour Bains (Bath Salts), Poudre de Toilette (Bath Powder), Crayon pour les Lèvres (Lip Stick). At the better drug stores and toilet counters.



AZUREA

A Rarely Delightful Odeur of Piver—in the New Smart Containers of the Present Mode

L. T. PIVER, INC., 118 EAST 16TH ST., NEW YORK . . . L. T. PIVER, LTD., 46 ST. ALEXANDER ST., MONTREAL
PARFUMS OF PERSONALITY AND POUDRES DE LUXE

Dangerous Freedom

*A Talk to Girls
Who Think
They Can Lead Their
Own Lives*

By
MARTHA MADISON



BEFORE me is a heap of letters from girls in all stations of life, expressing their contempt for convention. Some of these girls are alone in the world and self-supporting. Dangerous freedom! A few have rich fathers who have encouraged their wilfulness. Some are scarcely more than children, still in school, and don't know what they are talking about. Others do know what they are talking about because they have lived fast and free. But I believe most of these girls are good girls, although it is a matter of uncertainty among their neighbors and friends.

I have gone over these letters carefully and, I hope, understandingly, and I am quoting a sentence or two from a few of them so that you may see for yourselves their bitter indictments against convention.

Dorothy B—, a senior in high school, says: "Most of the

people in the world are like sheep. What one does they must all do. Nobody dares live his own life."

Judy, a telephone operator out in San Francisco, by her own admission a lover of jazz, complains that: "It's a shame, the way good girls have their reputations ruined by a lot of narrow-minded busybodies who have nothing else to do but go around poking their noses into other people's affairs!"

"If things go on like this much longer," says Helen, a sophomore at Columbia, "we'll all be dressing in black uniforms and living like the Puritans of the old days."

"Is this a free country, or isn't it? That's what I'd like to know." A fourteen year old girl who says her father is "an old crank," asks that question.

Lois, who has been married almost two years, who considers herself "thoroughly modern and honest," and insists that neither she nor her husband is jealous of each other, asks: "Don't you think that so long as you are doing what you believe is right that it's better just to go ahead and let people say what they please? You can't suit everybody." I have an idea that Lois "steps out" occasionally.

AND Marjorie B—, a manicurist up in Providence, winds up by saying: "You're always so tolerant about the things we girls say and do, Mrs. Madison. Can't you help us out by writing an article against these stupid conventions? Won't you tell the snoopy ones where to get off?"

Will I? No, girls. I won't. I've lived long enough on this crowded earth to know that we humans need traffic laws to govern our conduct quite as much as we need traffic laws to govern our benzine buggies. In fact, I have a high regard for the conventionality you despise because it's necessary. And in my opinion the person who thinks he can do without it is about as useful as a one-legged horse and twice as pitiful.

The trouble with you girls is that you're so wrapped up in yourselves you forget the other millions and billions of people in the world. All you see is how certain things affect or inconvenience you. Laws for the mob are necessary, but you are an exception. Suppose everybody looked at it that way?

I doubt that any of you really understand the true purpose of conventions. To you, they seem simply stupid laws governing society and taking all the joy out of life, when actually they are for your own personal comfort and safety. Conventionality, you say, is just another name for hypocrisy and cowardly fear. That's not so! Conventionality is consideration for the rights of others. If it weren't for those conventions you despise, probably none of us [Continued on page 132]



-not Blonde?...not Brunette?-

-then you are just the type to use

By

Mme. Jeannette De Cordet
Beauty Specialist

NUDE

-the New
Pompeian
Shade of Powder

YOU may have dark hair with light eyes, or light hair with dark eyes—but your skin has the warm lure of ivory and rose. You are, perhaps, more typically American than any other type—an interesting combination of *all* types—a delightful blending of *all* blondes and *all* brunettes.

For you, then, we have created this new shade of powder. It, too, is a delightful blend of the more extreme shades, each one softened, each one yielding more beauty by its subtle mixture with the other. It has the same alluring attribute as your chiffon-light hose in the "nude" shade, you know. It delicately enhances the natural smooth beauty of your skin. Indeed, it may well be a gossamer-thin bit of chiffon laid smoothly over brow and cheek to glorify the beauty of one's own complexion and natural coloring.

The new Nude shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is made expressly for the typical American girl. Unless you have the dazzlingly white skin that is so rare, or the dark olive skin of the true Spanish type, you will surely claim this perfect shade for your most effective use—

to make the utmost of your natural charms.

With it can be worn the Medium or Oriental tone of Pompeian Bloom. Some women can successfully use the Orange tint as well, for the Nude shade of powder is most suitable with all shades of rouge.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom, a rouge of exceptional quality, come in perfect shades and tones for the various types of skin. Both are absolutely pure, and have the virtue of adhering well to the skin. Pompeian Bloom is now presented in the daintiest of new containers. Ask for the "purse-size." Powder and Bloom each 60c.

POMPEIAN

**BEAUTY POWDER
and BLOOM**



FRANKLY RED HAIRIED

Her hair is definitely, undeniably red, and her skin is most unusually delicate and fine. Her eyes are green or blue and if she hasn't dark lashes and brows naturally she should make them so. For her—*Naturelle* shade of Pompeian Powder and Oriental tone of Pompeian Bloom.



THE CREOLE BEAUTY

Her smooth skin is firm like creamy velvet. Her hair is dark, with just a hint of copper. Her eyes, like dark pools, with a star reflected in their depths. Her lips, the color of ripe strawberries. For her—the *Nude* shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and the *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom.



THE WATER LILY BLONDE

Her hair is like spun gold, and very silky. Her eyes are soft grey blue. Her skin is white—with a pale pink tint. Her lips are often richly-colored. She should mix two-thirds *White* and one-third *Flesh-Pink* Pompeian Beauty Powder, and use the *Light* tone of Pompeian Bloom.

WHAT IS YOUR TYPE OF BEAUTY?

Send for my fascinating Beauty Sampler—5 little vials of the 5 perfect shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder with my new 20 page booklet showing 24 types of lovely women, in natural colors. You will find your type among them with interesting new information on how to obtain your correct shade and tone of powder and rouge.

Madame Jeannette de Cordet,
The Pompeian Company,
Dept. 408-K, 595 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
I enclose 10c for your Beauty Sampler
and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

For Christmas — for Her Gift — for Yourself Buy TODAY—the Modern Way

WHAT YOU DO—

SEND ONE DOLLAR with your name and address, the number of the article you wish to examine and a brief note telling us something about yourself.

Simply state: (1) How long at present address, (2) Age, (3) Married or single, (4) Name of employer, (5) Nature of work and (6) How long in employ.

This information will be held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries sent to employer.

WHAT WE DO—

Upon arrival of your order, we will open a Ten Month Charge Account and send your selection for approval and 15 day trial.

If price of article exceeds \$50, we will ship C. O. D. the additional amount to be paid upon acceptance. If satisfied you pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Otherwise, return and full amount paid will be refunded.

No articles sold to persons under 20 years of age.

\$57.50

S-40 AA1 blue-white diamond in Ladies 18K white gold ring. Butterfly design.
\$1 with order, \$3 to Postman, \$5.35 a month.

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S-41 Open-work Bow-knot design for Ladies in 18K white gold with AA1 blue-white diamond.
\$1 with order, \$3.85 a month.

\$65

S-42 True Lover's Knot engagement ring: 18K white gold; blue-white diamond.
\$1 with order, \$4 to Postman, \$6 a month.

\$100

**Brings Your Choice
10 MONTHS TO PAY**

\$50

S-48 The Mayflower—beautifully carved in 18K white gold with AA1 blue-white diamond.
\$1 with order, \$4.90 a month.

\$45

S-46 Engagement ring with motif of Love Birds, carved in 18K white gold; AA1 blue-white diamond.
\$1 with order, \$4.40 a month.

\$72.50

S-47 Two blue-white diamonds in shank of 18K white gold ring. Large blue-white diamond in center.
Send \$1—pay Postman \$6.25 \$6.54 monthly



S-52 18K white gold ring for ladies set with three sparkling AA1 blue-white diamonds. Regular \$50 value.
\$37.50—\$1 with order, \$3.65 a month.



S-54 An ideal gift for misses. Initial and diamond mounted on genuine opal in 18K white gold carved mounting.
\$18.50—\$1 with order, \$1.75 a month.

**It's a
BULOVA
Strap Watch**

S-43 14K rolled gold-plate 15 jewel Bulova movement "dual-tile" cap, radium numerals and hands.
\$29.75—\$1 with order, \$2.87 a month.



S-56 Pearl-on-Ambertone Boudoir Set—beautiful Mother-of-Pearl effect. Eight pieces consisting of mirror, comb, brush, powder box, nail file, cuticle knife, buttonhook and nail buffer in presentation case.

\$18.00—\$1 with order, \$1.70 a month.

**Strap
Watch
For MEN**

S-49 14K green gold filled engraved, guaranteed 15 jewel movement, radium numerals and hands.
\$27.50—\$1 with order, \$2.65 a month.



S-55 A beautiful leaf and floral design in 18K white gold. Diamond ring set with three AA1 blue-white diamonds.
\$32.50—\$1 with order, \$3.15 a month.



S-44 Two blue-white diamonds and four blue sapphires in this 14K solid white-gold engraved wrist watch for ladies. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement.
\$39.50—\$1 with order, \$3.85 a month.

**Complete
with Presentation
Case**

\$27.50

**NOW
Ready**



**Masterpieces of the
Jewelers' Art**

This book sent without obligation to any adult interested in purchasing. Two months to pay on purchase.

S-50 15 Jewel Elgin: 12 size 14K green gold-filled case, with high-grade gold-filled chain.
\$32.50—\$1 with order, \$3.15 a month.

**Complete
with Presentation
Case**

\$45

**A
pleasing
contrast of
Diamonds
and
Sapphires**

**A Real Bargain at
This Low Price**

S-51 14K solid white gold rectangular wrist watch, beautifully engraved; guaranteed 15 jewel movement, silk grosgrain ribbon and expansion bracelet.

\$27.50—\$1 with order, \$2.65 a month.

**An Ideal Gift
Combination**

S-45 Four blue-white diamonds and four blue sapphires in 14K solid white gold hand-engraved wrist watch complete with silk grosgrain ribbon and flexible expansion bracelet. Guaranteed 15 jewel movement.

\$45.00—\$1 with order, \$4.40 a month.

L. W. SWEET, INC.

Dept. 1107S, 1660 Broadway, New York



This Funny World

As Seen by Aleck Smart



Stop Us if We're Wrong

You can talk of Spanish beauties,
And of rare Italian cuties,
Or of English gals whose charm no one denies;
Of the slant-eyed oriental,
And the German sentimental,
But—we pick the local flapper for our prize!

This Is No Kidding, Folks

We get a lot of fun out of the Editor of this magazine. He's a serious minded gent and we aren't serious about any thing, as our creditors all know. But now and then this Editor person puts one over on us. When he grabbed down "The Love Fight" and shoved it into this book, he landed squarely on our button—or maybe it was a foul. Take it from us, and no fooling, there's a story to write home about. Read it and pass the word along. A line of praise to the Editor probably will induce him to run more stories like that . . . You won't be wasting your time if you read "Feet of Clay." Those two we can vouch for. Go to it.

One Word Too Many

Silas and Maria were in the city for the first time in twenty years. "Silas,"



snapped Maria, "the way you stare at these hussies' limbs, a body'd think you'd never seen legs before." "Well," drawled Silas, "I kind-a think so myself."

Nix on Treat 'Em Rough!

Wise bozos no longer treat 'em rough and tell 'em nothing. Probably that's because the athletic girl has come along and that rough stuff is no longer safe. Up-to-the-minute sheiks now do their dancst to make the girl feel important. They are gentle, considerate, courteous. They do what the girl wants to do—if they have the price. And the frails are said to like it. We don't know. We haven't any experience in that line.

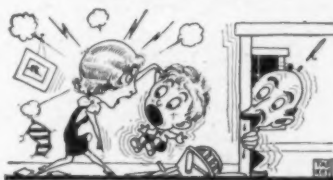
Try This on Your Uke

The world is so full of a number of things—
And the worst of all is the girl who clings.

Dot Wants That Club

Dorothy Dase says she meant it when she suggested an Aleck Smart Club. That girl certainly knows her mind. She thinks such a club would "not only inspire the already interested readers but would have a tendency to attract new comers." That new comer idea, Dorothy, is all right but you know there isn't much room left. But more than that, Dorothy wants a whole page for contributors who "feel that they have more or less literary ability." That would take in practically every man, woman and child in the United States. Inez Mae O'Rourke of Detroit, writes that she's "one hundred per cent for this club idea." Sounds as though Inez made political speeches. Any body else got anything to say on the subject or shall it go over to the next meeting? All right. Lay it on the table.

Johnny Made a Run



Johnny smacked his daddy's nose;
Daddy took it with a grin.
Johnny tore his mother's hose—
Maybe he'll get well again.

But S.S. Makes Every Chair Comfortable

"After I've done my little bit to make the world go round I find myself a nice comfortable chair and SMART SET and settle down for a couple of hours of interesting reading. So here's to the success of 'This Funny World' and SMART SET in general."—EVELYN HOVEY, Windsor, Ont.

Surely Not Snappy

"Frankly your page is bright and snappy." L. C. Harrison, Walhalla, S. C.

Crabbing the Crabs!

"I certainly enjoy your page. My one regret is that you have not space enough to put in more of your fun. Please don't listen to any of those crabs who have no sense of humor." D. RODGERS, San Francisco, Calif.

One of 'Em Got By Us!

"You know me. I hate to knock, but this Aleck Smart gets under my skin. I read him, in my favorite magazine, just to see how bad he can be. Did you ever try sprinkling him with cyanide?" James Lee Lester, Bloomington, Ill.

Ask Us Another, Babe

Babe Radke of Benton Harbor, Mich., writes in a post script, "May I ask, 'Who is Aleck Smart?'" Sure you may, Babe. And we'll bite: Who is it?

Brainy Men, Collegiates

According to Mink, the first working girl says, "I've been on this job five months and the boss hasn't got fresh with me once." "My Gawd," exclaims the second working girl, "Why don't you quit?"—Oregon Orange Owl gives this advice: "If she seems cold at first, cheer up. Chills are often followed by fever."—Centre Colonel wisely observes that getting the baby to sleep is hardest when she's about eighteen.—"Kisses," according to the Ohio State Sun Dial, "seem to be taken for granted nowadays. At least they are taken and usually granted."—Vanderbilt Masquerader is to blame for this: He: I understand Bill Howard has a charming wife. She: Yes? Who's she charming now?—Carnegie Puppet asks: "Did you ever hear that little girls are noddier when they are sleepy?"—"A girl may remain technically good," says the Colorado Dodo, "if her technique is good."

Epitaph of a Dub



Beneath this stone lies an awful sap;
If he kissed a girl he'd go and yap.

One Last Line Wanted

There was an old lady named Rase,
With a form like an old Grecian vase;
When she went for a swim
Each leg was a limb

Now poets, get busy. Give us that last line and be sure the last word of your line rhymes with vase. For the best line SMART SET will pay \$5 and \$1 for each of the next five best. Aleck Smart is judge and contest closes Oct. 31, 1927.

Limerick Prize Winners

Writing last lines is a gift—or a disease. And it's epidemic. We're swamped; but we came up for air and found this as the prize winner in the September limerick contest: "Made naughty proposals in vain." This line was written by Helen M. Lee, Saskatoon, Can., and to her goes the \$5. The one dollar prize winners are: Elinor Brennan, Cleveland, Ohio; Ruth H. Straffin, Brockton, Mass.; Mrs. S. L. Wallace, Ardmore, Okla.; Jane Campbell Kerr, Redwood City, Calif.; Mary Burns, Elmsville, Miss. There's another last line wanted on this page. Take a try at it.

A POSITIVE RAGE



This starry shell-pink nail polish

The irresistible flutter of
bright, star-lit finger tips!

The marvelous new polish
that does such wonders for work-
aday fingers is simply the rage.
Your nails stay bright as span-
gles for a week or more. Even
hot water won't dim or discolor
its thin natural brilliance.

In Natural Pink and Deep
Rose. Each 35c. So is the Cutex
Polish Remover. Or mail coupon
with 10c for samples.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH Brighter and more natural



I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural
Pink ☐ Deep Rose ☐ (Check your preference).
Northam Warren, Dept. XX-11
114 West 17th St., New York

Does Love Count in Marriage?

(Continued from page 14)

worked old Love and accuse him of quitting on the job. There is nothing the matter with Love; he'll stick on the job as long as you do. But he hates like everything to be expected to travel with you under an alias.

These poor deluded husbands who feel that they have been cheated out of something in their married life had better figure whether or not they aren't partly responsible for the status of their domestic affairs; whether in seeking a mate they went after and wanted real love and devotion.

WHY, oh why will men who are dissatisfied with their life at home, go about telling all their acquaintances what a wonderfully capable wife they have, what a fine cook and housekeeper she is and what a good mother she makes for HIS children?

I have an idea that going about singing the praises of the wife, who, long since, way back in their beans, they have relegated to the housekeeper and menial class, serves the same purpose as whistling does to the small boy who is afraid of the dark. Oh, how it does jar our ego to feel that we have been cheated out of something, that we have been stung, so we go about loudly proclaiming how well satisfied we are.

When it comes right down to brass tacks, this model husband who is forever singing his wife's praises and at the same time philandering, is a first class coward for when he is confronted with a crisis and there looms up a chance of his losing his home, he'll fight like a good fellow before he will give up all his creature comforts.

If your wife doesn't come up to scratch as you see it, tell her so. Don't go sneaking around on the outside and let her sit at home and be a servant for you. Give her a chance to have her say and to tell you a few things she doesn't like about YOU.

She very likely won't spring any surprise on you by announcing that ever since she has married you she has thought you were a punk husband and she won't knock you dead by telling you that she has another sweet papa on the side. But what she WILL do will be to inform you that she is willing to quit her job any time you say so; that she is getting darned tired of having to send the clothes to the laundry wet wash and do all her own ironing.

She'll tell you that if you'd get a lighter car so the up-keep would be less, there would be money enough in the cash drawer to have help come in for part of the day; and she'll rise right up on her hind legs about the way she has to refer bill collectors to your office address because she has no handling of the household funds; that she's sick and tired of being a housekeeper for you, that she can housekeep for some other man and get a salary and do less.

All at once a flagrant piece of evidence of your infidelity is dropped right into wifey's lap and it angers her so and hurts her pride and self respect so, to think that she has been made the object of sympathy from your men friends and the laughing stock of her women friends, that she ups and tears the home out right by the roots—just like that—and she walks out and gives you the whole world to circulate in.

Then you go about telling all your friends that your wife has deserted you and that you ain't got no more home than a rabbit, but do you tell them *why*? You DO not; you prefer to let them think there was another man in the case.

But the strange part of it is, that when the final break comes and he finds himself

homeless, it never occurs to a man to realize that he has got his just deserts. Oh no, he just goes about saying that his wife never really loved him. And he'll tell his friends and the other woman that his wife never really understood him. Why it's because she really understood him that she put up with him as long as she did and if the other woman knew half as much about him as his wife does, she'd give him the air.

D. P. F., of West Virginia, nearly lost her husband because she was "always so cold." Her experience was bitter but she learned her lesson and now she says:

I am happy to say that I never forget to feel cheerful when my husband has had a hard day. I never forget to kiss him in the morning when he leaves for work. Usually I slip him a bear hug for good measure. And I want to tell all brides, young and old, that to make their home happy, they must hide that old shyness and be themselves.

Don't let some other woman give your man what you are supposed to give him. If you can tickle him under the chin for a fur coat, learn to do the same when business is dull. Mr. Woodside is right in saying that a man needs affection and encouragement and the sooner women learn to give more and take less the fewer divorces there will be.

I hope he will find some one to give him the love that he needs to sustain him. For without love life would be hopeless for me. It is all right to have a man run after you to get you but after he gets you you will have to meet him half way. So don't let a little thing like coldness wreck your home and possibly your life.

"Romance dies all too quickly in our American marriages," sighs M. E. H. of Brooklyn. She has been married sixteen years and has suffered for the want of understanding and encouragement. She writes:

My own experience of sixteen years living an unhappy, uncongenial married life, feeling as Mr. Woodside feels, the want and necessity of encouragement and understanding, forces me to admit the power of his argument.

Romance dies all too quickly in our American marriages; the wife, as well as the bride needs a cheery word occasionally.

I am wondering from personal experience if there wasn't just something lacking in Mr. Woodside's personal make-up.

EVERY girl who marries the man of her choice starts out with the intention of making a happy home for her man. In every word of Mr. Woodside's description of his wife's aloofness and lack of the good-by morning kiss I could truthfully picture myself. I started out at seventeen, to be the perfect wife and mother. Yet my marriage is anything but a success. Why? Because I married a man with a superiority complex. If I did not think as he did, if my every action was not governed by him, there was war and abuse that no sensitive girl's love could withstand.

Today, at thirty-two, I am leading a life of sacrifice for the sake of my two wonderful boys and my husband, like Mr. Woodside, wonders and can't understand my aloofness.

Nagging and continuous fault-finding soon killed the love and respect I had for the man I married.

Grow-Yes grow-Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By LUCILLE YOUNG

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. Doubt, all you want to. It does seem impossible, I know. Everything heretofore has failed. But my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. *And you are the sole judge.*

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works—proved it before this, my very first advertisement, appears. I have from these women some of the most startling voluntary testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a *notary public*. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows. Every one of the women who have tried my discovery did so on my guarantee. *And not a single one has reported failure.* On the contrary all have been wildly enthusiastic.

What My Discovery Means to Beauty

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. Merely darkening the eyelashes and eyebrows is a poor substitute. It helps. But what you really desire with all your heart, what every woman longs for is this marvelous beauty of naturally luxuriant eye-



Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

lashes and eyebrows. Now you can have this beauty—impart to your loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week!

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time. *And there is instant beauty, too; for my discovery combines with its own marvelous virtue the advantage of darkeners. But it does so without messiness and artificiality. It gives the effect, but itself, cannot be detected.*

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made

a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know that I have given to women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded. And I have waited until I was sure before offering it to the world at large. The more than ten thousand women who have tested my discovery have been my regular patrons.

You Can Have Proof At My Sole Risk

Remember... in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money... simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to Lucille Young, Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society women and professional beauticians please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

2709 S. Wells Street,
Chicago, Illinois



Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prince,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxuriant. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
8 Pinette Ave., Bldfou, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Miss Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I continue to use it the better the results. People are asking me how I do it. All I say is, "I owe it all to Lucille Young." Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jannette, Penn.



Lucille Young,
738, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days, and you will at once refund my money without question.

Name _____

St. Address _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: If price of \$1.95 sent with order, postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young



Dream Moments

"NARCISSUS"

A LAMP glows . . . orange . . .
in the blue quiet. Words fade
into silence. His eyes see you . . .
golden . . . radiant . . . desirable.
Soundlessly . . . out of the little
Oriental vase . . . slips a slender
column of smoke . . . weaving a
grey witchery . . . of incense . . .
slowly . . . fantastically . . . until:

*Tinkling bells . . . far up on a dream-
ing pagoda . . . touched . . . exquisitely
by a phantom wind . . . fleeing
the slim bamboos . . . Pale narcissus
breathing . . . to you . . . to
him . . . the sharp, sweet breath of
two who kissed and sighed . . . once
upon a time . . . in a forgotten place.*

IT IS unchanged—this Orient magic
that summons the spell of old ro-
mance—in Vantine's Temple Incense.
You may command its potent charm to
gather the subtle allure of dreams around
you. It awaits you—in nine exquisite
Vantine fragrances—at any drug or
department store.

*Learn to use the power of incense.
Send ten cents for nine ample fragrances.*

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 9 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Hush Money

(Continued from page 59)

woman. I hoped I might some day be a happy one. Perhaps it is just as well, that none of us has the power to look very clearly into the future.

When a woman has been poor all her life, and suddenly finds herself in possession of a large income, life is bound to take on a new and very pleasing aspect. It may sound heartless, but even on the train coming east, I began to make plans for our future.

IF I were trying to gloss things over, and make up a pretty story, I would say that I cried all the way home, and hated the very thought of Jimmy's money. That might sound well, but it wouldn't be life, real life. I was desolate over Jimmy's death. I would have given all the money he had left, ten times over if I had had it, to bring him back again. But he was gone, and there was nothing left for me to do but try to make my husband and my boy as happy as I could.

It was my only chance to remedy the wrong I had done them. And it seemed to me too, in some queer way, that I could feel Jimmy beside me, could see his eager face, could hear him say that for me to use his money to bring happiness to Bert and our boy would make him happy, too—would to some extent wipe out my sin, and his.

So instead of grieving, I tried to interest Bert in our future, pointed out to him how Jimmy had loved him, which was true. Since he had been denied the chance to spend the money himself I thought it would make him happiest for us to spend it for him, since he had left it to us because he loved us. I never referred to the fact that Jimmy had left the money to me.

But Bert did. As I have said before, he has queer, old-fashioned ideas about life. Instead of thinking of the money as ours, he kept speaking of it as mine. He said it was all right for a fellow to have a rich wife, but that was no reason why he should live on her, and that he intended to go on with his work just as before.

That was not my idea at all. I knew that Bert, in spite of his rest, was not over strong. The "flu" had pulled him down, and this trip to the Coast and back, with its days of worry and tragedy, had not helped any. So I suggested that when we got back to New York he should give up his position with the construction company and take little Bert and myself for a nice long trip abroad.

"You owe it to yourself," I said, "and to your boy as well. You've always been crazy to travel. Why shut yourself up in that stuffy office and get sick again when we have plenty of money to spend as we please? A year abroad will make all the difference in the world. You'll come back rested, ready for anything. Then, if you want to go into business for yourself, we have the money for that. It would be silly for you to go on working for four thousand dollars a year when we have almost ten times as much.

BERT couldn't see it that way at first and talked a lot about a man keeping his independence, and not sponging on his wife. "I'd be just Mrs. Graham's husband," he said.

I told him how foolish that was, how different things would have been if I had been a rich woman when he married me. People might have called him a fortune hunter, then. But Jimmy had left us the money because of his fondness for us, which made all the difference in the world.

"He could have left it to us," Bert said, "but he didn't. He left it to you."

It was the first time he had said any-

thing like that, and it really annoyed me.

"Jimmy cared a great deal about me, Bert," I said. "I think he would have married me, if I hadn't already been married to you. It was just his romantic way of doing things, to leave the money in my name. I'm sure when he told you about it, before he went away, he must have explained how he felt."

"He did," Bert said. "I knew he loved you. That was why he went away. It was very fine, very loyal in him to do it. Jimmy was a man you could trust with your life, I realize that. If I thought I had any reason to doubt it, I'd be ready to jump off the dock. But just the same, it does go against the grain a little, to be spending his money as though it were my own."

I was surprised, when Bert said that. Of course I did not know what Jimmy might have told him at the time he made his will, but I refused to take the matter seriously.

"Of course Jimmy loved me," I said. "He said so, often enough, in front of both of us, but there wasn't anything wrong about it. Just a romantic idea, that's all. There isn't the slightest reason why you should feel the way you do, and I think it is pretty mean of you to say what you just said about a man who was your best friend."

If I lied then, it was on Jimmy's account, and Bert's.

BERT said he was sorry, and after that talk he was more reasonable. By the time we reached New York he was ready to go abroad.

There was an additional reason for this. The president of his company had retired, and the man who took his place was arranging to unite with another big concern in the same line of business. A merger, I think Bert called it. Anyway, he wasn't certain they would want him in the new company, so I pointed out that if he resigned, he would be in a better position to get another place, later on, than he would be if they just let him go. So a week later he handed in his resignation and we began to make our arrangements for our trip to Europe.

I had gone to the steamship offices and found out about the sailings, and knew just what I wanted to do. First, a steamer to Naples. They told me the southern route was delightful in winter time. Then to Egypt, to see the tombs and things, and back to the Riviera, Nice, and Monte Carlo, until spring. May and June I wanted to spend in Paris, and July in London. I thought we could go to Switzerland in August, to avoid the heat, and then come home in the late fall, say in October, after a month in Germany, or Scotland, I hadn't decided which.

When we got back, I had made up my mind to buy or build a nice home somewhere, not far from New York, and devote my time and money to Bert and my boy. I thanked God, over and over, that I wouldn't have to raise my son in a Brooklyn flat. I wanted him to have the water, a boat to play with, a horse to ride, and the best schooling that money could provide.

I planned to buy Bert an automobile, and have him join a country club, and play golf just as I had dreamed of doing during all the years we were so poor.

When Bert began to see what money really could do for us, when he looked over my plans for our European trip, and realized how eager little Bert was to go on the "big steamboat" he got over the feeling he had had in the beginning, and was just as enthusiastic as I was. Bert had worked and slaved mighty hard, for years, and I

Could you use from
\$3 to \$21 at Christmas?

Why not save money on tooth paste and buy little things you wish with what you save? Listerine Tooth Paste cuts the average tooth paste bill in half—yet it cleans perfectly and more speedily than any dentifrice you've ever known.



Good news for everyone —parents particularly

Wouldn't a young man or woman starting out in life be glad to cut the yearly tooth paste bill from \$6 to \$3?

Wouldn't a man paying the bills for a family of seven like to reduce the family tooth paste bill from \$42 to \$21?

We thought they would. Investigation showed that thousands of others felt the same way.

Therefore, we produced a really first class dentifrice at 25c for the large tube. Half of what you usually pay.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Ultra-modern methods of manufacture, alone, permit such a price for such a paste.

In it are contained certain ingredients that our fifty years study of tooth and mouth conditions taught us are necessary to a first class dentifrice for the perfect cleansing of all types of teeth.

Outstanding among them is a marvelous new and gentle polishing agent so speedy in action that tooth brushing is reduced to a minimum.

We ask you to try this delightful dentifrice one month. See how white it leaves your teeth. How good it makes your mouth feel. Judge it by results alone. And then reflect that during the year, it accomplishes a worthwhile saving! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Large
tube

25¢

"FAMOUS WINKS"



Conquering... Teasing... Fascinating. With her beautiful eyes, Estelle Clarke, the Metro-Goldwyn star who recently played under the direction of King Vidor in his magnificent picture, "The Crowd", has captured the hearts of millions.

Make your eyes deep pools of enchanting loveliness

THE witchery that smolders in heavenly eyes can now so easily be yours. Just a deft flick... and marvelous Wink weaves its magic spell. Your entire appearance is changed. Quickly, you become smarter, more beautiful and utterly fascinating.

With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing makes the eyes divinely beautiful... by framing them in a shadowy fringe of softly curling, luxuriant lashes.

So Easy to Apply—So Safe, Too

To capture such elusive beauty is now very easy. Lightly cover the lashes with Wink, using the dainty little plume. Then to obtain the most natural effect use a small, soft brush and instantly flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. This spreads Wink evenly from lid to lash tip.

This beauty will not vanish when you need it. It is not transient or fragile... A tear... an unexpected cinder... glorious hours of swimming in fresh or salt water... Never fear for Wink. Its beauty remains undimmed because it is waterproof as well as lasting.

And unlike ordinary lash preparations you can apply Wink without fear of injuring the eyes or the lashes. It is harmless.

As Easy to Remove

It is better to remove Wink nightly, as most fastidious women do. Just put cold cream or Lushux on the lashes... then gently remove it with a cloth moistened in warm water, always stroking the lashes downward, not across. Wink comes off with the cream. You can also remove it easily with soap and water.

To be sure that your lashes are fashionable and beautiful insist upon Wink... the originator of the vogue. As only Wink can give your eyes the alluring charm which distinguishes the smart woman. Your choice of black or brown... 75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores. Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.



WINK

The Original Waterproof Liquid Lash Dressing

don't wonder the prospect of a nice long rest appealed to him. He was just like a boy.

I shall not even try to tell about that trip. It was the most wonderful experience of my life. I had never imagined that anything could be like it. Not only the pleasure of seeing all those new and wonderful places, but the joy of being able to spend what we pleased, without bothering about whether we could afford it or not. I could even lose a few dollars at Monte Carlo, without feeling that I had to worry about it for the rest of my life, and when we got to Paris I had a perfect orgy, buying all the lovely things I had read about for years, and never imagined I should some day be able to afford.

Of course, even the interest on eight hundred thousand dollars isn't a fortune, but poor Jimmy hadn't spent half his income the year before, so we really had all the money we knew what to do with. I saw Bert and Bert Junior growing stronger, and happier day by day, and I was almost happy myself. I prayed to God every night that my sin, and Jimmy's, would not be held against us, since the result of it had been to bring happiness to others.

THAT was the queer part about it, and sometimes I could hardly realize that I was not dreaming some crazy dream. I don't doubt there are people in the world who would have said the whole thing was immoral. They would have argued that Jimmy had left me the money because I had given myself to him, and that every dollar of it was the price of my shame. I may be a bad woman at heart, although I don't believe it.

Jimmy Saunders was a lonely man. If I brought a little joy into his life, a few hours of happiness, if I helped him to realize the dreams he had dreamed for so many years, who was the worse off because of it? Certainly not my husband, or my child.

As time went on, I found I could look my husband in the face, just as though nothing had happened, and thank God that he was not drudging away in some dreadful office, to provide little Bert and myself with food and clothes and a roof over our heads. I'll take the blame, I said to myself, so long as they are the gainers.

Our year abroad passed very quickly, and almost before we realized it, we were back in New York again.

We had given up the Brooklyn flat, of course, and put all our furniture and things in storage. Now the problem of where to live came up, and I decided that we had better go to an apartment hotel while we looked for a house. I saw that Bert wasn't the sort of a man who would be content to sit around and do nothing now that his vacation was over, so I encouraged him to look up his old friends, and see what he could do about finding a position, or better still, organizing a small company and starting in for himself. One of the men who had been in the old company with him had wanted to go into such a business. Bert hunted him up, and they got the thing started. Meanwhile, I was looking for a home.

One day I was driving out on Long Island with little Bert and a real estate man who was showing me some houses, and I realized that we were not far from the bungalow where Jimmy and all of us had spent so much time, the summer before.

I asked the real estate agent to drive over that way, as I wanted to look at the place. It wasn't what I wanted for a permanent home, I said, but it had occurred to me that instead of buying a place in the country we might do better to take a comfortable apartment in town, and spend our summers at the shore. I never was crazy about the country, in winter.

The bungalow was unoccupied, and looked very desolate. If it had been rented since we left it, the tenants had gone back to town. But in spite of its forlorn appearance I knew how lovely it was in hot weather, and I felt somehow as though Jimmy might like us to take it. It was just a sentimental idea I suppose but when I got home that night I mentioned the matter to Bert and said that if he knew the name and address of the owner I would write and ask him how much he wanted for the place.

THE bungalow, Bert told me, belonged to a small real estate dealer in Flushing named George Novak, so after dinner I wrote him a letter. The very next afternoon he called. He was a thin, dirty little man, a foreigner of some sort, with a sly and ugly face. My very first thought was that he looked like a snake.

"You are Mrs. Graham?" he asked and he stared at me with his small yellow eyes as though I were some sort of a curiosity. I decided then and there that I did not want to have anything to do with him.

"Yes," I said.

"I went to see your husband at his office last fall, Mrs. Graham," he said. "They told me that he had resigned his position and gone to Europe. Only when I got your letter did I know he was back."

"What did you want to see my husband for?" I asked. I was wishing more and more that I had never written to the creature at all. There was something about the way he stared that frightened me.

"Just a little matter of business, Mrs. Graham. Some expenses for cleaning up, and storage charges, on three trunks."

I remembered then, about the trunks. Two of them had belonged to poor Jimmy. The other was one that I had taken down for our stay after Bert's illness. We had left everything just as it was of course, on the day we hurried off to San Francisco. Bert and I had driven out there one day, when we got back, before he turned the keys of the house over to Novak, and we had had the trunks and things sent up to town.

"Why should you charge us storage?" I asked. "The bungalow was rented for the season."

"Not after November first," the man said. "You left the trunks there until the middle of the month. But it is not about that matter I came to see you today. The storage is nothing. They told me at the office, when I went to see your husband last fall, that Mr. Saunders was dead. Such a nice young man he was, too. It was a pleasure to do business with him. I also heard that he had left you all his money. Such a good friend he was."

I WAS getting angrier every minute. There was no secret about Jimmy having left me the money and I suppose Bert must have mentioned it to his friends at the office, when he resigned his position. It would have been a perfectly natural thing to do. Everyone must have known that he wasn't rich enough, himself, to give up his job and start out for a year's vacation in Europe. He had to explain matters, somehow. But I did not see what business it was of Mr. Novak's, and told him so.

"I don't care to discuss my personal affairs with you," I said. "I was thinking of buying your house. But I have changed my mind. I don't want it, now. My husband will attend to the matter of the storage."

I thought he would go then, but he did not move. Just sat there, staring at me with his little snake's eyes.

"Before you should decide, madam," he said, "about buying the place, I want to tell you something. When the time of Mr. Saunders's lease was up, and he did not turn me back the keys, I went to take a look at my property. It was not in such

good order. Not only the trunks I speak of were there, but nothing had been cleaned up. The kitchen was a mess. There was food spoiling in the ice box, everything. It looked like you had just picked up and run away."

"We did run away, on an hour's notice," I said, not understanding what he was driving at. "Mr. Graham had just received word of Mr. Saunders's accident, in San Francisco."

"YES. So I have since heard. But I did not know it, then, and I don't mind telling you that the thing looked queer. How should I know but what a murder had been committed or something. A landlord has to be very careful, Mrs. Graham. I never like to have trouble with the police. And I like to keep my properties in order, Mrs. Graham. So I began to straighten the place up. The kitchen, it was terrible. Spoiled milk, eggs, meat. In the living room things were not so bad, some books lying around, some trash in the scrap basket. And torn letters I found in the fireplace. One from San Francisco."

When the man said that, I gasped aloud, but he paid no attention to me. Just sat staring. I knew what he meant. The letter I had received from Jimmy, and my answer to it. I had torn them both up, that dreadful day, just before we left the house, and thrown them behind the half burned logs in the fireplace. I couldn't take them with me, and as the fire had not been lit I had no opportunity to burn them. But I hadn't worried, because Bert was never a man to snoop about picking up torn papers. He isn't that kind.

I remembered the letters, however, and that was one reason why I had gone out to the bungalow with him, as soon as we got back from San Francisco. It never occurred to me that anyone would go there, during our absence. I meant to put the house to rights, before turning back the keys, and, then of course, I would have burned the letters, along with any other trash I found lying about.

It had surprised me, when I got there, to find everything in order, but even then I did not worry. "Why," I thought, "should any servant cleaning up the place be interested in some bits of torn paper among the ashes in the fireplace?"

I HAD put the whole matter out of my mind. Now, with that horrible little man staring at me, I knew that there was trouble ahead, but I did not realize how much. I remember thinking, at the time, that I must keep cool, and not show how frightened I was. But all the things Jimmy had said in his letter, about our love for each other, about the happiness of holding me in his arms, came back to me as if I had just read them that minute. And all the things I had written in reply.

"I knew the letter was from San Francisco," Mr. Novak went on, "because there was a picture of the hotel, right on the envelope. And I considered it my duty as a landlord, Mrs. Graham, to find out why you and your husband had run away so suddenly, and left my house looking like somebody had committed a crime. So I pasted that letter together, like a puzzle, and the answer you wrote, too, and kept them for you, thinking maybe you would like to have them back now that Mr. Saunders is dead."

I still was determined not to let him see how frightened I was.

"I should be glad to have the letters, Mr. Novak," I said. "They belong to me, anyway. Have you got them with you?"

"Yes," he said, and took two envelopes from his pocket. They were criss-crossed with narrow strips of paper, pasted on

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their dangerous power?

Is it a Mysterious Gift? Do you have it unbeknown? Is it Beauty, Knowledge, Sex—What? You can find out!

SOME women simply fascinate every man they meet, at will. Men know this from experience. Women recognize it. But women do not often know the reason. Only one woman in a hundred knows—and then perhaps only vaguely, instinctively. Women fear, envy, hate the siren for her power—yet would give everything to possess this very power . . . to use circumspectly, but still to use.

What is it? Beauty? Not great beauty, certainly. For with sincere truth, and complete bewilderment, you may of some woman: "I don't see what men see in her." Some of the world's most fascinating women are almost homely—if you study them closely. And some very beautiful women lack nearly every fascination. Strange—but absolutely beyond question.

Can it be knowledge? No; for often the highest intellectual development is an almost impossible barrier to fascination. Sex appeal, then? Again no; for thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as a reliance—with almost inevitable failure.

How Very Clever Nature Has Been

Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited charm, a little to every woman . . . enough attraction for mating . . . just the amount that keeps the world in its ruts and grooves . . . and only once in a hundred times the gift of supreme allurements.

And nature has made almost the whole world blind to the great secret. She has thrust forward sex appeal—and countless useless volumes have been written on this theme. She has made it seem that great beauty solved the riddle—and then flatly contradicted herself . . . again sending astray those who would solve the puzzle.

Then what is it that women have who fascinate men? "What is their dangerous power?"

At Last the Secret Is Known

One woman in the world—so far as it is known—understands the dangerous secret of supreme fascination *in full*. It came to her little by little over a period of many years. This woman is Lucille Young . . . once as homely and unattractive as a woman could be . . . now as fascinating and compelling in her charm and beauty as any famous figure who ever filled the pages of history, or graced the current times. Lucille Young is the world's foremost beauty expert. Yes . . . but much more than that. She is the one woman who has found the mysterious key to fascination . . . who knows beauty, her first work, is not all. She has discovered nature's strange adjustment

when she creates the world's sirens. Lucille Young understands *consciously* what even naturally fascinating women know but vaguely. She can tell the *average* woman, the pretty woman, the youthful woman, the woman of years, just what to do to become fascinating . . . just how to possess "the dangerous power."

An Actual Life Story of Experience

Lucille Young's marvelous book, "Making Beauty Yours," is different from anything else you ever read. It is not theory, but her own life history, the exact account of how she, herself, acquired the dangerous power. But Lucille Young cautions, too, against the use of this power to its full, or for any purpose other than legitimate fascination, the natural charm every woman is entitled to exert upon those around her.

When you have read the book, the mystery of fascination is no longer a mystery . . . instead every step of the way is plain. This book, indeed, may easily change the whole course of life for you, bring you happiness and power you would never have without it.

And the book is Free—absolutely and entirely Free. Miss Young believes that it is every woman's right to know the true secrets of fascination. It is her abiding faith and belief that women will not abuse these secrets, but use them circumspectly. So there is no obligation of any kind. If you want to know all about "the dangerous power," simply use coupon and send for the book.

Lucille Young

FREE

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Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book, "Making Beauty Yours." I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.	
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every day
needs of a man"**



**"Handiest thing
in the house"
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where they had been torn, but I could still make out my name and address in Jimmy's handwriting, on one of them, and his name and address, in mine, on the other. I held out my hand. But Mr. Novak did not offer to give me the letters. He just sat there and smiled.

"I WAS thinking, Mrs. Graham," he said, "that since you was talking about buying my shore property, I would make you a special price on it. A very special price, to you. That bungalow, with the half acre of ground and all, I would ask anybody else twenty-five thousand dollars for it. A small house, Mrs. Graham, but with a nice

view of the water. I happened to come by there one night and saw you and Mr. Saunders together in the garden, looking at the moon. If I sell that place to you, Mrs. Graham, these letters I got will be laying in the fireplace where I found them, when I turn the house over to you. At a special price, Mrs. Graham. A very special price I'll make to you."

"How much?" I asked, trying to keep my voice from trembling.

"A hundred thousand dollars, Mrs. Graham," he said. "With the letters in the fireplace just where I found them. If you don't want to buy, maybe I could talk things over with your husband."

WAS all the happiness I had fought so hard to gain to be ruined by this scheming blackmailer? How could I meet his demands for that huge sum of money without Bert's knowledge? And how could I bear to tell Bert the truth? I'll tell you in December SMART SET how the curse was finally taken off what Jimmy never meant to be "Hush Money".

How I Became a Liberal Minded Husband

(Continued from page 39)

wanted the liquored punch their escorts brought them a glass. Girls did not drink and smoke openly then in our town as they do nowadays.

My wife laughed at me, saying:

"Oh! we might as well start the new custom now as later. All these girls want is somebody to start the ball rolling. I've been drinking spiked punch all over the country. I don't think it's any worse than sneaking a few cups off in a corner. Come on, and be broad-minded for once."

I WENT, raging inwardly. My wife was determined to give the town something to talk about. I thought she had learned a lesson at the hotel dance. But, here she was, going to drink publicly with visiting Navy men! I was so certain that it would lower her in public opinion, and that folks would laugh at me behind my back that I wanted to knock the cup of punch from her hands.

The music struck up. Harold, the lieutenant, danced her off. I watched them like a hawk. I was positive they were cheek-dancing. Of course, everybody else was. It was the newest dancing fad then. I started out to cut on the Navy fellow, but one of his comrades got there first, so I broke on one of the town girls. The minute the dance was over she asked me to take her over to the spiked punch bowl.

"I'm glad your wife threw a bomb into that old narrow-minded, Puritanical custom. I was sick and tired of having to squeeze into a corner and have some boy smuggle me a sip."

"You mean to say you're not shocked?" I asked.

"Say! You talk like an old preacher. Our generation was born with shock-absorbers. You must've been cheated," she said.

My wife was back at the punch bowl although she did not drink. She served. Four or five girls joined the group which should have proved that I was all wrong. But the fact that other girls had followed her lead, and that drinking spiked punch openly became popular that night, did not make me tolerant or liberal because I didn't really want to be either.

After the dance, at home, I unloaded all of my grievances. She tolerated my accusations and criticisms in silence until I became verbally violent. Then she got up and left me. I ran after her, my tirade growing more and more vehement.

"I never would have married you if I had dreamed you were so narrow-minded and suspicious," she sobbed.

"You've made me this way," I said. "You never acted flirty before we were married—"

"No, and I don't now. It's only that you give everything I do and say the wrong meaning just as you did with Jim Dale and me. You're so narrow-minded you think everybody thinks the worst, as you do. You didn't dare do this before we were married."

It was the same old argument as had followed the Jim Dale experience. My wife blamed all the trouble on my lack of broad-mindedness. I countered with the violent insistence that I was a romantic idealist, and couldn't tolerate the slightest hint of flirtation on her part. "A married man and woman should love each other so much that they are blind to other people," I said.

"Don't you want me to be nice to other men? Don't you want me to dance, or even look at them?" she asked.

"You can do all those things in the right way if you want to. Since I've come home from France all I hear is that everything's changed on account of the war. Everybody's broad-minded and all that rot. Nothing can ever change fundamentally in marriage. You're either a good wife, or you're open to suspicion. You can't be broad-minded about marriage. You're either right, the way I am, or you're loose minded, not broad-minded," I said.

"Oh, you're hopeless," she cried, "and you're not a real romantic idealist as you claim. If you were you'd have a beautiful faith in our love. You'd have confidence in me. You'd know our love meant everything that's wonderful, true, and worthwhile, and that all these things you rant about are either jealousy, or narrow-mindedness, or both."

I SUPPOSE you call it narrow-mindedness because I didn't want you to drink spiked punch in public? I suppose I'm an old-fashioned kill-joy because I don't want my wife dancing around with some fresh Navy man, cheek to cheek? I suppose I'm—

"If you weren't exactly all of those things you'd realize that nearly all the girls followed my example, and that nobody thought any less of them for it. You'd realize that everybody cheek-dances and that it's nothing to raise a row over. I suppose I'll have to wait for you to become liberal minded before I dare to act natural. Well, I'd rather wait. It's not worth all the suffering and unhappi-

mess. Harold invited a crowd of the girls and myself aboard his ship for tea tomorrow afternoon. But, I wouldn't dare go now."

"I should say you won't! The idea of my wife going off dancing with a lot of men without me! He got this dance up just as an excuse to be with you. I know what's what. You and that fellow used to be sweethearts. He's trying to start things all over again, and you're not trying to stop him."

My wife fled from the room. She was too upset to deny my accusations, but I took her silence for a confession of guilt.

Our second estrangement lasted longer than the first on account of the arrival of a letter on Navy stationery. I demanded that she open it in front of me. To prevent another scene she did so. It was a note from Harold thanking us for the good time he'd had in town, and asking my wife to write him and tell him about Rose Nichols, his old girl.

I put my foot down on that idea. I wouldn't tolerate my wife writing to men, especially to Harold because I suspected Rose Nichols was an excuse. He just wanted to correspond with my wife.

THERE was a lull in social activities for several days. Left to ourselves at home we found life very happy, and congenial. This led my wife to suggest that we isolate ourselves from other people.

"Why go places with others when it causes so much misunderstanding and unhappiness?" she asked.

I agreed, although I silently thought that there wouldn't be any misunderstandings or unhappiness if she would not say and do the things that upset me so much. But in a small Southern town of five thousand people you can't bury yourself socially. We avoided one or two parties. Then we found ourselves on a beach picnic with several other young married couples. Although it was too cold to go swimming, one of the boys suggested a wading party. Helen Webster said she'd go in if my wife did. It was a bet.

I tried to keep my wife from doing it but in spite of my protest, she and Helen pulled off their shoes and stockings without any show of embarrassment, and capered down to the water bare-legged. They had done the same thing before in bathing suits, but it seemed an entirely different thing for my wife to pull her dress to her knees, and splash through the surf. I called her out while one of the boys was taking her picture, but she didn't come until it was snapped. I was furious. I called her down as usual. She gave me one look. Then she said:

"There's no use. It's fatal for us to go out with other people. This is the last time. We're going to be hermits. We're going to bury ourselves."

I insisted that we give ourselves another chance so we went to a big card party. Before it was halfway over I had my wife in tears because I bawled her out for apparently encouraging the attentions of a good-looking young bachelor who wanted to get up a bridge game for the next afternoon.

THREE weeks passed in social isolation for us. Then business pertaining to the publication of my war book "What Outfit, Buddy?" sent me to New York. Shortly after arriving in New York I became scenario editor for United Picture Productions, and sent for my wife. We knew very few people at first, and as a consequence my narrow-mindedness had little chance to get into action.

We were living in a quiet up-town apartment house. The first serious outbreak on my part occurred one night when my wife came in from shopping. It was raining hard, and I marvelled that she was not wet. She frankly admitted she'd have been drowned if it hadn't been for the courtesy of a man with an umbrella. Her story was that un-

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able to get a cab, she was standing in a doorway down the street when a man who said he lived in her apartment building, offered her a place under his umbrella.

"Men don't offer a woman an umbrella in New York unless they think there's a chance to flirt with her. You must have let him think you were that kind," I said.

My wife's only answer was a fit of tears.

I BELIEVE this incident proves most sharply and conclusively how absurdly narrow-minded I was. Here was a man treating my wife with gentlemanly courtesy and yet I chose to believe that he was only trying to flirt.

The thought that she might be making such attractive chance acquaintances on sunny as well as rainy days obsessed me and I frequently telephoned the apartment to see if she were home. Once when the operator said she was over on Riverside Drive near the house reading a book, I taxied to the spot. I felt certain I would catch her talking to some strange man. She was reading the book, and there wasn't a man anywhere near her. So, I taxied back to my studio without letting her see me. When she reads this confession here, it will be her first intimation that I ever did such a thing. Frankly I've been too ashamed to admit it before.

My spy trip to Riverside Drive had one good effect. It cured the ugly obsession that had haunted me since the umbrella incident. Life rolled along smoothly enough for about two weeks. We played around with another young married couple we had met because there was no question of our misinterpreting each other's attitudes. We were all too much in love with our own wives and husbands.

Then I bumped into some old friends who did quite a bit of entertaining in New York. They invited us to a big dinner party. We accepted, both sure, I suppose, that in a place like New York there would be little chance of our unfortunate home-town experiences repeating themselves.

My wife's dinner partner was a very handsome young English major, fresh from service in India, and a World-war medal man. My host said he was a whizz at polo. My wife loved polo and riding. But, there was little chance of it on our income.

I heard them discussing polo and riding in the Park. Englishmen are very enthusiastic about the things they like. However, I interpreted the major's keenness as enthusiasm for my wife. This idea preyed on me, and later in the evening I took exception to his frank request to take her riding in the park. We were alone in the hall then.

"You've got a lot of nerve to think I'm going to let my wife gallivant around with you. I know your type. You English army chaps think you can come to America, and flirt with married women—"

He cut me off with an elaborate denial. I called him a liar. Being a correct Englishman he said he would square the insult outside of his host's home. Infuriated by this threat I knocked him down. People came running out. It was a nasty situation. But, the major looked straight at my wife and smilingly said he had tripped.

"One too many of your jolly American cocktails," he said.

Everybody laughed except my wife and me.

She laid down the law when we reached home. I had to apologize to Major Terhune and promise to turn over a new leaf, or she was going home. I refused to apologize that night. But, when my wife packed in the morning, I changed my mind and telephoned Terhune. He proved a good sport about it, and I'm glad to say we've been friends ever since.

However my apology did not lessen the strain between my wife and me. My narrow-mindedness had struck at something that my wife values very highly, good sportsmanship.

It rankled her to think that I had let my warped point of view drive me to striking the Englishman under such circumstances.

I believe this was what paved the way for my reformation, because all my life I had appreciated good sportsmanship, and the fact that my impulsive attack challenged my own good sportsmanship ate like acid into my consciousness.

In the midst of this estrangement a couple from the South called on us. They were old friends and we had to act up for appearances' sake. It is funny how a married couple, almost hating each other, will make a show of being happy to save their pride.

Although we knew we were walking on dynamite, we had to accept our friends' invitation to go to the Palais Royal. Things went along smoothly enough until Rogers and I left the table to see about getting a bottle of Scotch. I returned alone, and found my wife talking with a strange man. Evelyn Rogers had gone to the ladies' dressing room.

I IMMEDIATELY concluded that my wife, not expecting me back so soon, had let some utter stranger sit down at our table. My wife seemed so upset at my appearance that I was doubly certain of her guilt. The man got up. My wife stammered over the introduction. She didn't know his name!

I ignored his outstretched hand, and demanded an explanation of his presence. My wife, terrified, said that Eddie Swanson, from her home city, had brought him over, and that she hadn't caught his name.

"Do you expect me to believe such a fish story?" I shouted.

The man insisted my wife was right. I turned on him, saying, "You can't make me out a liar!" With those words I smashed him on the jaw. He was a big powerful fellow, about my build. We punished each other pretty much before waiters and Rogers separated us. Swanson came up at this moment to substantiate my wife's words. I saw that I was wrong again, and realizing that I had broken my pledge to my wife, I looked around for her to apologize. But she had left with Edith Rogers.

Rogers told me I had to stay at the hotel with him. His wife was going to stay with mine. I realized that I had committed the unpardonable sin. Believe me I spent a sleepless, worried night.

My wife left for home the next morning without a word. But, her letter of the next day confirmed my worst fears. She wanted a divorce.

"You have made life horrible for me by your narrow-mindedness," she wrote. "Ever since that first awful experience over poor Jim Dale I have dreaded to be with you in the company of others. Although I loved you with all my heart when we married, you have deliberately set out to destroy the most beautiful thing about love—faith and confidence."

"NO HAPPINESS can ever come of a marriage in which two people's attitudes toward life are as completely at variance as yours and mine are. You see everything that concerns me, and my relations to other men through eyes that are seeking what the narrowness of your mind drives you to seek. I have given you every chance to cultivate a more liberal, and normal point of view. You have thrown these chances away, and, now, I am going to ask you to give me a divorce. It is the only way."

My answer to this letter was to catch the next train to Virginia. It was while on the train rushing south that I made an honest, and inexorable self-analysis. Perhaps the fear of losing my wife had a lot to do with it. At any rate I forced myself to admit that her charge was true. I was the most narrow-minded man on earth!

When we met she asked if I had come to

say she could have the divorce. "You should be glad to get a divorce from the kind of girl you seem to believe I am," she said.

"I'm not going to give you a divorce," I replied. "I've decided you're right," and then I told her all about my self-analysis.

My wife was determined to be sure before she came back to me. She promised to do so only after a month's separation during which I was to try and develop a new viewpoint. "If you cannot reform our break will be final. There won't be any more chances," she said.

Back in New York I conducted a personal class in practical self-analysis from day to day. I deliberately threw myself with a lot of people and I searched my own motives in connection with the wives I met. I cross-examined my own attitude toward women I met. I was surprised to find that I developed their acquaintance without any ulterior motive. I was surprised to find that lots of women cultivated me without giving me any honest ground to believe that their cultivation held the promise of flirtation.

THE more I went around with men, the more I realized that they did not take everything a woman said in "party patter" as indicative of the woman's desire for intrigue. Nor did they insist on always going beyond the surface meaning. My viewpoint magically expanded.

Driven to develop liberality of mind toward such things by my wife's threat of divorce, I gradually destroyed my fatal habit of investigating an incident, or a phrase, beyond its obvious point of issue, and my propensity to attribute ulterior motives to everything lessened perceptibly.

The great change which I set out to effect in myself could not take place in a month. I had to break down viewpoints and prejudices that the years had built up. But when my wife came back she saw that I had made honest strides toward the objective that would make us compatible, and she put forth every effort to help me. She was very careful about everything she said and did before others, and when there was any chance of misunderstanding she always came to me for a discussion of the pros and cons of the situation.

Changing conditions and circumstances helped me cultivate liberalism to a great extent. The fact that all the men and women we knew were affected by these changing conditions in social life had its reaction on me. If men whom I admired didn't consider it unconventional, or wrong for their wives to have occasional dates with other men for dances, golf, theaters or lunch there wasn't any real reason why I should, unless I didn't have confidence in my wife.

This sort of thing came to be accepted by most of the set I played around with and I accepted it, too, for I no longer distorted things in the old narrow-minded way.

Life certainly became a lot finer, and pleasanter as my narrow-mindedness disappeared. The ties of affection, congeniality, faith, and tolerance binding us together grew stronger, and stronger.

WE GO to parties today without any fear of unpleasantness caused by my misinterpreting anything she may say or do. I do not wait around for something to happen that I can look upon the wrong way. Neither do I bother to oversee my wife's conduct any more than she plays spy on me. That is something that she never even thought of doing. She says that a wise woman knows men are not angels, and that is that.

My wife has lots of dates with other men. They take her to lunch, tea, dinner, the theater and dances. They ride, swim, and play golf with her. These men know that I know they take her around. That is, all but one. He's a sort of sheik in his own mind, and believes that married women are



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afraid to tell their husbands they've been out with him. So, we let him have his little fun.

There's no question about it. Everything simmers down to your point of view. If the point is narrow, the picture's going to be narrow. For instance, last week we were in town with a man who has paid a lot of attention to my wife. I had to go to a club meeting, and could not get home until late. I suggested that the man and my wife drive out to our place for dinner, and amuse themselves till I could join them.

I can imagine myself doing such a thing when we were first married. The man and my wife had dinner at the yacht club, and unable to get a third and fourth for bridge, went on home. I arrived at midnight and found them having high-balls. This would have been the cause for murder in my narrow-minded days.

Not long ago a man suggested a week-end trip to Canada in his plane. He wanted to take my wife, himself, and an unmarried couple. I was invited but business prevented

my going. I didn't bat an eyelash at the idea of my wife going without me.

A certain chap is frankly in love with my wife. I've known it all along. He takes her out whenever possible. I often invite him out to my place for parties, knowing she enjoys his company. Recently after a dance, Jack and I found ourselves having a night-cap in the pantry.

"Gad! but, I'm crazy about your wife. I'd rather marry her than anyone in the world," he said.

"Well, what can we do about it, Jack?" I asked.

"NOT a darn thing. I haven't got a Chinaman's chance as long as she keeps on caring for you," he said. Then, lifting his glass—"Here's to her, anyhow, old man. The best in the world. Cheerio!"

And, we night-capped to that toast! So you may judge for yourself I'm mighty glad that my wife virtually forced me to become a liberal minded husband. And she says ditto.

Did you ever have two women actually fighting over you? Does it always take a woman to rescue a man from the claws of another woman? You'll think so when you read "My Dark Angel and My Good Angel" in December SMART SET.

Brass for Love

(Continued from page 73)

again, she told me that she knew everything was all right, for her mother had remarked to her about "the way that little upstart, Miss Parker, was throwing herself at Mr. Gleason's head."

However, Mrs. Fitzgerald wasn't to be so easily outwitted, and I found that I had to make up my mind at once about the secretarial position.

I accepted, and Mrs. Fitzgerald saw to it that I was kept busy most of the day, and, when evening came, Gleason was successfully maneuvered into bridge games with Mildred from which I was omitted.

Mildred and Gleason soon reached a footing of easy friendship that angered me. Had Mildred been assuming indifference? Did she, after all, intend to win the rich husband her mother so desired for her?

"Not if I can help it!" I said to myself. "I'm beginning to like Harry Gleason, and I'm not going to sit by and see them rope him in."

THE Fancy Dress Ball was to be held that night. I wouldn't go! What was the use? Gleason spent all his time talking to Mildred and when I managed to get a few words with Bob, he spent most of his time talking about Mildred.

I must have fallen asleep and when I opened my eyes, someone was knocking. It was Bob.

"I didn't ring," I said.

"No, but Mildred did. She asked me to remind you that you promised to help her with her costume."

"Has she decided on one yet?"

"Yes. Gleason gave her a peach of an idea."

"Oh, he did? How nice! What is it?"

"Well, I ought to know! I've been running all over the boat, hunting up bath towels, hand towels, dish cloths, and wash rags."

"Good heavens! How can they make a costume of those?"

"Go down and see."

Bob turned to go.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I wasn't going to the dance, but I've changed my mind."

I jumped to my feet and got my purse. "Here, go down to the barber shop and get that hula-hula skirt he has, and don't let anyone see you buy it."

When Bob returned, I asked him to tell Mildred that I was very sorry not to be able to help her; that I didn't feel well. "And see that the steward brings my tray to my room at seven," I added. "I'm going to be ill all day! See?"

Eight o'clock found the passengers gathered in the social hall. The ship's orchestra was playing a march, and all those in costume gathered in a line in the hallway. First came Gleason, in a fantastic costume, with radio head-phones on his ears and a fake aerial above his head. On his back was a sign, "I'm a radio nut. Pick me up." With him came Mildred, in a fetching sports costume. Her large, flowing cape was made of bath towels. A large bath mat made the collar, while the wash rags were twisted into a becoming turban. Behind them came costumes of every description, from crossword puzzles to the inevitable Spanish dancer.

The masqueraders had nearly circled the hall when the orchestra suddenly struck up, "On the Beach at Waikiki," as I had arranged with the orchestra leader. I danced in, with bare legs, bare arms, bare back, my hair down and my skin stained a deep brown.

They gasped at my daring, but I danced my best. I had entertained at many a midnight college feast. Dancing with an abandon new even to me, I sent the grass skirts twirling and twisting, my bare feet sliding over the floor as I drew nearer to Gleason. With a final swaying movement I reached his side and held out a hand.

"Come, have the first dance with me!" I said. Then I ran from the room.

FOR a moment he hesitated, then followed me.

I snatched my coat from a chair where I had thrown it and hurried out on deck where Gleason joined me. "You shouldn't have done it!" he said.

"And why not?"

"You're traveling alone, Frankie. You

should be careful of what people think!"

"And why should you care what they think? I don't!"

"But you do. Go up to your room and put on some more clothes. I'll wait for you."

I was disappointed. Had I failed again in my attempt to vamp Gleason?

"Were you shocked, too?" I asked.

HE SMILED. "I thought you looked adorable, a little too adorable for the eyes of the public!"

Others were coming out on deck, so I hurried to my room, my heart singing. After all, I didn't care what anyone thought, except Gleason and Bob. What had Bob thought? I rang for hot water and it was Bob who brought it. I had hoped he would.

"Say, you knocked 'em cold!" he said. "The old hens will have plenty to talk about now. Where'd you learn to hula like that? When we get to Honolulu, and I get out of this infernal bell-hop suit, will you dance with me?"

"Listen, Mystery, when you take off your disguise, and Mamma Fitzgerald discovers what a handsome boy you are, I won't get a chance to dance with you!" I said.

"Let her try and keep me from it!"

"Now skip along," I said. "I've got a date with the millionaire, and I can't keep my bank-roll waiting."

Before I had finished dressing Mildred came in.

She perched herself upon the side of the bed, while I dressed.

"I've tried to talk to you alone, without mother seeing me, but I couldn't," she said. "You see I've grown wonderfully fond of Bob. He's working his way through college. Mother sort of suspected and she's wild. She blames it all on you, because you've been keeping Gleason away from me, so I told Harry Gleason all about it."

"About your mother's designs on his fortune?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Just about my liking Bob and mother's objections. So he said he'd help me out and he's been attention itself the last few days."

"I'll say he has!" I admitted feelingly.

"And he's one of the nicest men I ever knew, for a man with money. He's waiting outside now. Mother saw us come up together so her evening will be a complete success. She thought at first that he'd gone off with you."

We stepped out on deck and found Gleason waiting.

"All right, Harry," Mildred said, "you two walk to the forward steps with me. Then I'll slip down that way."

"You're not going to your cabin this early?" I asked.

"No! Bob's off duty."

"I've missed you, Frankie," Gleason said when Mildred had gone. "I didn't know how much I liked you."

"You mean that you like my dancing?" I asked.

"No; it's because I didn't like what the people thought of you for doing it that made me realize how deep our friendship really is."

It was good to have someone who cared that way. But then Bob had seen nothing wrong in my dance. We had laughed together about what the rest had thought. I found myself wondering what he and Mildred were doing.

Two days later we reached Honolulu. By noon the Fitzgeralds, with Gleason and I, were comfortably settled at the Moana.

I wondered if I would be disappointed in Hawaii. So far, it had more than met my expectations. As I looked out towards the tropic blue waters, I heard a voice at my elbow.



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"Did you ring?" said the voice.

It was Bob, but a Bob who had come out of the chrysalis of his uniform. White shoes, white trousers, a sweater of vivid colors, and his perpetual smile!

"Well, well, Mr. Hyde," I asked, "how did you ever manage to shake Dr. Jekyll so soon?"

"After spending two hours scrubbing the linoleum on the ship little Bobby decided that some of his tips were due to be spent. I bribed one of the other boys to finish my watch, and here I am. How do you like me?"

"GREAT! When Mamma Fitzgerald sees you don't forget to save that one dance for poor little me."

"A few glad rags won't make her forget the brass buttons. Say, I see you've bought a ukulele. That's quick work!"

"I brought it with me," I said. "Picked it up at college when I learned to hula. Come on, let's have a look at Waikiki."

"If you'll sing its famous song," he said.

I hummed the words softly, strumming an accompaniment as we strolled down the wide steps and out under the banyan tree.

"So this is Waikiki?" I said. "Not so much of a beach but just look at that marvelous water! Have you ever seen anything like it before?"

"And say, look at those Hawaiians on the surf-boards! Golly, it must be fun!" Then he grasped my arm.

"Look," he cried, "isn't that Mildred?"

Bob waved. When Mildred saw him she turned the surf-board over to the beach-boy and waded in.

Gleason came along just then all dressed in white.

"Listen, why don't you all hurry and get into your bathing suits?" Mildred said. "It's only twelve - thirty. We can have a fine swim, and eat a late lunch afterwards."

Bob agreed, but Gleason shook his head.

"I've got to run into the city on business. That comes first."

"How about you, Frankie?" asked Mildred.

"I'm lunching with your mother, then going in to town to arrange about renting a typewriter."

"You can ride in with me," Gleason said.

"I've already hired a car."

I left reluctantly with him. Youth and the water and pleasure were calling me back. But I shook off the mood and said to myself:

"I should be glad. It's fate playing into my hands. When I marry him I can swim and play all the time. There'll be no more typewriters in my life then."

The following evening Mrs. Fitzgerald invited Gleason to dine with her, thus securing a dance partner for Mildred.

I dressed carefully in my only evening dress, a cherry-colored chiffon that set off my dark hair and eyes wonderfully well.

Just as I started to the door the phone rang.

It was Bob!

"Say, Frankie, I couldn't phone before," he said. "The chief steward found out that I'd bought my watches off, and I had a

devil of a time fixing it up. Say, can you dine with me this evening?"

"I'd love to!"

"Good! I'm downstairs now. Rented a flivver for a week. We'll run in to the Alexander Young Hotel for dinner, then we'll come back to the dance. Gleason and I have it all fixed up. I'm to take you for a drive later. He'll take Mildred, and then we'll change partners when we get out of sight of the hotel."

"Sounds like a corking good scheme to me," I said. "I'll be right down."

The ride into Honolulu, along Kalakaua Avenue was a never-to-be-forgotten thrill for me. The flivver seemed a fairy chariot to me, and King Kamehameha, as he looked down from his bronze pedestal in front of the civic buildings, must have smiled to himself, for already the romance of Hawaii had entered my soul.

When we returned to the hotel, the ballroom was already crowded. Girls in dainty frocks; men in evening dress; with a liberal sprinkling of Army and Navy gold braid. Seven dusky Hawaiians were pouring their souls into the swelling notes of a dreamy, irresistible waltz.

It was not until after the fourth dance that I realized I hadn't seen Mildred or Gleason. Again doubt came over me. Was Mildred sincere? Gleason was just the man to be attracted by indifference, and Mildred was a clever girl.

I saw Mrs. Fitzgerald sitting with a group of women by the door. She beckoned to me.

"Shall I go with you?" Bob asked. I shook my head and hurried away.

"Mildred was looking for you a moment ago, my dear."

"Where is she?"

"She's gone with Mr. Gleason to the end of the pier." What satisfaction shone in her eyes! Suddenly lowering her voice, she asked, "And who's the good-looking young man with you tonight, my dear?"

I laughed. I had been quite right. Mrs. Fitzgerald had never looked further than Bob's brass buttons. "Oh, that's Bob. Remember? The young bell-boy on our boat. He's the one Mildred liked so well." I was ashamed of myself for adding that. I wasn't usually catty, but Mrs. Fitzgerald aroused every bit of antagonism in me.

"Oh, how interesting," she said, but all the interest had gone out of her voice.

I returned to Bob, and we went in search of Mildred and Gleason.

WE FOUND them in the pavilion at the end of the long pier. Gleason recognized us at once and rose.

"I saw a glimpse of cherry red, and thought it might be you."

Mildred made room for us, but Gleason shook his head.

"You two can stay here if you wish. I'll take Frankie for a ride."

"Suppose mother sees you!" Mildred said.

"We'll circle the hotel and go out at the side."

"Oh, I say, can't we go in and dance at all?" Bob said.

"I'm afraid not," Mildred said. "Besides, it's so heavenly here!"

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I secretly agreed with her. Regretfully I took Gleason's arm and started back towards the hotel court. Bob hadn't mentioned a word of our earlier plans for a ride. Didn't he think the flivver was good enough for Mildred? He had made no apologies to me. But, as Gleason helped me into his car, with its upholstered cushions and soft green enamel, I knew why Bob had hesitated to have Mildred step out of this, into his second-hand flivver. So I forgave him.

"After all, this is the life!" I said. Bob and Mildred and the pavilion were soon forgotten.

"And now where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, it's all heavenly," I said.

"There's Diamond Head, Round Top, Sugar Loaf, Tantalus, Punch Bowl, Pacific Heights or the Pali."

"Tantalus sounds rather tantalizing."

So we drove up through Makiki Heights with its beautiful homes, like hanging gardens perched high on the mountain sides. Then came the long twisting climb to Tantalus. Gleason was unusually quiet, for the road was one of sharp curves and dangerous precipices.

At last we rounded the final hair-pin curve and came out on the razor edge at the very top of Tantalus.

Gleason switched off the motor and I leaned forward eagerly to look down at the city below.

"I hope you like it," he said.

I picked up my ukulele, played and sang softly "Aloha-Oe." Then I drifted into another song. Gleason reached out and took the ukulele from my hands.

"Stop playing that infernal thing!" he said. "And talk to me."

Startled, I looked at him.

He reached over and took my hand. He turned it palm upward, smoothing the fingers. Then he raised them to his lips.

"Poor little hands! They weren't meant for typing. Perhaps they won't have to—always."

Breathlessly I waited for him to say more, but he dropped my hand and started the motor. That was all.

ON FRIDAY the ship left for her two days' trip to the volcano at Hilo. Mildred, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Gleason had decided to take the trip. Bob, of course, as one of the crew, had to go, so I was left alone!

I thought of Gleason, during his absence, but most of all I envied Mildred and Bob. But then, after all, Bob would be on duty, and that would leave Gleason and Mildred together. Mrs. Fitzgerald would see to that. When I thought of that I was more determined than ever to win Gleason.

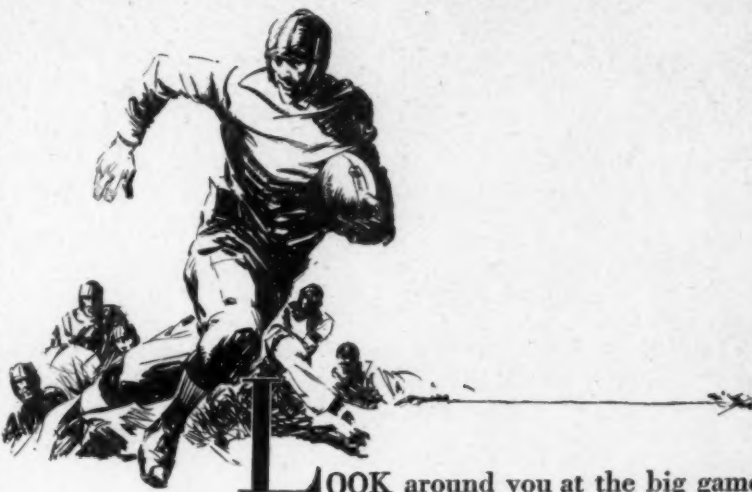
It was with real relief that I welcomed them back. Bob was off duty again that night, and took me into the Honolulu Chop-Suey Cafe for dinner. Mildred and Gleason dined at the Moana, having previously arranged to meet Bob and me later in the evening.

Bob was such a pal. The hours with him sped by so rapidly! And as rapidly it brought the inevitable exchange of partners.

"Will you drive up to the Pali with me this evening?" Gleason asked. "I've got something to tell you."

I nodded assent. We crossed the street to Gleason's car. Soon we were on our way to the Pali. Up and up we climbed. I felt a queer panic, now that the moment for which I had planned was almost here. I was thinking that my life would be rather like the Hawaiian seasons, a brief period of rain, then sunshine. With Gleason as my husband, my rainy days would be over forever. There would be sunshine and pleasure before me always.

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The valley narrowed, and the mountains closed in upon us as we neared the pass. Then, with a gust of wind that seemed almost to lift the car from its wheels, we reached the summit and swerved to a space by a stone wall.

Twenty-one hundred feet below us, spread the Koolaupoka Valley, with miles of ragged slopes, jutting ranges, and a level plateau, all glimmering in the moonlight as though seen through a film of silver gauze.

Gleason laid his hand over mine and I turned and looked up at him. Suddenly all my nervousness and uncertainty left. Now I knew what my answer would be. Drawing a long breath, I relaxed and smiled.

"Frankie, I'm in love," he said. "Hopelessly so, I'm afraid, and I—"

"Don't go on, please," I said.

"Why?"

"Because I like you too well and don't love you enough," I said.

In that moment I knew I had spoken the truth. This man, with his sincerity, deserved the best. And I could give him only respect and admiration; never love.

Sudden understanding came into his eyes. With an odd little smile of amusement, he said:

"Frankie, remember always, no matter what happens, that what you have just said to me has made me respect and like you more than ever."

Looking up, I saw a filmy wisp of cloud across the moon. "My rainy days are not over, after all," I thought ruefully.

THE following morning Mildred and I lay side by side on the sand. Impulsively Mildred turned to me. "Tell me," she said, "why were you so willing to help me by flirting with Harry Gleason?"

"Because I realize that we are both sort of odd shoes," I said.

"Odd shoes?" she said.

"Yes. I was patterned to be a high-heeled evening slipper, and when it had to be used for utility, I had to paint it black and put on Cuban heels, for service, but the gill keeps shining through."

"I talk the slang of the office. I eat in cheap cafeterias. I pound endless hours on the typewriter, but all the time I'm longing for a dozen new evening dresses."

I sighed. All these things had been within my grasp last evening, and I had deliberately thrown them away. I wondered if I had been foolish to do so.

Mildred laughed.

"And I was patterned for a service shoe,

and have to spend my life in the ballroom. I see what you mean."

We seemed a little nearer to each other than we had ever been before.

I turned to study Mildred's profile. She had changed in the short time I had known her. She seemed to have lost a great deal of her boyishness. The firm line had gone from her mouth. Her eyes were soft and dreamy. Again I sighed, the unexplainable tears very near the surface. I couldn't understand this feeling. Things so seldom touched me. But how I envied Mildred! Surely nothing but love could bring a look like that to one's face.

Mildred and Bob! Two splendid young people! I was glad for them. But why, why couldn't I have liked Gleason less or loved him more? After all, what had kept me from saying "yes" last night? At first I had no scruples about such a marriage. What, then, had stopped me? What had made me feel cheap and insincere?

There was a wistful tenderness in Mildred's eyes as she said:

"Frankie, dear, take happiness when it comes. So often we throw away the very thing we want most."

I wanted to ask what she meant, but Mrs. Fitzgerald was coming down the beach.

The following Tuesday was one of glorious blue sky, white fluffs of cloud, and balmy breezes. It was Bob's last day in Hawaii, for the ship sailed the next morning. Gleason had invited us all to a tea-dance at Schofield Barracks. He drove the twenty-one miles down the island, by the sugar plantations and pineapple fields, Mrs. Fitzgerald in the front seat with him. Bob kept up an easy run of banter, light-hearted and happy.

After tea Bob hurried up to me with a grin of pleasure on his face.

"Say, Gleason said I could take his car and drive you up to Kole-Kole Pass. They say it's the most glorious view on the island. Mrs. Fitzgerald doesn't want to go, and Mildred and Gleason will stay here with her."

"Perfect!" I said.

"It'll be a joy to drive a real car," he grinned. "The Ford's all right, but it's hardly ritzy."

WE CLIMBED slowly upwards, the volcanic dust showing like a red scar where the road had been cut through the mountain side. Back of us the country was flattening into a wide plateau.

Rounding the last abrupt curve we reached

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EDITOR, SMART SET MAGAZINE

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Bob helped me out and took my arm to steady me. We walked to the brink and looked down the sheer drop to where Waianae nestled at the ocean's edge.

Neither of us had spoken. I felt as if I had been lifted out of myself by the beauty of it all. I was suddenly conscious that Bob's arm had tightened about me. Slowly he stooped and kissed me.

That kiss might have taken a second or lasted an eternity. We were lost to time, there on the top of the world. I felt numb, yet more alive than I had ever been before.

Then, suddenly, anger swept over me. What had prompted his kiss? Surely not the same emotions that had thrilled me. I pushed Bob from me, my eyes blazing.

"What right have you to kiss me that way when you love Mildred!" My voice broke on the last words. Why did men think they had a right to kiss any girl? I turned swiftly to the car to hide my sudden tears.

But Bob reached the car before I did, and caught me roughly by the shoulders.

"Listen to me, Frankie," he said. "I don't love Mildred. We've never loved each other. We thought so at first, but now we're just good pals. Why, she loves Harry Gleason! Told me so at Hilo. And I love you! It's been awful seeing you drive off with Gleason. Mildred and I would turn you over to each other and sit and suffer till you came back."

I laughed a little hysterically.

"It's funny, Bob. You don't know how funny. I see it all, now. Why, Harry Gleason loves Mildred, too! That's what he wanted to tell me that night on the Pali. And I thought—"

Bob slipped his arm about me again.

"I don't care what you thought about Gleason the other evening! What I want to know is what you think about me now?"

"Who cares how hard it rains, if you've got some one you love, to raise the umbrella?" The words were all Greek to Bob, but he knew what the tone meant and he read aright the message in my eyes.

Presently I straightened my little hat and looked at him with a puzzled frown.

"What did Mildred call you, when she introduced you at the tea this afternoon? I didn't quite catch your last name, and you've never told me."

"You'll be Mrs. Robert Clayborn. How do you like that?"

I tried it tentatively. "Why, surely you're not the son of Robert Clayborn, the banker?"

He nodded.

"You're rich then! Most horribly so!" I said. "For heaven's sake, why the brass buttons?"

"Flunked out of college at mid-year and didn't have the heart to go home and tell dad. I wrote him a letter instead, saying I'd work and pay my own way through college next year."

He reached into his pocket and handed me a cable message.

"Admire your spunk. Love, Dad," I read.

"Oh, what a perfectly lovely joke on Mamma Fitzgerald! Why, your dad is one of the wealthiest men in San Francisco!"

"I know a better joke on her than that," he said. "Gleason's got a fairly comfortable income, but he has to work for every penny of it. He comes from Philadelphia, all right, and his name is Harry Gleason, but he's not the wealthy Harry Gleason at all."

Bob and I are now in Honolulu again after an interval of two years, and as I look at the narrow platinum band on my finger, it frightens me to think how nearly I missed happiness through my mercenary scheming.



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The Love Fight

(Continued from page 53)

while Turfy got the proper location and focus.

"Well, come," Rhinox said, "we'll rehearse it." But he muttered to Marboy loud enough for me to overhear it.

"She's certainly tuned up fine by singing that 'Ain't She Sweet?' Ye Gods! But this time," he said, "she's coming through or I quit." Then he roared "Begin!"

Martingale peered out from behind a tree-trunk; I advanced. Then as Martingale sprang forward, Rhinox rose and timed each word to the action, booming the syllables in a thunderous bass.

"Act, will you? Shock! Horror! Doubt! Struggle! Agony! Murder!" He stopped short. "Oh, you're rotten. Here, let me show you what you did. Get back behind your tree, Martingale."

RHINOX re-enacted my scene. He came forward on tiptoe in an effeminate dandified manner, and as Martingale clinched with him, he raised his shoulders and eyebrows and said, "Oh, gracious! Land's sakes!" Then he looked vacantly at Martingale and gave him a quick little slap. "Naughty man! So there!"

Everyone else laughed but I stood staring at him.

He shook his fist at me. "Is that acting? Get a devil in you," he roared. "You're nothing but a well-fed pampered tomboy. Get a devil in you or I'll brain you. You wanted action, eh? Well, now, go to it."

The Bowl filled with shadows, but we were still at it. We lost count of the times the scene was re-enacted. Rhinox roared, threatened, became insulting and yet I did not take fire. I could not. First I had wanted to spoil his picture for spite. Now I had simply gone numb with his cruelty. I stood silent when he upbraided me, but I came again to the scene and went through it in a perfunctory, mechanical manner.

"It's getting late," I said, "and I'm dead from the feet up."

"Oh," he said sarcastically, "are you just finding it out? I knew it a month ago. But we'll stay put till we squeeze the last drop of sunlight out of the sky. Come, I'll show you again."

As Martingale seized him, Rhinox showed a crude power of acting. The horror on his face looked actual, and when he struggled it was like a demon, so that Martingale had a time keeping his footing.

"There," he said, "you poor dead fish, come to life or I'll tear the hair from your head. Get a devil in you. Come on."

I stared into his eyes. Suddenly, to my own amazement, I spat at him. Then I crouched back a little.

"You want a devil, do you?" I breathed. "Here's one," and I struck him with my hand full on his right cheek. "And here's another," and I slapped the left.

He was transfixed with astonishment. "So," I said, "I'm going home."

The group were silent and fearful, looking at Rhinox. They expected him to do something violent to me. But he merely stood, pale and astonished. Then he whistled.

"Ah, ha," he said. "It came up, did it? All right, we'll go home. Do you mind if Marboy rides with you, Garnia? I've got to go a different way."

"He can come," I said, and my voice was flat. The momentary flash had burned out. I began humming "Ain't She Sweet?" and wrapped the cloak which Julie gave me about myself.

The camera men and property men were stowing their material in the cars. Rhinox whispered something to Turfy and Marboy

and then he came over to where I stood. "I want a word with you before we go," he said. "Just step back here a little." I went silently. We passed around a little knoll, and then he paused and said: "Now, Garnia, you needn't tell me again you can't break through. I saw you could. Now I don't care how I get it out of you. If you break a rib or I do, I'm going to complete this picture. You get that?" I shrugged my shoulders. "What do you want me to do?" "Act!" "Is that all?" "Not quite, but we'll go."

AS WE came out again into the vast twilight of the Bowl, gray and violet under the evening star, I gave a little involuntary cry. Three of the cars, including mine, were gone, and only Rhinox's roadster stood before us.

"I saw to that," he said. I actually began to tremble. "You're coming with me," he said. "Act!" "I am not," I said. "You'd better," he went on. "This is a bad place to spend the night. You're miles away from everywhere. Besides if you don't I'll stay here with you."

"You're the most awful man I ever met," I said. "Ah, you thought this only happened in the movies, but you see now it happens in actual life."

"I'll go with you," I said in a dead voice. "Why don't you sing 'Ain't She Sweet?' now?" he said.

I didn't answer him and when he helped me into the car I shrank back in the seat. Soon we were passing through the canyon, up the arroyo and on to the paved road.

At the sight of lights in a bungalow I began casting about in my mind for some way out. I felt I was locking horns with Rhinox in a final battle and that either he or I must conquer. I had no doubt of his merciless savagery, of his ability to torture and degrade me. What was he about to do? Cave-man stuff? My fear was devastating and overwhelming.

"Are you taking me home?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Where, then?"

"I'm going to make an actress of you." I was silent, but my heart was pounding frightfully. The headlights streamed on before us down the vacant road, and in its glare Rhinox was dimly visible to me. Then I spoke again.

"You take me home."

"Not yet."

"Rhiny, you take me home, or you'll be sorry."

The speed of the car increased. He was getting reckless. I kept looking at the wheel and at his large gloved hands as we started down a lonely avenue lined with gigantic eucalyptus trees.

"I won't say it again," I said. "Take me home."

"Oh, shut up!" he said.

A fierce anger such as I had never felt before in my life flashed through me. I felt the spirit of the springing tigress in me.

He raised a hand to pull his cap lower. It was my chance!

I sprang forward and with both my hands gave the wheel a mighty tug. The car swerved, and as the brakes shrieked there was a bewildering movement of leap and upheaval, a deafening crash, a sound of explosion and escaping steam, and then blackness.

When I regained consciousness I found myself looking straight into the eyes of Turfy, who was leaning over me with a flashlight.

"Are you all right?" he asked and his face was livid with horror.

"I don't know," I said. "Where is

Rhiny? What has happened? Where is he?"

"He's pinned under the car, but they're getting him out."

"Is he dead?"

"Don't know! Try to get up."

I moved, then sat up. I felt dazed.

"I think I'm all right," I said, "but I need something to drink."

In a moment, I had a flask to my lips, and took a swallow on which I choked.

"All right?" he said. "Then I must help Rhiny."

I crawled after him to where three men made black, bending silhouettes in the feeble light of the flash.

"There," said Turfy, "they've got him out."

In a moment more, I had dragged myself to Rhiny's side and was leaning over him. And then as I looked at that pale, still face, I knew. It was all revealed to me. I had loved him from the start, I was madly in love with him, and that was why I could not bear his cruelty. I could not bear having the man I loved treat me so. It had turned me into a devil.

"Rhiny!" I whispered, "Rhiny!" I gave a wild sob and fell over beside him. And as they lifted me and helped me to another car, I kept sobbing, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

My mad love, held down through months of torture overflowed. It was the rending of the veil, the coming through which Rhiny had sought in vain. I was transformed by the mighty power within me, transformed and transfigured. It was like the coming of an ecstasy, but through it all was the sense of my loss. What if I had killed him with my own hands?

I sat in the corner of the back seat, and they carried Rhinox to me. They awkwardly pushed and lifted him in, and his long body lay quite insensible. His legs had to hang over the side of the car. But I had my arm under his head.

"He's alive!" I said. "Oh, Turfy, quick, take him to my house! Drive like mad."

The car skimmed the long paved road as if the wheels hardly touched the ground. The horn blew shrill warnings as we swirled about corners, but I scarcely heard it. I only know that I whispered over and over in his ears, "I love you, I love you! Oh, don't die, Rhiny."

But he lay, inert, and the blood trickled down his sleeve.

The car turned in at a garden entrance and sped up hill to the little pink cement house set on the top of the ridge.

They got Rhinox out with difficulty. The door opened and my mother and Julie rushed out.

"Oh, mother," I said, "it's Mr. Rhinox. I wrecked his car."

"Garnia!" cried my mother and drew me close.

THE room was my room. It had a four-poster bed, a dressing table, chairs and telephone, and wide French windows opening on a balcony that looked back into the spacious hills to the east.

The doctor found the left arm broken and gave the unconscious man an opiate while he set it.

"He may sleep for some hours. I don't think there is any other injury, though there may be."

I spoke to Turfy at the head of the stairs. "I'm going to stay with him," I said.

"But, Turfy, how came it you were there when it happened?"

"Rhinox was just taking you to the studio to make you act it over again. Rhiny told me to tell your maid you were going out with him tonight, and then let the other cars go ahead of you. I was to wait at the beginning of Eucalyptus Drive. 'When I pass, follow me to the studio,' he said. 'I won't keep you long. You see, Turfy, my method's working. You saw her act, when she flew

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at me. She's ripe for great acting now, so I mustn't let her go till she's come through. Then she'll feel like a veteran. I'll pretend I'm doing the cave-man stuff and by the time we get to the studio she'll be a tornado.' That's how it happened, and I saw his car jump the road, strike wild and go dark. You say you pulled the wheel? You were afraid he was going to do something?"

My heart was sobbing within me. "Yes, I was afraid," I said. "Good night, Turfy."

As I sat there through the long hours, my shame deepened. My sense of loss and disaster was intertwined with the rapture and despair of my love.

So Martingale had been right in the beginning, when he said Rhinox knew what he was doing. It had worked. He had awakened me at last. At last? Too late, I added, for now surely he would have nothing more to do with me. I had tried to wreck him, and came near killing him. That, I knew, was unforgivable. Besides, he did not care for me personally, I could never expect him to love me; and it would be unbearable to have him any longer as my director.

The tears ran down my face. For, in spite of every thought, in spite of the horrible remembrance of the leap and crash of the car, I felt as if something in me, something iced over, had broken through, and in this new wonder and glory, this new life, I seemed to be really living and breathing for the first time. It seemed unbelievable, but my heart sang in my breast.

And when at last he seemed to be sleeping easily, I took his hand and kissed it over and over. I leaned and looked at the dim stern face, and I thought:

"He is great. I am his till the end of time."

It was at the first peep of dawn that he awoke. In the uncertain light, when all things appear soft and tender, he opened his eyes in wonderment. I saw that strange puzzled look on his face before he saw me, as if he were searching his mind, wondering where he was, looking for something. Then he turned slowly and saw me. I felt my soul rise within me, and the tears crept down my cheeks.

But he spoke gruffly. "What happened?"

"Oh, Rhiny!" I cried. "I almost killed you."

"My arm!" he said. "I can't move it." "The doctor set it," I explained. "But how do you feel?"

He moved about. "Why, all right," he said, "except this arm."

"Oh, I'm so glad," I said.

"Is this your room, Garnia?"

"Yes."

"And you're not hurt?"

"No."

"How wonderful to be alive in the dawn," he said.

The tears streamed down my face as I realized that he did not hate me after all. "Then you've forgiven me?" I asked.

HE LOOKED at me steadily. "Forgiven you? I'm a fool artist, Garnia. I set out to make you come through, and you've come through. I lost faith in you but I kept hammering away. And it worked. Perhaps I went a step too far. But what of it? I'd have been willing to break a rib as well as an arm, just so you do the picture. And you'll do it."

I shuddered.

"No, Rhiny, really I can't."

"Can't?" he said. "Why?"

I burst into sobs.

Then I felt his hand on mine. He gripped hard.

"Garnia, the fight ended last night. I've been fighting against loving you. I've kept telling myself 'She's a fool. She's no good. She's not an actress. I won't love such a person.' But the first time I saw you, I really saw you. I saw you and loved you. Then I lost sight of you for awhile but now I shall see you always."

Then the wild music of the truth plunged through me.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," I murmured, leaning to his lips.

Of course we made the picture, and the picture made me. I was a tornado, as all of you know who saw me in "The Love-Fight"—a real tornado of love. But that is the last picture I made under Rhiny's direction for we agreed that it isn't the best thing for a husband to be his own wife's director.

WERE you ever so starved for appreciation and companionship that you were blind to the risks you took to find them? Even if you weren't you'll realize when you read my story, "The Wooing of Colorado Slim" in December SMART SET, that it isn't safe for a girl to be lonesome

Alone in a Great City

(Continued from page 21)

liked to think the town was wicked and that I was licked. They extracted my promise I would send them a telegram when I got home and then an attendant walked with me to the corner and put me on a trolley car alone! It was my first bit of freedom.

I walked to the front of the car to the platform with the motorman and slipped off at the first stop.

I threw back my head and drew the sharp, clear air of New York into my nostrils. Alone and free. I counted my money and laughed for joy. Thanks to the charity I hadn't wanted, I was out no money but in a lot of experience. I didn't know where I was going but I started out again, humming a song on my way to the territory of thrills.

The side street through which I found myself walking was a neat, quiet one of old brownstone residences. I liked its appearance and seeing a card in one of the windows, "Furnished Rooms," I went up the front steps.

Behind a sharp-nosed landlady I toiled upstairs to a tiny hall bedroom on the fourth floor. Four dollars a week in advance and no cooking, she said. I paid her and gave her my suitcase. "I have to go look for a job," I explained.

I ran through the streets this time, ran because I was so happy, or stopped because I was so interested, or did quite as I pleased. I soon saw that my prettiness wasn't lost in comparison with city beauties for already three men had spoken to me in soft insinuation and one had followed me for several blocks.

HOW to get at the New York I wanted! That was my problem. I began thinking intently as I walked along. Through the night clubs. That was the way. Nothing much but work happened in New York in the daytime. Night was the time for the life I craved.

As though in direct answer to my thought, I saw a card tacked up before the en-

trance to an employment agency. "Girls wanted for night club cloak room work," it read, "fifteen dollars a week, no experience necessary. Apply upstairs."

I ran up the dark and dirty stairway into a dark and dirty office. A fence divided it and from the far side of it an oily man smiled at me.

"I'd like that night club job," I said.

"Five dollars," he murmured.

"Five dollars for what?" I asked.

"For telling you where the job is," he replied, still grinning at me. "Come across, sister, and I'll send you for it. You're the type they want, all right."

All I got for my money was a slip telling me to report at a Broadway address at four o'clock.

The room, in a building that had once been a famous hotel, was small and crowded with girls. They were young, all of them, and would have been pretty except for the hardness of their faces. They sat in lines against the wall and in the center a short man, coatless and perspiring, walked up and down issuing orders. He made me walk around the room and then told me to sit in the corner.

HE BEGAN routing the girls. He was only a puppet in a great combine that controlled the concessions at twenty first class cabarets and night clubs. His firm had the privilege of selling cigars, cigarettes and nuts, together with the cloak room rights. Someway or other they had worked out a theory that shifting the girls every few days made for more money in tips, as many night clubs have regular patrons, who tip a new girl more than they will one with whom they are familiar. This, of course, the concessionaires fostered, for they themselves got the tips from the girls to whom they were originally given.

A tall, handsome girl came over to me and introduced herself merely as Martha.

"I break in the new girls," she announced. "I'll see you around the floor tonight at Tonnie's Club. Write down the address, and meet me there at ten o'clock sharp."

What a lot of things I didn't know then. I didn't know where that address was. I certainly didn't dream it was in the middle of the negro section and I had no realization that "going on the floor" meant trailing about from ten at night until six in the morning, trying to sell nuts that no one wanted, at fabulous prices, for tips I couldn't keep.

Martha, I found on arrival, was head of the cloak room. That's the best job in a night club. Sometimes men tip the coat-room girl both coming in and going out. It's either the first money they spend, or the last, and therefore it is worth getting. Furthermore the girl who doesn't work the floor escapes the flirtations and the insults.

I slipped into the uniform Martha gave me, a bright red thing with a very short skirt, and put on the violent make-up she ordered. I tried to remember all her instructions.

"Every time the music stops, you go in on the floor with this tray of nuts," she said. "Each package costs twenty-five cents, but if you see a bozo is very pie-eyed, charge him more. Here's seventy-five cents change. Never have more than that for changing a dollar. That way you're positive to knock down a quarter. Talk to the men exclusively. Pay no attention to the women. They'll always try to grab the sale. Keep a couple of tips in sight on the tray as you go around. The rest you give to me when you come out here, and I put it in this bank which is unlocked down at the main office. And don't try to knock down on your tips, cutie, for the head waiter is on the firm's pay roll and he'll keep an eye on you around the floor and count just how much you take in. You ought to get



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at least thirty a week in tips. Kid 'em along and get the coin. If you turn in thirty dollars to the company, you get fifteen. More than that, you win just half of what you turn in. Less than thirty, you're fired."

Together we filled the tiny wax envelopes with peanuts and almonds, about a dozen nuts in all. They must have cost about four cents wholesale. And those I was supposed to dispose of for twenty-five cents plus a tip in order to get fifteen dollars in a week's time.

The music stopped blaring and Martha said, "Go on in now."

At first it seemed too ghastly going about that room. I met either frozen faces or too amorous ones. And I only disposed of four packages of those silly nuts. The music started again, and I got a sharp scolding from Martha. "You'll never make any money selling that many," she said.

THE second time it was not so difficult. Before my sixth trip I had learned the trick of sliding up to a table, of fluttering my eyelashes and of coaxing a man into buying the nuts because I was a "good kid," and of working a quarter tip out of him in addition.

If I saw they were trying to make a hit with their girl, I would seek them out. Then they'd buy to prove they were good fellows. If they were alone, they'd buy for the sake of a moment's conversation. It was only the couples who looked accustomed to one another I let alone. Those men would never buy.

There was one man who bought of me every time I went around. He sat alone and as the night wore on he got steadily drunker. I was getting more and more tired as the hours passed and the sales became more difficult. That was the reason my kind of job was given new girls. The girls who were old at the game wouldn't do it.

The air in the cabaret was stale and feverish and the band blared louder. I reckoned up my tips and knew I had earned four dollars and thirty cents. Martha said that wasn't half enough. I was getting very hungry. "Can we get food?" I asked.

Martha called a waiter but I was agast at the prices on the menu he showed me. Even a cup of coffee cost a quarter. So that was all I ordered. Martha and Ruby ordered heavily. "You'll learn how to pick up the price of your meals before long," they said and winked elaborately.

The waiters were running about, singing, carrying heavy trays of bacon and eggs. "Six o'clock, Betty," said Martha. "You can quit now but remember to report at the Broadway office this afternoon at four to see where you go from here. Ma and Ruby ain't leaving just yet."

I didn't stop to question them in any way. Perils? This? Not for me. I

slipped out of the uniform, back into my own street clothes, up the dusty stairs into the pure morning light.

I hurried down the dingy street to a white-tiled restaurant, went inside and ordered breakfast, for I was nearly starved.

A tall man in uniform slipped in beside me. "Where you going, sister?" he asked.

My heart started to pound again. "Home," I said.

"Saw you come out of Tonnie's just now," he said, and this time his voice purred.

"Yes," I said, "I'm new there. I've just finished my work and I'm going home."

"The girls up at Tonnie's know enough to be nice to me," he said. "If you weren't so new you'd know that, too."

I looked about me, thinking fast. The waitress slipped a plate of sizzling bacon before me. Gosh, how I wanted it, but here was possible lock-up facing me again.

He was a huge man and his back was to the door. I trusted myself to move faster than he could. It was my only chance. I brushed my gloves from the table.

He bent down to get them for me and I took to my heels. I flew out the door, down the street and into a taxi standing there. "Quick, quick," I said, "to the nearest subway station."

The subway was near and a train just pulling into the station. I slipped aboard with just time enough for the backward glance that told me I wasn't being pursued.

Experience was coming much too thick and fast to suit me. I toiled up the steps of the rooming house longing for rest, unlocked the door only to be met by the forbidding face of the landlady.

"This is a respectable house," she said. "I didn't ask for references for I thought you had a good, clean face. It seems I was wrong. The first evening you live here, you're out all night and come sneaking in just after dawn. Well, this is no house for the likes of you, my girl. Pack your things and get."

"I was working in a night club," I said.

"Don't wait for me to get angry," she said. "I've heard that alibi before."

"BUT my week's room rent I paid in advance," I said, "will you give that back?"

"Will you go," she asked, "or must I call the police?"

"I'm going," I said, and a few minutes later I plodded down the steps, dragging my suitcase.

I wanted to rest. I wanted food. I didn't know which way to turn, but I was no quitter. New York lay before me. "I'll beat your game yet," I promised the city, looking up at it as I tramped along the street. I was going to try my luck once more.

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WERE the perils I had read about all a fable? Were there no real thrills to be found by a girl "Alone in a Great City"? Was it all just small town stuff on a big town scale? You'll be as much surprised at what I am going to tell you in December SMART SET as I was when it happened to me

Feet of Clay

(Continued from page 31)

Speed had told me when we became engaged that he had no money although he had unusually good prospects. He also told me briefly of his family, which consisted of his father, mother and elder brother.

"Just farmers," he said.

I was glad then that I hadn't told Speed about dad. There was something in his voice when he spoke of his people that shocked and scared me. I found myself wondering if years might conceivably develop a situation in which he would ever speak of his wife in that manner. I scoffed at the idea—banished it as ridiculous—but the thought left a little blemish of fear on my mind that I couldn't erase.

WE WENT to visit his people at Easter. They lived on a prairie farm eight miles out from a tiny little town. Speed's brother, Ed, met us at the station. He was four years older than Speed, a big, burly sunburned fellow with the nicest smile I've ever seen on a human countenance.

"Welcome home little girl," he said. "I'm sure glad to see you an' the old folks are just all of a flutter waitin' for their brand new daughter. We all knew we were goin' to like you an' now I know it more'n ever."

He took my bags and led the way across the platform to an old Ford touring car.

"Same old tin can!" Speed said. "What's the idea Ed? Thought you were going to get a new bus this spring?"

"Did figure on doin' that," Ed said. "Some things come up though made it seem's we couldn't afford it." He turned to me, then, smiling. "I reckon this ain't just what you're used to, Elsie," he said. "It's a rough lookin' old rattley bang but I expect it'll get us home."

"A Rolls Royce couldn't do better than get us home," I said. "You needn't apologize to me. This is a car and that's more than either Speed or I own."

We drove through town and Ed pointed out places of local interest, the post office, the public library, the new hotel.

"Oh turn that noise off!" Speed said. "This is no sightseeing tour! What do you suppose she cares whether that's the post office or not?"

Ed laughed. "I forget that you folks who travel around a lot ain't as much worked up about things here in town as us stay-at-homes are."

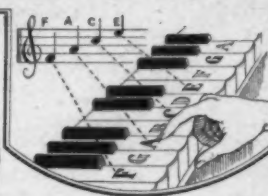
Finally we turned off the road and drove into the yard of an old two-story farmhouse. Speed's father and mother were on the porch waiting for us. A lump came into my throat when I saw them and by the time I got out of the car I was crying uncontrollably.

THEY were the dearest old pair! Both snow white. She was little and bent, with withered apple-red cheeks and the loveliest, kindly blue eyes! He was tall and big-boned. His head was massive and his features big. I ran to them, without waiting for the formality of an introduction and kissed them both. Then I just laid my head down on old Mrs. McKenna's shoulder and bawled.

"There! There!" she said. "I know just how it is meetin' relatives! I mind when I first had to meet paw's folks I like to died. Took on just this same way. You just have your cry out now honey an' then everything'll be all right. We're all goin' to love you a lot an' we're just hopin' that you'll love us back a little."

I went upstairs and got my eyes dried but Speed was still sulking when I came back. It seemed as though I was really seeing him for the first time.

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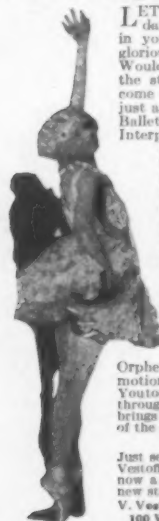
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Heretofore I had always seen the hero the university worshipped. Against that homely background of fine, simple, big-hearted hard-working people, he seemed selfish and small. I tried to talk and laugh but I couldn't. I saw the family exchange glances and knew they felt that I was disappointed in them.

"Say now," Ed said, "I got an idea. We folks got a little surprise for you two. We figured on saving it up till tomorrow when you'd got rested but I don't know but what we might's well have it over with right now. Get your things on, all of you, an' come ahead."

We all crowded into the Ford and drove along the road for a quarter of a mile. Ed turned in at a two-story white house with a big lawn studded with tall elms.

"Want to stop here a minute an' show you the Boggs place," he explained. "They ain't home now but I got the key. Lookin' out for the place for 'em while they're gone."

We all got out and went in. The place was full of perfectly darling early American furniture.

When we'd gone through the place Ed led the way into the parlor and asked us to sit down.

"Now I'll explain why there was no new car when you come down," Ed said. "When we heard you an' Speed was goin' to get married we figured that a young couple had ought to have a place o' their own. This farm joins ours an' just as luck would have it the Boggs' wanted to go to Florida an' was willin' to sell. So we just took what money we had in bank an' plastered a small mortgage on to our place for the rest an' went an' bought his farm. It's one o' the prettiest places in this neck o' the woods an' it's all yours, ready to move into an' go to livin'. What do you think o' that?"

HE STOPPED and stood there, smiling, proud, waiting for the outburst of gratitude he was sure was coming.

"You bought this place for us?" Speed said.

"Sure did," Ed said. "It's all yours, kid."

"Oh, for Pete's sake! When will you people ever get done trying to run me!" Speed said. "Why didn't you let me know about this? I'm not coming back here to live."

There was dead silence in that room for a minute.

Mrs. McKenna said then. "You're not coming back! Why son! We planned—"

"Oh, I know I did," Speed said. "I didn't want to hurt your feelings but I didn't suppose you'd go and do a fool thing like this without telling me about it. Do you think I'd come back here and go to farming? Haven't any of you got any sense? Do you think a girl like Elsie would live on a farm, even if I was willing?"

"You bet I'd live on a farm," I said. "What's more I'll live on this farm and you'll live here with me and work it or I won't marry you at all. Now think that over!"

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Every word of it," I said.

He looked at me hard for a minute and then threw back his head and laughed.

"That lets me out," he said. "We're quits, young lady. Plenty of my friends told me I was a fool to be so nutty about you and now I know they were right."

"Kid," Ed said quietly. "I guess you'd better just apologize for that. I don't figure you're right sure what you're sayin'."

"You keep your nose out of my business," Speed shouted. "I know what I'm saying all right. I'm telling this young flapper here that I'm through with her and I mean it. That isn't all either. I'm through with you."

"Not quite," Ed said. "You're not quite

through with me yet. Let's you and me just step outside a minute."

"Oh! You want to settle it do you?"

"Right now," Ed said. "Come on."

He went out and Speed followed him.

"Please!" I said, getting up. "Don't have any trouble. Just let me get away."

"Sit down!" old Mr. McKenna said. "Ed's right. Let him have his way. He's earned it."

Mrs. McKenna came over and put her arm around me.

"We can't do nothin', honey," she said.

"Just wait. That's all. Just wait. Poor little girl!"

We heard the sounds of fighting out in the yard for about ten minutes. Then silence. A moment later Ed McKenna appeared in the doorway. His face was bruised and his lips were cut and puffed.

"Oh, Ed!" Mrs. McKenna said. "Is he—"

"He ain't hurt, Maw," Ed said gently.

"Nothin' the matter with him that a little time an' a lot o' arnica won't fix. I'm goin' to take him to the station. I'll come back for you when he's gone. I can take Elsie down later whenever she's ready to go." He looked at me then. "That suit you little girl?"

"It does!" I said firmly. "I never want to see him again."

"I'm glad o' that," Ed said. "He ain't worth lookin' at. He never was an' he never will be."

I SAT there with old Mr. and Mrs. McKenna and while I waited I heard the truth about Speed McKenna, the great football player.

He was just starting in high school when Ed graduated. Ed had planned all along on going to college but times were hard right then and the father was getting old. Ed worked the farm for four years while Speed went through high school, scrimping and saving with the idea that he would have enough to hire help to run the farm and start in at college with Speed when he was ready to enter.

When Speed was ready there was enough money on hand provided both boys economized and worked their way through.

But Speed balked at this. If he couldn't go to college right he wouldn't go at all.

Ed gave in. He was really too old to start in college anyhow, he argued, and it would be better for one to have things right than for both to go and scrimp. When Speed had finished he would come back and do his share. He had taken the agricultural course. He would return to the farm equipped with knowledge of the best scientific methods, ready to combine this knowledge with the practical experience of his father and brother, and thus operate the place to the best advantage.

He had not spent more than a week of any summer vacation at home since he entered college. There were friends to visit. People who had places at summer resorts. He argued that he would be tied to the farm for life after he graduated. Ed could take several months off and go for a trip any place he pleased when Speed finally came home to stay. Meanwhile this was Speed's only chance to really enjoy himself.

ED STUCK and worked the farm and waited. Then came the news that Speed was engaged. The family thought that at last he was ready to settle down. Ed gave up the idea of a trip and they went in debt to buy the Boggs place as a home for Speed and his bride. Oh, it was a sickening story of noble generosity on one side and the meanest of selfishness on the other!

When Ed came back we drove home and had dinner. They asked me to stay the night and in the morning Mrs. McKenna suggested I keep quiet and rest for a day or two. I stayed three days. Then Ed drove me to the station and I bought a



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ticket and parlor car seat for Washington, D. C.

Dad was stopping there while the meet was on at Bowie and I wanted to see him. I wanted to be with him and glory in letting every one know that I was his daughter. I was sick with shame at the thought that I had been a little bit like Speed McKenna. I couldn't forget that I'd lied to him about dad. Lied about my own wonderful, funny, generous old dad to a selfish, vain sham like Speed!

When the train came in Ed held my hand as he said:

"I'm awful sorry about what happened, little girl. If anybody on this earth could o' made anything decent out o' that brother o' mine you'd o' done it. All of us think you're just about the finest thing that ever -- Well, we sure wish we could o' had you with us -- one of us --"

HE GOT that far and then I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, hard, right on the mouth. Then I picked up my bag and hustled on to the train, blind with tears.

I got to Washington the next night and told dad the whole story.

"A short sport, eh?" dad said. "Good you found it out in time, honey. You just quit feelin' bad now an' forget all about it, honey. It's over an' done with."

"I can't forget, Dad," I said. Then I told him the truth. I was head over heels in love with Ed. Big, quiet, wonderful Ed. I knew that the memory of that one kiss would stay with me always.

"Um!" dad said. "That's kind of a bad spill in the stretch, ain't it? I tell you, hon, you best come on out to the track every day with me for awhile an' watch 'em run. Nothin' like it to take your mind off your troubles. Be kind o' like old times, won't it? Just you an' me out there in the sunshine watchin' 'em parade an' line up an' break an' come down the stretch."

I was almost happy while I was with dad at the track. It was bad whenever I was alone though. I could see Ed's face. The wonderful slow smile, the deep kind eyes, haunted me.

The evening of the fourth day after I arrived we went to the New Willard for dinner. Dad left me on a settee in Peacock Alley while he went to phone for some information about a horse in the third race of the next day's card.

A minute or two after he left I heard a voice speak my name and looked up. There stood Ed. He sat down beside me.

"Elsie," he said. "Is it true?" I just stared at him. I really thought I'd gone crazy and was seeing an apparition.

"Your dad wrote me," he said. "So I come right on. Is it true? I don't dare believe it till I hear you say so. But if it ain't true I don't know what'll happen to me."

THAT was three years ago. Dad's quit following the races as a business. He's here on the farm with us. He and Ed are the greatest cronies and they're in business together as well. Dad put up the money and built some model stables and a half mile track. They're running a combination stud and training farm and they are making a great go of it.

I was sitting on the porch with dad last night after dinner. Ed was on his back on the lawn playing with the baby who is eleven months old now.

The radio was tuned in on an orchestra in Chicago that was playing a medley of old songs. The sky was dead clear and there was just the faint flutter of a breeze in the elms. The sun was just going down. It struck me all of a sudden how happy we all were and I felt a sudden gush of love for my wonderful big husband that had to be voiced.

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"Isn't he just wonderful, Dad?" I said.
"Um!" dad said absently, sucking at his pipe. "Good sport. Which one do you mean? Ed or Junior? Don't make any difference. Both good sports. Say, you know that chestnut filly we saddled today? I think there's one that's goin' to be heard from. Why say—"
I went inside and left him talking horses. I was so happy I just had to get alone and

cry for a minute. Any woman would. Speed never came back. He turned professional for one season and then tried pictures. He married a screen star. She's in Paris now getting a divorce. Mother and Dad McKenna grieved about him a lot till Junior came but they're all wrapped up in the baby now and just as happy as can be. "Sports, those two," dad says of them. "Two grand old sports."

IF YOU wanted to marry a man to reform him and he wouldn't let you what would you do? Would you throw your reputation to the winds in order to break down his resistance? I shall tell you in December SMART SET what happened to both of us when I told "A Lie for Love"

Crucible of Youth

(Continued from page 37)

new era dawned. Paul had taken his first step towards being collegiate.

East High School shifted its massive gears out of low into second, then into high and tramped on the accelerator.

By the end of the week, schedules were nearly all settled, room numbers were learned, lockers and auditorium seats assigned. The cafeteria opened. The various circles, sets and cliques were organized and settled to their particular level in the social strata.

WHEN the first empty half-pint bottle of the new season was found in the boys' lavatory, school was said to have begun in earnest.

"Hi, Country, old sock! Gee, have you got lunch regular this period? That's pretty keen. Gonna try breaded pork chops? Guess I will, too. And I'll take lima beans, yes, please."

Art Meredith and Paul, carefully balancing their trays, threaded their way through the maze of little tables amid the buzz of the big high school cafeteria. At a table in the corner they sat down.

"Pretty nifty little dump, Country," Art said.

"Yea, bo!" agreed Paul. Then he grew reproachful. "Looky here, Art," he said, "you gotta quit callin' me 'Country!' I may have come from a little hick dump 'way back in the sticks but just the same I'm gonna show you some of the niftiest hot-time city steppin' out you ever saw. Come on now, ring off."

"So you're gonna be a big-time sheik, are you, Country? I mean, Paul. Well, I guess you could be, all right. Ever hear of the Palace? The old shed opens tonight. I'll be 'round for you 'bout seven-thirty and we'll take in the dump. What's your street address?"

Paul told him with a pleasurable tingle of anticipation. He did not stop to realize that he had no idea of what or where the Palace was; he merely knew that it was delightful and thrilling to be invited in such an off-hand manner on an undoubtedly "hot" party by a big-time city sheik.

The Palace was listed in the telephone directory as a dance hall, in church circles as a bad influence, among the college fraternities as good hunting grounds, and in East High School as "some dump."

But to Paul Benton, as he stood watching the dancers swirl past, it was a gorgeous fairy-land. The lights blurred from blue to a red-orange, then dimmed almost out. The blare of the orchestra sank to a low, slow moan scarcely heard amid the shuffle of feet on the polished floor.

The boy had been standing there for more than a half-hour, ever since the first dance, in fact. He did not remember clearly just how he got in, for Art had been in a

hurry. There had been steps, a man who said "Fifty cents, please," a gasp at the entrancing beauty of the hall, and here he was. He hated to admit to Art that he couldn't dance, but otherwise he was very happy just listening to the jazz and smelling the reek of cheap perfume. Something in the hectic-tinsel atmosphere seemed to meet his growing restlessness. The rhythm of the orchestra got into his feet. He stared wistfully through half-closed lids after pretty girls, and more than one of them winked back.

Art had stepped beside him and stood watching him with a peculiar look in his eye. "Paul, can't you dance?" he asked suddenly.

Before he realized what he was saying, Paul blurted out: "No!" And seeing he had betrayed himself, he surrendered, grinning. "Gee, I wish I could, Art!" he sighed.

Art laughed silently for a moment in his bored way, then regarded the boy seriously.

"Do you really wanta learn?"

"Hope to shout!" Paul said.

Art laughed again. "All right, go on out and try it."

"Why, how would I get a girl? Honest, Art, I don't know nothin' about—"

"Gee, you must be green!" Art said. "How do you get a girl? Why, walk up and ask one to dance with you, that's how. S'long. Good luck! I've got this dance."

Art vanished into the crowd.

Paul's head was a swirl of conflicting emotions. He was among strangers and he did so want to learn to dance. Suddenly his shoulders snapped back, his eyes narrowed, and he plunged into the mob.

Somehow, he never knew quite how, he bumped into a girl. He begged her pardon; she smiled at him and he managed to mumble something that sounded like "dance." The next thing he knew he was being led out on to the glistening floor.

ALL about him couples were gliding smoothly away, but Paul stood fixed to the spot, his knees shaking inside his spacious pants legs like loose piston rods in a cylinder. He swayed horribly a moment, then pitched forward abruptly in long, stiff-legged ice-skating strides. A quick skid on the slippery floor threw him off his balance and for a ghastly moment he thought he was falling. Stabs of terrific embarrassment pierced him through and through like powerful electric currents.

After a lengthy pause, he shakily shoved his left foot ahead two inches. But he was so near collapse that he went off his balance and lurched awkwardly to one side. Again he stood still, his flesh fairly crawling.

The girl, although used to eccentric dancing, was unable to follow Paul's clumsy antics. She lifted her head from his chest

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and frowned curiously at him for a minute. "Come," she cooed, "let me lead you."

Paul's helpless compliance was answer enough. She slipped a white arm around his tense waist and expertly guided him away. Desperately Paul shuffled his feet, elated even at finding that he was able to stand up.

Then, for the first time, he really began to listen to the music. There was an irresistible rhythm in it that gripped his sensitive mind. He shoved his feet in time as if he were—why, marching! He concentrated on taking even steps, keeping carefully away from his partner's feet. He was dancing!

The girl to whom he clung so tightly was whispering, "Let yourself go, kid, I'll hold you up."

PAUL let himself go in every sense of the word. He was scarcely aware when the wisp of a girl he was dancing with shifted their arms till he was leading her. He did not know how to lead. He only shuffled forward with his arm tightly encircling her soft waist, his hypnotized feet moving with the music. On and on, gradually learning to guide his partner by the pressure of his forearm, beginning to lift his feet a little, Paul danced.

There was an ear-splitting crash as the trap-drummer smote the cymbals, and the dance was done.

The girl was gone and Paul stood gasping. There was an entirely new look in his blue eyes as he scanned the swarming dance hall.

He made his way back into the crowd and danced several times, gradually losing his clumsiness and learning to speak to a girl without much embarrassment. Art had fairly to drag him away at eleven-thirty.

A few days later Paul was introduced to Strader's, one of those combination restaurant, soda-fountain, confectionery and lounging-room establishments which exert such a magnet-like attraction for young people, and which are invariably found near high schools and universities.

It was a rather pretty place, decorated in the East High colors, orange and black. The ceiling was low, but indistinct through stratified clouds of cigarette smoke. Feet and legs protruded from the dark booths. Hands were thrust out and waved to and fro as someone told a story requiring gestures too expansive for the limited elbow room within.

AT THE end of the room was the soda fountain, with its carbonated water spigots reared high, like serpents' heads done in nickel. Everything was obviously arranged to center on the soda fountain. Somehow it gave the impression of an altar within a shrine.

Strader's back room, and the garage around the corner were the scenes of crap games nearly every noon. Most of the games were for mere quarters and half-dollars, but there had been some historic occasions.

The boys leaned against the counter and watched the man in the white jacket spear "weinies" out of scalding water. He slapped them between split rolls and slid them across the boards with an eye to reducing dishwashing. Art laid down fifteen cents and picked up the biggest one. Billy attached the next in size and Paul was left the runt one with the long stringy tail.

A slinky girl somewhere in her middle teens oozed up alongside of Art. "Why, if it isn't my little Fritz," he exclaimed when he saw her. He slipped his arm around her waist and drew her up closer.

"Seen Edna this noon?" Fritz asked. She looked sideways at Paul. "Who's your friend? Why don't you introduce us, dizzy?" She poked Art in the ribs. "Scuse me, kid." Art took a generous

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bite of ha-dog, swallowed and assumed a decorous countenance. "Mr. Benton, meet Miss Frederica Wentgill, the gin-drinkin' baby with the cast-iron—" He choked suddenly as Miss Frederica reached up and viciously snapped his elastic "jazz-bow" necktie.

"Don't talk like that when you're sober," she said, "cause this little boy looks like a gentleman." She gave Paul an appraising stare that made wiggles go up and down his spine. She stepped between the other two boys and leaned on the counter close beside him.

"Guess I'll bring my toys over to this sand pile for a while," she announced, settling down like a soft-spined little kitten. "You won't send me home, will yuh?" She made a mock-pleading face.

If Paul had been sophisticated enough to make an appropriately insulting remark, he would in all probability have been accepted by her as just another sheik.

But instead, he grinned.

IT WAS a great big, wholesome, smooth-checked country-boy grin. There was a pretty pink blush mixed in with it, too, and it spread up around the roots of his sleek blond hair and down around his collar.

As Fritzie watched him grin, his clear blue eyes shining at her, something stirred deep in the calloused leather thing that had once been a school girl's soul. Heartless little hoyden that she was, Paul's cleanness touched her and made her feel dimly ashamed of herself.

Fritzie cooed, laying her little hand on Paul's.

"You look lonesome, Blondie. Come on over here and tell Fritzie all about it." She started to drag him across the room to one of the dark little booths that tried so hard to be collegiate.

And then somebody shouted that the bell had rung, whereupon everyone rushed back across the street to school just in time to be late for their sixth period classes.

"The Bentons' new home was O. K.," Paul reflected rather proudly as he entered the front door. Mrs. Benton was in the kitchen putting into the oven a casserole full of something that looked as if it were going to taste good.

"Gosh, Mom, are we really gonna have some supper tonight?" Paul inquired.

"We always have good meals," retorted his mother sharply. "If you don't sit down and eat them when they're on the table, it's your fault. How was everything at school today? How do you like the school by now?"

"Fine. Say, Mom, how about my havin' a pair of new shoes? These old gun-boats are all scuffed up and worn out and no good a-tall."

Mrs. Benton cast an appraising eye on Paul's feet. "Those shoes look all right to me," she said. "They'd look even better if you shined them."

"Applesauce! These old things are all outa date. I feel ashamed to wear 'em to school even. Why can't I have decent shoes to wear, huh? You know darn well we can afford it, Mom! All the money dad's makin' and buyin' a hot bus and all that, but your own son goin' to school pretty near barefoot!"

"There, there, Paul," his mother said. "Needn't get so worked up about it. Maybe your black shoes are a little shabby. Go down town tomorrow and get yourself a pair of new ones."

"Where'll I get 'em? Same place I got my suit?"

"Yes. Papa has an account there, just get them charged."

"Yeah, and say, Mom, I gotta have some lunch money to last me the rest of the week."

"Why, I just gave you two dollars Monday. You surely haven't spent that already, have you?"

"Two dollars? That's not much money. I got about a quarter left from buyin' books, and lunch, and stuff like that. Strader's raised the price on ha-dogs to a dime, too!"

"Raised the price on what did you say?" "Why, ha-dogs, weinies, if you're so dense."

"Here, that's no way to talk to your mother! I won't stand for it!" Mrs. Benton turned from pounding a steak to glare at her son. That word "dense" rankled. "You better tone down a bit, young man, or you'll be about due for a good thrashing!"

"Applesauce!" growled Paul, "nobody around this house better try lickin' me!"

"What's that you said?"

"Aw, nothin'!" yelled Paul, slamming out on to the front porch.

His father was just getting out of the beautiful big blue sedan. Mr. Benton staggered a little as he stepped over on the sidewalk.

"Hello, Dad," said Paul. He frowned curiously at his father. He stood at the top of the steps and snickered unkindly as his father stumbled and nearly fell.

After a long session of splashing and snorting in the bath room, Mr. Benton descended to the supper table. Paul noted with contempt the owlishness of his father's eyes, and the unnatural courtesy with which he spoke to his wife, but strangely enough, Mrs. Benton did not seem to notice the alcoholic breath or the most unusual civility. She was sprightly and gay, and cleverly worked a check for fifty dollars out of her husband.

After supper Paul went up to his room, where he was pleased to discover he had forgotten to bring his books home. He cast aimlessly about for some diversion. Suddenly he was smitten with a belated remembrance. A letter to Ruth Sherwood!

HE DROPPED on the side of his bed, his eyes growing dreamy as he remembered her. Those double dates, with Hungry Alkire, Eunice and Ruth! Sighing heavily, he arose and went to the desk in the corner, a desk formerly his father's. He rummaged till he brought to light some pink stationery, a green pen and a bottle of black ink. After chewing the pen, rumpling up his hair and much groaning, he finally began in his flourishing hand.

"Dear Ruth," he wrote. "I have been so busy since moving to the city that I have not had the time to write anybody. It sure is nifty here. The school takes up a whole block and has two gyms and it sure is some nifty shed."

He stopped and chuckled as he imagined the reaction the expression "nifty shed" would produce on her unsophisticated mind.

"We have a nifty new automobile and it sure can go some. I drive it around lots. There is a great big restaurant right in the school and you can get a nifty lunch for twenty-eight or so cents. A bunch of us fellows all eat at one table in the corner and have all kinds of fun. One fellow, his name is Billy Finch, he got kicked out of Zoology for wrecking the class and he is the most fun in the cafeteria you ever saw. And one of my best friends is Joe Zollinger. Joe has got the nerve alright and is not afraid of anything. Art Meredith is another fellow, he drives a hot roadster and we go to the Palace, which is the niftiest dump in the world. The orchestra plays "Lime-house Blues" and there are awful funny drunk fellows up there and we just walk right up and ask pretty girls to dance."

Pursing his lips reflectively, he re-read his last sentence. With a sudden wave of tenderness he added:

"But none of them are as pretty as you,

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sweetheart. Be sure and don't have too many dates with that old Red McAllister. I wish I was back at Westfield to have dates with you."

The scratching pen slowed down. Paul sat drowsily in thought for some moments, then finished lamely:

"I hope you and your folks and brothers are well and write to me soon. Your sweetheart, Paul."

He leaned back, sighing, and regarded the four sheets of closely written pink stationery.

The ink was still very wet and there was no blotter to be found.

So Paul guessed he'd let it lie out open to get dry.

THE telephone jangled.

"Is Paul there?" It was Art Meredith's voice.

"Paul speaking."

"Oh. Say, got anything on for tonight?"

"No. Why?"

"I'm fixin' up a hot date."

"Yeah?" Paul's voice ascended some six joyful notes in the vocal scale.

"Will you take a chance on a blind date?"

"Hope to shout!" Paul would have taken his chances with a gila monster, wood alcohol and the bubonic plague just at that moment.

"Her name is Dot," explained Art. "I've got a date with her girl-friend and Dot wants a date too. So I thought maybe you'd like to ring in on the party."

"Yea, ho!"

"Then I'll be 'round 'bout seven o'clock."

"O. K."

Paul walked away from the telephone and sat down in the easy chair in the front room. He was going to have his first date in the city! He was going to find out what lay beyond the exciting familiarity and cuddly flirtatiousness of these intoxicating new city girls! But blind date! That meant, when translated out of high-schools, that Paul had accepted a social engagement with a young lady whom he had never seen. Intriguing, but, like most intriguing things, rather unreliable.

He was standing at the front window waiting when the glistening little roadster pulled in along the curb.

"Where you going?" shouted his father as Paul sprang out into the hall.

But Paul pretended not to hear, and slammed the front door behind him.

It was dark in the roadster as he climbed in and wiggled down into the space between Art's date and the end of the seat. The girl who had been standing up to let him get in plumped down on his lap. She was soft, and the fur on the collar of her coat tickled Paul's cheek.

"Le's light up," grunted Art, with difficulty extracting his cigarette case and passing it around.

Paul and each of the girls took one. A match flared up. Paul's jaw dropped a trifle as he saw the girls inhale the smoke deeply and steam it out slowly through their nostrils.

PAUL adjusted himself so that the absolute stranger on his lap rode more comfortably. He slipped his arms affectionately about her, squeezed her, and puffed deeply on his cigarette. His voice was jocose. "Well, what bank are we gonna rob tonight?" "Depends on the ladies," said Art, bending over the steering wheel. "Any show you kids would 'specially like to see?"

"Well," from the girl who snuggled warmly down between the boys' shoulders, "the Rivoli's pretty good this week, I hear. What say, Dot?"

"Suits me," agreed the girl on Paul's lap.

Art cut sharply in between two cars, picking the fender of the rear one. "How about it, Paul?"

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"O. K. with me." But he felt slightly disappointed in this talk of movies when he had for the last two hours been looking breathlessly forward to—well, he really didn't know what, but certainly not movies.

They finally found a parking place which Art said was as near the Rivoli as they would be able to get. They laboriously unpacked themselves and hurried along the crowded sidewalks, Paul looking curiously at his companion. Her face was half hidden in the fuzzy fur of her coat collar but she seemed a rather pretty girl and that satisfied him perfectly.

The foyer was gorgeous with soft green rugs and hard gilt walls. In the lobby of the balcony above there were real canary birds in little cages, but Paul Benton did not look up.

He was entirely too interested in the painted face of his blind date.

AS THE roadster whirled back along the dark residential streets after the movies, Paul became increasingly conscious of the soft, furry lump of femininity he held on his lap. She had not spoken a dozen words all evening, but there was something subtly fascinating about her. She was faintly perfumed underneath the smell of cigarettes; she could have been anything—bandit, saint, or girl scout.

Paul settled back in the low seat and drew her over till her head rested on his shoulder. She came to him gracefully, gently, and instantly.

The roadster swung a corner sharply and stopped. Unwillingly Paul relinquished his hold on the girl and got out.

It was a street of flats and small stores. Dot conducted them across the sidewalk and up a flight of stairs to a flat on the second floor. Paul followed her in, slightly apprehensive. They all accepted cigarettes again and Veryl, Art's date, put a dance record on the Victrola.

And the party was on.

Dot put another record on the Victrola and stood doing a funny little dance step. Paul came forward and extended his arms. They danced. Presently, as they passed the davenport, Paul fell laughingly into it, pulling Dot down with him. She sat quietly by his side.

SOMETHING of the late hour and the delightfully improper circumstances was getting into Paul. He slipped his arm around Dot's shoulders. Just then he wanted very much to be horribly devilish, but he was not sure just how to go about it.

Art turned down the lights until the two small connecting rooms were dim. Paul put both his arms around Dot and held her a moment, trying to decide whether or not he dare kiss her so soon.

The girl's face was inscrutable. There was a placid half-smile on her too-red lips; her eyelids drooped mysteriously. Like a loose-jointed doll she yielded to Paul's every move. He took her face between his hands and kissed her. Something about her lips seemed new, and different. A terrible, glorious feeling that he could do anything he wanted with her swept over him.

The telephone rang. Paul started violently, looked wildly about him and began to smooth back the hair that had fallen down over his forehead. The girl on the davenport sprang up angrily and took the phone.

"Hello! No, he isn't here. He hasn't been here for two weeks. No, I don't know where you could find him, either!" She slammed the receiver on the hook and quickly turned back to the davenport.

But the spell was broken.

Paul stood with an elbow on the mantel looking vacantly at the carpet. "That wasn't for me, was it?" he asked slowly, and without the least idea what he said.

"No!" Dot had become exceedingly cross. "That was for that good-for-nothing dad of mine. One of his women trailing him. He only comes around every once in a while to see mom when he gets to feeling frisky. Well, it's one o'clock. You boys had better be clearing out of here or the landlord will be wanting a rake-off."

Paul was aghast as the Sphinx turned to vixen. She seemed to be bitterly disappointed about something. She walked through the next room and knocked on a closed door. "Time to clear out!" she called.

In a little while Art appeared. Not a word was spoken as the boys put on their coats and hats.

They descended the dark steps, started the roadster and drove off rapidly. "Not so bad, huh?" asked Art, a little wearily.

"Red hot!" agreed Paul. Then, "S'long," as Art let him out in front of the double house.

"S'long. See you in English tomorrow." The roadster hummed away down the deserted street.

Stealthily Paul unlocked the door with the key his mother had given him so that he could get into the house when he came home from school and she wasn't there, and crept up to his room.

"We're going to the Rivoli tonight," Mr. Benton said as he sat down to the supper table. "Better put your motions pretty close together if we want to make the first show."

Paul was silent. He fingered the dollar or so in change in his pocket and had an idea.

"You all ready?" asked Mr. Benton as he arose from the table, looking down at Paul.

"Aw, Dad," he said, "I gotta stay here and get some lessons."

"Not going, eh?"

"Nope!" Paul's look lacked but a scant degree of being belligerent.

His father clumped upstairs, grumbling, but just a little glad to be relieved of his son's presence for the evening.

Paul locked himself in his room till his parents had gone, then washed and combed himself to sleekness and went to the Palace.

It was a seven-block walk over towards the poorer section of the city and it gave Paul time to think. He did not consciously know why he wanted to go. He simply went.

That evening Paul finished learning how to dance. By intermission, at ten o'clock, a little of the jazz-madness of his previous visit was tickling his loose nerves. He wove through the press of bodies, weasel-like, his eyes alert for attractive faces.

The jam and the noise at the Palace during intermission was terrific. Paul found himself wedged in between a potted palm and a corner of the railing. A girl pushed in toward him from the other side, to bring up heavily against his shoulder. She had a frizzy head of orange-yellow hair, and eyes like holes burnt through a sheet of painted paper.

"MY GAWD! Some mob!" she squawked, looking up into Paul's face with cheap familiarity.

"Hope to shout," he agreed, looking her over. Out of force of habit he continued, "Got this next dance after intermission?"

"Huh—uh." She smiled thinly and leaned even heavier on his shoulder.

"Well then, can I have it?"

"Sure!" She struggled back till she rested against the railing. Paul settled down beside her. Here, he exulted, was a chance to try some of his newly-learned sheiking technique, and to put out some of the snappy talk he had picked out of the casual conversation he heard about him at the

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Palace. He began by putting his arm half-way around her waist and inquiring solicitously, "Wanta bottle of pop?"

"Sure."

"Promise to wait right here?"

"Sure. Grape, and hurry up."

After shouting and wriggling over the wet counter for several minutes Paul secured the pop, at ten cents a bottle and wormed his way back to where his chance acquaintance waited.

She applied herself silently to the straws, halting a little later to gasp, "That's the trouble with these jazz joints. They don't put no drinkin' fountains in 'em, so you gotta buy their pop."

Paul ventured bravely, "Sorry I haven't got anything to spike this stuff up with."

Paul's arm slipped around her again.

"Got a date up here tonight, kid?" he asked.

She looked at him speculatively, her paint-smudged mouth puckering inelegantly as she sucked thirstily on the two damp straws.

FROM out over the bobbing heads of the babbling, milling crowd that enclosed them came the cooing notes of a saxophone as the musician ran nimbly up and down the scale.

"Music'll be startin' in a minute," she said. "We better be gettin' out there."

From the rear Paul grasped her arms firmly just above the elbows and, pushing her before him, made slow, laborious progress out towards the cleared spaces of the dance floor. The music started; blatant and full of tricky syncopations. They pushed free from the crowd and began to dance.

Four dances they danced, clinging rigidly to each other, eyes narrowed, knee to knee, feet shuffling rhythmically. Between dances they moved over into the shadows along the far wall. A smear of cheap carmine lipstick marred Paul's clean-cut chin.

At the end of the fourth dance Paul's face was flushed and tiny beads of perspiration stood about his thumping temples. His eyes were intense, glowing, with lids lowered, while those of the girl seemed even more like holes burnt through a sheet of painted paper.

"Let's go away," Paul said.

"I gotta see a girl friend first," she said, "but I'll meet you at the end of the pop counter in five minutes. Be there!"

She squeezed his hand and was gone. Paul sank back limply into a chair, his mind a whirl. The steady thump, thump, thump in his temples hurt. His heart fluttered unevenly.

Then, like thrush-notes after a battle, the orchestra surprisingly drifted into a slow, sweet ballad. The simple tune seemed out-of-place among the lurid lights and gaudy decorations of the Palace.

The violins and the piano took the lead. They sang of trees, white with apple-blossoms, and a homey little farmhouse with smoke curling lazily from its chimney to meet a smiling sky. Even as a cool morning breeze whisks away poisonous fumes, so did the pretty waltz-tune clear Paul's seething head and bring him to his senses. The saxophones and the clarinet undid their evil work, like repenting imps.

His eyes lost their glassy look. He shook himself uneasily and frowned. Guess he'd better be going home. He'd ditch her. He looked anxiously toward the end of the soft drink counter, but the girl had not yet put in her appearance. Paul skirted the opposite wall in the direction of the exit, and fled down the steps and far out into the night.

He began to jeer cruelly at himself for being a scared little kid. Other fellows, all others, to Paul's pitiful way of thinking, were running around having a hot time, while he, a regular guy and a sheik, still cowered shamefully.

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A speeding machine slid recklessly around a corner. Wild, happy laughter rang through the night air. A girl's voice loosely shrieked, "Let 'er rip!" Someone pitched a bottle out, and the machine was gone up the street in a roar of exhaust smoke.

The bottle sailed spinning in a flat arc and struck the curbing a few feet ahead of Paul. With a musical crash it shattered,

sending sparkling, sharp-edged fragments scampering across the sidewalk.

Paul stopped and stood looking at the broken glass.

Slowly, terribly, that broken bottle began to symbolize the change that was taking place in him, something being broken that could not be mended, and broken by a careless, contemptuous toss.

Paul was leaving Westfield farther behind with every breath he drew. He was a full-fledged city sheik—dressed collegiate, made hot dates, was perfectly at home in the cheap city dance hall. Tough blind! Jazz mad! But still alive to occasional flashes of beauty, capable of being stirred by a girl who did not "date"—a girl whom he had seen before—but where?

Flame of the Desert

(Continued from page 76)

It was difficult to realize that I had once shuddered at his approach, and that I might do so again.

I was growing drowsy, but at the very moment that I decided to go to sleep, El Rani leaped to his feet and peered through the surrounding darkness. Before I could ask what had happened, he had dragged me to my feet, rolled the blanket into a swift bundle, packed it on the mare, and lifted me to the saddle. In another moment we were off.

THEN faintly, far behind, I caught the sound of something moving. I knew that the mad Irishman, Flame O'Neal, had endeavored to make up for his lack of speed, and while we had rested, he had spared neither his beast nor himself. Caring nothing for hunger and thirst, for heat or cold, he had not drawn rein. If it had not been for El Rani's extraordinary hearing and eyesight, he would certainly have caught up with us.

As we moved forward again I was conscious even above my own weariness of Flame O'Neal's bravery, of his suffering. I think I had never in my life been so troubled and anxious.

We rode all that night. At times I drowsed in the saddle, but El Rani, iron-willed and nerved, seemed to need no sleep. At dawn, El Rani rested for a single hour.

To me it seemed no time at all before we were once more on our way. Our flight seemed like a game of chess between great opponents. I felt that I was the pawn for which two men of superb will were struggling.

Once that day we halted on rising ground and El Rani looked back. Flame O'Neal was not so far away then. I made him out clearly enough as he sat on his horse. El Rani waved his hand in a kind of taunting salute. O'Neal raised a carbine, one that he must have wrested from the Sultan's guards, and aimed it deliberately.

I was frightened, but El Rani only smiled. "He will not dare fire it as long as you are here!"

HE WAS right, for presently with a weary and helpless gesture, O'Neal lowered the weapon and slung it once more over his back. I saw him sway in his saddle. The pursuit, endless and desperate, was on once more.

As night came on, it seemed as if a sudden impulse seized El Rani. He no longer lingered to mock O'Neal with his nearness, but broke into a pace that soon outdistanced the Irishman.

We rode furiously now, with a purpose which was still concealed from me.

All at once I rubbed my eyes. In the starlight the landscape looked familiar.

In half an hour more El Rani had galloped up a rise where I managed to make out the broad swell of the Mediterranean! He had carried me down to the very out-buildings on my father's land!

Then he dismounted and lifted me from my horse.

"For the moment," he said, "our journey is at an end, but it is not over entirely. Go to your father's house and rest. You will hear from me shortly!"

"But," I said, "you mean all this time, you've been merely taking me home to my father?"

"For the time that is so. I have work before me. I must collect any of my followers who may have resisted the Sultan or escaped his fury. After that there is other work to be done. But be assured of one thing. You have not seen the last of El Rani!"

As he turned and rode away I felt that at that man at least Flame O'Neal had found an equal.

It was difficult to realize after all I had been through, that I had come home safely. But there lay the house, as peaceful in the moonlight as if no trouble had ever touched it. I went up the familiar pathway to the veranda steps.

MY POOR father! How often I had thought of his worrying about me, his fear! Now I could comfort him and find comfort in his affection. I could tell him my strange and desperate adventures. I hurried to open the door, but it was locked. I decided it must be much later than I supposed. I knocked and after a long time I saw a light. The chains of the bolt rattled, and through a crack Ali peered out at me, holding his lamp above his head.

At the sight of my face he gave an excited cry, and opened the door.

"Praise be to Allah! The omen came to us that you were dead."

I was impatient to go to my father but at the sight of Ali's face, I drew in my breath with a little gasp of fear. "Ali, what's happened?"

"The master is not well. Two days after you had gone there came a great sickness upon him. Since then the men have disobeyed. No work is done. It is well that you have returned."

"My father's sick?" I said. "Then take me to him!"

"It would be well to wait until the morning when you are rested."

But I insisted that I must see him now and Ali led the way to my father's room, where he opened the door without knocking.

A dim light was burning on the table, but the heavy curtains were drawn. Near by in a steamer chair, with a rug thrown across his knees, sat my father.

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It was only a few days before that I had seen him, but now it was as if I stood before another man. He was thin and shrunken and strangely haggard and he was muttering to himself in delirium.

I ran over and put my arms around him. His fever-racked eyes fell on me. Then he smiled suddenly and seemed to know me.

"Ah, Eve, my little Eve, I knew you'd come back. I knew God wouldn't take you from me." His expression grew vague again, and his voice wandered off once more into muttered memories.

I KNEW then though I might pull my father through this fever, he would never be really well or strong again. That coast fever which could rack even a young man and tear the strength out of him, would certainly make an invalid of my father at his age.

As I sat there beside him on the floor it came over me that I must get him away from this blighting land which seemed to have so much suffering in it.

In my father's broken condition, he would not resent leaving the place which he had made his home. Certainly, there was no choice. I might be able for a while to direct the work, but sooner or later problems would come up which I would not be able to master.

When Ali returned, I tried to get the truth out of the tangle of superstitions and warnings he poured out before me.

It seemed that my disappearance had aroused my father's suspicions and when El Rani left without even the formality of a leave-taking, my father decided that my fate was settled.

He had tried to raise a company among the fishermen and divers and failing that, was preparing to go out into the desert himself. But his worry brought on an attack of coast fever, and since then he had been as I found him.

THAT night as I lay in my own bed in my own room once more, I determined to write in the morning to an agent in Algiers whose name I knew and put the pearl-fishery in his hands for the quickest sale possible.

Meanwhile, in order to interest possible purchasers, I must see that things ran smoothly so that the place looked flourishing.

I was glad of the need for work when I rose the following morning, glad that the handling of the men and the nursing of my father occupied every available instant of my time. For I wanted to forget all that had happened, in those strange days and nights on the desert.

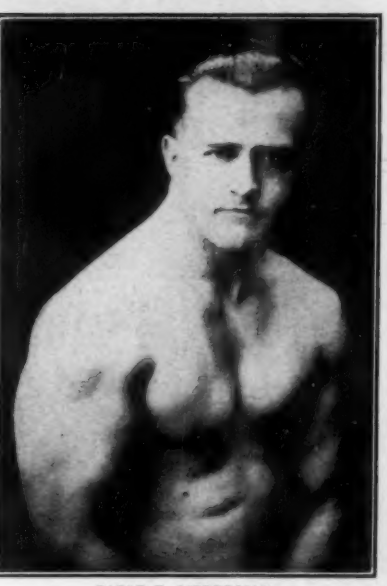
That first day was a hard one. I found the divers in a mutinous mood, and once or twice it looked as if they intended to defy me openly, as they had already defied my father. But the experiences I had been through had given me a new determination and a new courage and within twenty-four hours, the boats were on the fishing grounds and the work was going smoothly once more.

MEANWHILE I watched anxiously over my father, doing my best to make him comfortable. There were no real remedies for the coast fever except to let it burn itself out. He was very weak, but I felt sure he was going to recover.

But after my first problems had been mastered, I could not keep my thoughts from returning to one theme. I puzzled over the mystery of that last wild dash across the desert while a wounded captain of fortune followed in dogged pursuit.

Often I found myself gazing out across those empty sands, straining my eyes as if to see a figure there that I knew I would never forget.

Had anyone told me what really was the matter with me, I think I would have in-



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and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to get sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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A REAL MAN

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dignantly denied it. I felt sad and unhappy, without knowing why. Once I came home from the fishermen's huts and threw myself on my bed and burst into a fit of weeping. What was the matter with me? Had the experiences through which I had passed broken down my self-confidence and produced a state of upset nerves?

There were things that puzzled me about El Rani, too. Along with my anxiety about Flame O'Neal, and my perpetual wonder as to what had become of him, I tried to guess El Rani's secret plans.

He had seemed like a changed man on that ride, and though he had taken me with him by force, he had not once threatened me as he had before. I wondered if he had used me merely as a means of baffling and enraging Flame O'Neal. And what had he meant by saying I would see him again.

Thoughts like these tormented me as the days went slowly past. My father was mending but he seldom spoke and followed my movements with his pale, quiet eyes like a child.

ONE day the native bearers arrived with mail, and I found a letter from the agent in Algiers, telling me he knew of someone who might care to buy our property. The price offered meant a great loss, but I wanted to get my father out of the country at any cost.

I wrote back, agreeing to close for the terms named, but after the letter went, a mood of unaccountable depression seized me.

In vain I asked myself what it was that troubled me. As I looked back on those months before El Rani and the Irish captain had come to our peaceful home, it seemed to me that if I had not always been gay, at least I had been happy. Now I had a feeling that I would never be happy again.

I had just finished breakfast the next morning, and was planning to go down to the water to see that everything was going as it should when Ali came into the room and beckoned to me. My father who was sufficiently recovered to take his meals with me, was drinking his coffee.

I made some excuse and followed Ali who led me towards the outer door.

"There is a message for you," he said, "but the man will not give it to me. He will not say anything."

I went out on the veranda and there I found the deaf and dumb black who guarded me on that march to the walls of Mascar.

Evidently he had not met death at the hands of the Sultan. He greeted me with a broad, toothless smile as if he appreciated the stratagem by which I had escaped from him.

He handed me a thin fold of parchment on which I read: "Follow Rossom."

El Rani."

At that curt missive, I felt curiously irritated. Why should I do this thing and how did I know what the message really meant? Did El Rani think me a fool? Did he expect me to risk my life a second time in his unscrupulous hands? Did he think I did not already have a full knowledge of his treachery? Angriely I tried to make Rossom understand, tearing the parchment before his eyes into tiny strips, and turning on my heel.

BUT as I sat down again to my breakfast, that brief message filled my mind. Surely El Rani knew that I was aware he had not sent that summons without cause! And all at once there came into my brain, as clearly as one sees a figure on a screen, the face of Flame O'Neal.

I felt that El Rani's message concerned the Irish adventurer and a strange nervousness came over me.

Was Flame O'Neal in trouble? Was he, perhaps, dying? At that thought my heart seemed to stop beating. It seemed to me that regardless of the risk I should not have sent Rossom away. I should have fol-

lowed him no matter where he led me.

It was no use trying to justify that feeling, or explain it by logic; it was an emotion more powerful than any reason. I jumped to my feet, ran towards the veranda, and I think I gave a cry of joy when I saw that Rossom still waited!

After that I did not try to reason at all. I followed the overpowering call of something stronger than thought. I signalled him to wait while I hurried back to tell Ali that I expected to return by nightfall. I ordered him to take care of my father and let no one know that I was away.

Then I saddled my pony, and Rossom and I set out across the desert.

Again and again as we rode I wondered why I was doing this thing, but I knew if I turned back, I would be miserable. I guess I was afraid to find out what I wanted to learn more than anything else in the world!

It was mid-afternoon with the sun at its hottest, when we took a new direction and half an hour later we came to that place I remembered with vividness and terror—the secret oasis where El Rani had first imprisoned me and tried to force me to be his.

The little building in which I had been guarded was almost a ruin, and on every side I saw the signs of recent strife. I passed a dead horse, not yet dragged away from the encampment. I saw places in the sand that looked as if they had been torn up by some fearful conflict. And presently I noticed a few men, bandaged as if from wounds, going about their work. The camp was no longer the resting place of an impressive caravan.

ROSSOM guided me forward to a place where canvas had been stretched upon two poles, making a rude tent. He parted the swaying folds and disappeared inside for a minute. Then he came out and beckoned to me, but I remained where I was, and did not even dismount from my pony.

Then from the tent itself came El Rani!

In that instant all the fears and hesitations I had felt about coming here rushed back upon me a hundredfold. For this was not the quiet-voiced, philosophical Arab who had carried me to my father's door, but rather that marauding and violent man who had not hesitated to wreck my life!

I recognized that even before he snapped out an order which brought men running to lift me from my horse and place me in front of him.

He waved his hand and we were alone.

"I have waited for you a long time," he said at last. "I could not permit myself the luxury of conquering you until I had first recruited my men. These whom you see around you are all that are left. The bones of the rest dry in the desert, but many men of Mascar have left their own bones to bleach beside them! For the moment, I am safe. And now I want you!"

"El Rani!" I said, "you can't mean, after all that's happened—"

"That there are few in my place who would not have killed you for what you did," he said, "but in spite of that I want you still, woman of the Nazarenes! And now you are mine to take! You dared not refuse to answer my message. Your woman's curiosity was too strong!"

It was useless to say anything. But mingled with my dread and rage there was the realization of my unutterable folly. This man of whom I should have expected nothing but the basest treachery, had drawn me into his net with such ease that I felt nothing but contempt for myself.

I was wildly seeking some way of escape but El Rani caught my arm and dragged me towards him.

"This time nothing is going to save you!" he said. "Nothing, do you understand? These men I trust as I trust myself, for they have already risked their lives in my ser-



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vice. As for the one man who helped you before—wait! I will show you!"

He almost dragged me out of the shadows of the canvas structure before which he stood. We made a circuit of the camp, passed the palms, and came out behind a rising dune into the blaze of the late afternoon sun.

Though terror almost paralyzed me I submitted, only praying that something would save me as something had saved me before. If ever I got free from the clutches of this man whom I took to be little better than a fiend, I promised myself I would never fall into his hands again. I would return to America with my father and try to forget the strange and terrible things that were imprinted on my mind like the pictures of a nightmare.

The next moment as we had rounded the turn of the sandhill, a cry broke from me. It was prompted by no conscious thought, but came from my overflowing heart.

FOR there lying on his back under that fierce sun with his arms and legs staked firmly to the earth was Flame O'Neal. I knew then that El Rani was killing him by that worst of desert tortures, death by slow burning, a death more horrible than that of witches burned at the stake in the dark ages. He would be stretched out here beneath the sun, without food or water, until his brain writhed in madness and death came slowly upon him.

"For God's sake, El Rani!" I screamed. "let him go! Don't do this thing!"

A cruel smile curved the Arab's mouth. "Why should I? He has betrayed me and would betray me again if he were to live."

"He saved your life," I said. "He was wounded and risked his own life to save yours!"

"Possibly. But that is a form of sentimentality unknown to the followers of the prophet. As easily as he saved me, would he destroy me if he lived. Now he dies and between you and me there is nothing!"

It seemed to me that Flame O'Neal twisted his head slightly and a faint moan came from him. I saw that he had been gagged as well as bound, and in my pity for him, I forgot my own fears.

"Let him go, El Rani," I pleaded. "Let him go! For God's sake!"

"Why should I?" I answered him from the sudden knowledge that poured into my heart, overmastering everything.

"Because I love him," I said. "I love him! Do you understand?"

"You love him? But I heard you tell him you wouldn't even marry him according to the customs of your people."

"Oh, I love him so much that no one else in the world matters," I said. "If I can't have him I don't want anyone else!"

I was scarcely aware of what I said, but the truth had come from me, not only for El Rani, but for myself. In that instant, as if a veil were torn from my eyes, I saw what it was that had been making me miserable. I knew now that I loved Flame O'Neal as I could never love anyone else in the world!

EL RANI clapped his hands and from the shadows of the dune two men came swiftly. They untied O'Neal's bonds, slipped his gag and lifted him to his feet.

El Rani, the Akbar of Tiflis, made a low, almost ironic bow. "You saved my life," he said to O'Neal, "and I told you that El Rani would not forget! This woman, whom I, too, have desired, is yours. I have made her confess her love for you."

I stared, trying hard to realize what was happening and Captain O'Neal glanced from the Arab to me and back again.

"What is this, El Rani, what is this?" he asked.

El Rani was still smiling his quiet smile.

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"This is good-by," he said at last. "I lose you, my friend, as I have lost my Sultan and my country. I go into the hills to carve a new destiny for myself. It may be years before I return to Europe once more. As for you, take her and go before I change my mind! There are horses yonder, hers and yours. Allah speed you and give you happiness!"

He turned on his heel and walked slowly away. And then I suddenly understood. I understood how El Rani had paid O'Neal by forcing me to admit to him and to myself that I loved him. I could not speak as Burke O'Neal, the Flame of the Desert, gripped my arm and looked into my eyes.

"My darling, is it really true?" he asked. I could say nothing. I only knew the happiness I had longed for was mine when I found myself in his arms.

"Twas a great pity about the Decasse, poor devil," he said. "She decided she liked

me, and when you saw her fling herself into my arms that day long ago it was difficult explaining. And afterwards when I had to tell her a string of lies to get you clear, it made it hard, too. But sure you never doubted me, did you, my dear?"

"Never," I said, "but I wouldn't let myself realize the truth."

Then he laughed and kissed me again and set me upon my horse. I saw his glance go past the encampment, as if he were remembering El Rani with sadness and with irony. But he said no word.

Ahead of us lay the sea-coast and my father's house. Ahead of us lay life. The dusk was falling swiftly. The tired desert seemed to drowse, as if recalling many memories of which I was but one.

So it was, our arms touching, under the starlight, with the cool night breeze blowing against our faces, that Burke O'Neal and I rode home!

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What Every Woman Fears

(Continued from page 25)

Allison carried me upstairs to bed. Every married woman can tell you how light she was in her lover's arms when he was bachelor and she an unmarried girl. When Allison carried me up in his arms as if I were a feather, the feel of his arms about me was at one time a confession and a prophecy.

I had won again but the gray feeling crept upon me. Some day, intuition told me, I would have it all to do over again. And I did.

Not in a day, not in a week, not in a month, but inevitably it came.

They say that the wife is always the last to find out, but I knew from the first and I liked no single attention that Allison showed to Lydia.

SHE was a widow and there had been a little talk about her but Lydia was not one to let the left hand of the world know what the right hand of her private affairs did.

This affair scared me. Never before had Allison attempted to be subtle. He had seen something he wanted, and he had gone for it. Those other fights for him had been mere pastime compared to what this promised to be. And within me had come a change of feeling. I had lost my zest for the fight for the sake of the fight. I would have gloried in it a few years ago; now I wanted only Allison and peace.

Was I the girl who had laughed at my mother and aunts when they warned me? Where had that keenness for conflict gone? In its place now, there was tiredness and dimly behind it fear was beginning to make itself known.

I did not dare underestimate Lydia. She had brains. She could fight me as I had fought Betty and Yvonne.

Neither of us was willing to break into open war, but antagonism smoldered beneath the surface for long, weary, desperate weeks. I was fighting a losing battle. Allison was getting in deeper and deeper and so far I had won no decisive victory.

I had made myself as lean and hard, beneath the soft flesh as an Indian runner. My toilet table was littered with perfumes

and cosmetics but my nerves were on edge and sometimes it took every ounce of will-power I could summon to keep from revealing the horror that ate inwardly, day and night.

Don't think that I did not fight for my man, but Lydia was as keen as I, and as well equipped. She had neither qualm nor scruple. She wanted Allison. She was new, there was novelty in her, while I had to surmount the barrier that Allison was tied to me.

I fought her silently for weeks, for months and I knew I was losing. Lydia knew how to attract men, and how to hold them. What she wanted was her only consideration. There were no limits to what she would do to gain her point.

I tried everything in my desperation knowing all the while that I must not let that desperation show. Lydia wanted only a man, but I wanted Allison. No one could take his place with me.

As I lay awake nights there was no plan that did not receive painstaking consideration. Allison had never wanted children, and I had not dared take the risk. I must keep fit. In his office, old Dr. Dubose, who had brought me into this world, shook his head gravely.

"I'm sorry, honey," he told me softly. "But Nature has a way of hitting back. When she offers you something and you turn it down too many times, she takes from you the ability to accept it."

After that in spite of myself I began losing weight. There had been the time when my battle had been to keep slim, but now I had to struggle to keep from losing until I was gaunt.

WHEN one is completely walled in with but one door from which to escape, finding that door is more a matter of perseverance than brains. I thought a long time, before I began flirting with Leslie Shelton but when I did I let him think what he wanted to. Every woman knows how to do that if she wants to.

He was a visitor in town, and I knew I was playing with fire. He had learned of Allison's attentions to Lydia and then had

become attentive to me. I turned him down at first.

Then one night when I knew what time Allison would return home and when I knew just how much to encourage Leslie Shelton, he overturned the table I had shoved between us as Allison's key clicked in the lock. I was trying in vain to fight him off when Allison stepped through the doorway.

I realized when I saw Allison's face that I had gone too far. I have never seen his anger aroused before and I do not want to see it again. He struck Leslie and afterwards we learned that he shattered his fist with that first blow. The fact that it landed high saved Shelton's life. It was all that he could do to keep Allison from killing him with his bare hands and I tried with all my strength to stop him, but it seemed as if he intended to kill him before he let him go.

The men of the South never have learned to let the law take its course when a Southern woman has been attacked. They take the law into their own hands.

Shelton at last broke from the grip of that shattered hand, and fled. We learned afterward that he did not wait to gather his baggage from the hotel.

That was six months ago, and so far Allison has shown no sign of returning to Lydia's spell.

Perhaps the fact that another man valued highly what Allison regarded as permanently his own made him see me, for the while at least, with new, unjudged eyes. I am safe I suppose until the next invasion.

But there's the rub. The dim fear that first came to me in the early days of the danger from Lydia has grown into realization.

This morning, before my mirror, in the merciless white glare of sunlight, I found in my face the hints of something that ten years from now will be lines. It started me wondering and there is a heavy feeling around my heart continually as I realize what the future holds for me.

How long? So far, I have not failed. I have met all comers, but how long . . . ? There is one opponent that I know I am not keep on conquering forever, one opponent that will surely defeat me in the end.

Once Allison took me to a championship fight; and in the last round the champion, who had looked unconquerable when he climbed through the ropes, lay unconscious on the canvas while the referee held aloft the glove of a clumsier, poorer, less adept but younger fighter. It was not he who had whipped the champion. Not he, but Time!

And how long can I continue to whip Time? Today I can meet, outwit and outcharm the Bettys, the Yvonnas and even the Lydias. But looking down the vista of the years that are to come, I am tired with a great tiredness. I long for peace and security. Conviction hammers dully home to me the knowledge that some day, when my eyes have lost their sparkle, when my cheeks have lost their clear, young roundness, when my lips no longer are firm and youthful, eventually, inevitably, I must face my fear.

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Just a Soft-Hearted Bandit

(Continued from page 44)

be arranged if the Americano wishes it. "How arranged?"

"Oh, by, let us say, a thousand pesos gold." "You mean you will sell Carmelita to me for a thousand pesos gold?"

Again her shoulders rose. "Not sell. Let us not say 'sell.' I mean that for a thousand pesos Carmelita becomes the wife of the big Americano. She cook for you. She keep the house for you. She be yours."

For many minutes I sat there without answering, thinking of the slim loveliness of Carmelita and the low music of her voice. Then I asked.

"What of José?"

She laughed. "Does a caballero turn aside because he finds in his path a worm?"

"Perhaps. Especially if a thought for the worm's happiness should occur to the caballero. Besides, does Carmelita love me?"

"Who knows? But she would. I am Carmelita's mother and my word is her law. I say, 'Come,' and she comes and I say, 'Go,' and she goes. How should it be otherwise? I say, 'Look, the big Gringo wants you for his wife,' and she will say, 'Very well. It shall be so.'"

THEN after a moment she added softly in Spanish, "Youth passes, my friend, and the joys of youth. It is never well to wait too long. For a day comes when you wake up and find that somehow the years have slipped away. So take youth and love now, my friend, and consider that a thousand pesos is a very little thing seeing that they bring you youth and love and all the happiness of earth."

For a long time I sat lost in thought while a dream stole into my heart out of the quiet world about me, a dream of the simple love of a man and woman, a dream of somehow winning the love and beauty and radiant youth of this unawakened girl. Why not? The world outside held for me nothing but danger and bitter memories. Why not marry, live out my life here and, perhaps, find a portion of the peace and serenity these people possessed? And again I thought of the slender grace of Carmelita and of her tawny eyes.

I rose and walked down the street to where Ramon sat in his patio drinking tequila. He looked at me without speaking. He had grown more sullen with the passing days and twice we had come to the brink of an open quarrel, so tonight I wasted few words.

"Ramon," I said, "we have lived too long together here. I want the two thousand pesos that you owe me. It may be your wedding present for Carmelita and me."

His half-drunken laughter sounded like lard frying. "Are you entirely crazy?" he asked. "Take the half-breed by all means. But why marry her?"

"Because I would rather have it so," I said. "Because I am sick of all the rest, sick of you and thievery and violence. From today I turn my back on the things I have stood for too long. Let the money be in my hands tomorrow."

Without another word I went inside. I couldn't tell just what Carmelita thought about it all. Looking back I realize now that the habit of obedience was very strong in her, and perhaps she was still too much the child to give it serious thought." Once I asked her if she were happy about it all, but she looked away and only said, "It is the wish of my madre."

"But don't you see, little girl, that that isn't enough? You, yourself, must care just a little."

I looked into her eyes hoping they would grow tender but long lashes veiled them.

And by way of answer she quoted the Spanish proverb, "Love blows as the wind blows."

She seemed a little more shy than before, a little more given to long silences. The adobe house that I had ordered built on the edge of the village thrilled her. To her it was a new play house.

As for José he left no doubt about his feelings. During the next few weeks he avoided both Carmelita and me. It was not until the day before the wedding that I saw him again. That morning I had ridden out through the pasture lands north of the village. He came toward me from out the bushes.

"Senor," he said, by way of beginning, "we have been friends. You are a great caballero—I am as dust beneath your feet. Tomorrow you marry Carmelita. Whether or not she loves you, I do not know, and whether or not I love her does not matter. But I say this, if you bring unhappiness to her, one tear of unhappiness, I, myself, José, will kill you."

He turned and disappeared.

It was that same morning Ramon rode over to me as I stood looking over the nearly-completed house.

"The little love nest," he said. "Home of the big Americano outlaw and the little half-breed girl."

I looked up at him quietly.

"Any news from outside?"

"Yes," he said, "important news that will interest you. They have now placed five thousand pesos blood money on your head." He rubbed his hands and chuckled. "That will be a neat sum for some one who happens to drop you from your saddle as you ride the trails one of these days. Five thousand pesos easily earned."

I pointed into the sky where a dozen vultures were circling out over the edge of the desert.

"You see those fine birds, Ramon?" I asked him. "Has it occurred to you that he who would earn those five thousand pesos is in some little danger of having his bones picked very clean? And if you yourself, Ramon, are in great need of five thousand pesos, take a friend's advice. Earn them in some less dangerous way than seeking out the blood money that is on my head. For I do not love you too much, neither do I trust you too much. Therefore remember that life is sweet and that I still shoot very straight, Don Ramon."

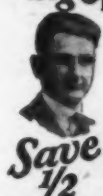
FOR a wavering instant he looked into my eyes, then dropped his own and rode away. But the meeting left me with a little feeling of apprehension. For after all, I was quite alone and, if he wished, it would be no very difficult thing for him to accomplish my death. Also there would be a certain advantage in freeing himself of one who knew too much for his own security.

But by evening I had forgotten all this for Carmelita and I had walked down to the house that was to be her home and mine, and as the sun set we went down to the river where I had first found her. It was flowing calmly, and we sat there watching the desert changing from rose to crimson and from crimson to royal purple as night fell.

Sitting there in the silence and in the half-darkness I thought of tomorrow and of all the tomorrows after that should be ours. And it may be that I offered a kind of voiceless prayer for the power to bring happiness to this slight, indistinct figure by my side.

Without a word I drew her to me. I felt a little tremor pass over her and then a kind of madness seized me. I clasped her

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tight in my arms and pressed my lips on hers. I felt her tiny hands on my chest pushing me back. I felt her shudder under my embrace. And then suddenly and shrilly from out the night came a long whistle.

I raised my head. In the shadow of the trees a dark form was standing. Carmelita had slipped sobbing to the ground, and I took one step forward with my hand on the automatic at my side. Then a pistol flashed among the shadows and I felt a stinging, tearing pain through my breast. I jerked my own gun from its holster and fired twice, before I sprawled helplessly on the ground. After that I remember nothing.

It was four days later when I opened my eyes again, on a bed of pine needles and goat skins, and looked up to see Carmelita smiling down at me. She put her hand to my lips.

"You must not talk," she said, "for you are very weak."

UTTERLY worn out I slept for many hours, then woke to take food, and slept again. In little disconnected passages it all came back to me. I had been shot from ambush.

Carmelita nodded. "Yes. I thought at first it was José, for that whistle was his, but after the shots José himself came running up to me. He had seen Ramon among the trees and tried to warn you. But after Ramon fired, you shot twice and Ramon must have thought that he missed, for he ran away. But now he and his men hunt for you, for he knows that it is his life or yours. He has turned my mother out of the house, and me, too. He swears to kill me for he thinks I know where you are. And José and I have brought you here, to hide you until you are better. And then we must go away or Ramon will kill us all."

I said nothing, but I looked at the two black automatics that lay beside my bed. Bitterly I thought, my destiny, no matter how well I planned, was to be one of violence. For it had to be Ramon's life or mine now. For the sake of these two children as well as for myself, I must hunt him down.

I rested one more day until strength came back to me and, on the night of that day, I buckled on my guns and under cover of darkness went down to the village. A candle was burning in the house of Ramon and as I listened outside the patio I heard the clink of a glass. I moved along the patio wall until I could see through the window. I made out Ramon sitting at a table in the lamplight.

Something told me to shoot him down as one shoots a mad dog, for I knew that the day had passed when we two could share the border country in safety. Twice I lined up my automatic over his heart and each time lowered my gun. The third time, angered at my own uncertainty, I took deliberate aim at the lamp on the table and shot it out.

I heard a curse and a chair crashed against the wall. Then in the dim moonlight, I saw Ramon standing in the doorway. Almost at once he caught sight of me and raised his pistol. Too late! I fired twice from the hip and he lunged forward and lay still. Frightened servants ran before me as I went to the stable and saddled his fastest horse.

Slowly I rode back. The last obstacle to my safety was gone. Now at last I might live in peace and in the happiness of my love for that little dark-haired girl. I should forget all that had ever been. I should begin anew from this night on and with God's help I would make her happy.

From out the shadow I saw Carmelita and José beside the fire. And my step on the soft grass must have made no sound, for her head lay on his shoulder and his arm was about her waist. For a moment long as all eternity I stood there, fighting



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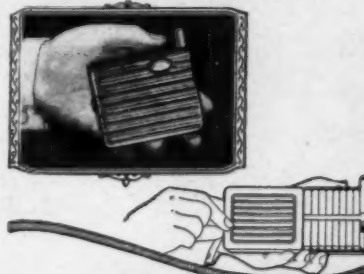
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against a sudden anger and a wild desire to grip the Colt at my side. For I had felt the ecstasy of my lips on hers and I had dreamed golden dreams and now I, who for two years had terrorized the border country, stood silent and powerless before the love of this half-breed girl and a peasant boy. Slowly and forever my dream castles crumbled away.

A twig cracked beneath my feet and the two by the fire looked up, then started apart, but in neither face was any sign of fear. Instead Carmelita came toward me and in her eyes as she raised them, I saw a light that had not been there before. It was a light that I had not been able to kindle, the light that only love can bring.

"MY FRIEND," she said. "I did wrong when I let my mother make me promise to marry you. I know it now, but then I did not know it. Not until you kissed me did I know that I was not for you. And somehow I knew then that for good or evil, I loved José. Before he has always seemed just José. But now I know it is he that my heart loves. And even if I wanted to I could not change it, any more than I could change those stars."

Very softly I laid my hand on her head. "I know," I answered. "love comes, never as one bids it, but as it will. There is a

house here that I built for you. I shall not need it any more. It is for you and José." I drew from my pocket one of the bags of gold. "Also," I said, "these yellow playthings have value, so I leave them for you. And now I go. It may be we shall meet again."

I FELT her lips touch my hand, and I turned my horse toward the desert. From the hilltop I looked for the last time over the sleeping village, the same village that not so long ago had spoken to me of peace and forgetfulness. And as I looked a great sense of loss and sorrow came over me, for even here peace had been denied me. I must go on, driven like a wild thing over the face of the earth. I had sought the security of friendship and had found treachery. I had sought what I thought might be love and happiness and had found in my arms only a frightened child to whom my kisses were hateful. No, my place, if I had a place in the world, was somewhere else. My time here was up.

Slowly I rode out into the silent desert, but even today across the years and the miles that stretch between those times and now, some word of song brings it all back again. And I find myself hoping that they are happy, that life and love have been kind to those two children of the desert.

The Substitute Lover

(Continued from page 64)

breathed, "how could I say that?"

She shivered perceptibly but she did not answer me.

"Confess to him," I said. "If you lose him, at least you have let the dark secret out and are cleansed of it and if he is all you say, you won't lose him."

"I shall feel helpless. One dark look from him and I am gone. But," she said, "if you will stay with me when I do it—"

I laughed softly. "I'll stay; just wait a minute."

MY GUESS was right. Herbert had been sent for because she was so ill and he was with her parents when I entered the living room. My face must have been pale, for they all got up, and Herbert could not help a moan escaping from his lips.

"There is hope," I said to Herbert, "if you love her so much that you are great in your love."

"What is it?"

"Come with me, Herbert."

We entered Edwyna's room together. He started toward her with a cry.

I motioned him to a seat.

"I have something to confess," Edwyna said. "It was in my senior year at college. I had always been strait-laced and conventional, and many of the girls teased me. I neither smoked nor drank. I hated petting. I thought of love as something beautiful like great music or great poetry. And then one day I met a man whom we nicknamed Devvy. He had a queer effect on me. It was as if a volcano exploded in me, as if I turned from a saint into a devil. That very evening, in spite of the protests of my friend, I went to a party with him. I

drank, smoked, petted and—oh, must I tell the rest?"

She looked at Herbert and so did I. He had turned ghastly pale, his hands were clenched, his nails digging into his palms, and he sat still with a mighty effort. I saw the veins standing out in his forehead.

Then the change came. His face cleared. He gazed back at her.

Slowly he rose and went toward her. They were in each other's arms.

I AM glad enough to record that I attended the wedding not so long afterward, and found them a radiantly beautiful couple.

Perhaps my readers are beginning to ask why this has been the case also in the other stories I told. The answer is simple. I pick out those cases which were more or less solved, since the solutions suggest possibilities for others. There are sometimes more failures than successes. Often enough the holding of a dark and bitter secret leads to insanity or grave illness. It is like a wall shutting the patient out from the world about him and especially from those he loves. It would have been better for Edwyna if she had confessed and lost Herbert, for unless her amnesia had been cured, she would doubtless have died.

There are other such cases noted on my index cards, of the deepest emotions, the strongest and most fantastic problems that trouble the souls of men and women. Possibly next month I will tell the story of the wife who adored her husband, too much. It was love even "unto idolatry" and therefore disastrous. But enough for now! Once more, dear reader, "Au revoir."

DO YOU believe that it is fatal to love anyone too much—fatal not only to love but perhaps to life itself? In an early issue of *Smart Set*, the family doctor will share with you another of his amazing cases—concerning "The Wife Who Adored Her Husband" and almost lost her life thereby.

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Can You Make Your Head Work for Your Feet?

(Continued from page 51)

father had often said to me in a joking way that didn't hurt:

"You'll never be a beauty, Gladys, but that grin of yours may take you further than many of the pretty-pretty ones!"

I found, as I grew older, that I could never find an inexpensive hat, which in any way enhanced my attractions, and I used this disability in my campaign to make myself well-known. I bought brightly colored silk handkerchiefs for a few shillings, each, and these I used as headgear. I would wind a handkerchief turban-wise about my head, and with a brightly-colored cape of my own design, impressed people in such a way that those who saw me did not forget me.

I JUSTIFIED myself for this display by noting the effect of similar stunts on the part of the artists, male and female, who were then predominant on my list of acquaintances. I was quite open about my intention. One man, an artist who now is famous and wealthy, but was then having a thin time, asked me what I meant by the out-of-the-way get-up.

"Precisely what you mean," I said, "by wearing that Montmartre hat, flowing tie, uncropped hair, and the patriarchal beard! You want people to remember you as 'So-and-so,' the painter. I want them to remember me as Gwladys Dillon the dancing-mistress!"

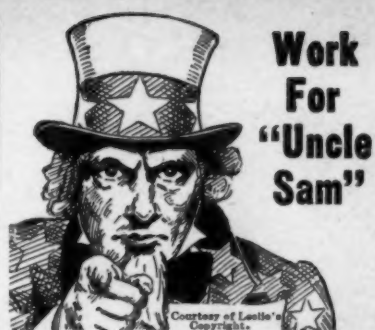
I believe it all helped, too. In the cafes frequented by the artists and actors, people pointed me out, and those who wanted dancing lessons for themselves, or heard of others in need of them, remembered me as the girl who wore pirate headgear. But behind this comic self-propaganda, there was the fact that I really could teach stage dancing. I was getting pupils into all the best theaters in town, and thus my reputation was spreading.

Then came an event which really did put me in the first rank as a teacher. A young musical comedy actor, who is now prospering in America, came to me in a hurry. He could dance, but in a new show at the Gaiety Theater, in London, he had been asked to interpolate a solo dance. It was his chance to make good, but he was completely without an original idea.

He asked me to work out a dance for him and to teach him how to do it. I did. The number "went big," as the theater folk say, and the management took particular notice of it. The boy was asked how he had come upon the idea, and he was generous enough to give me full credit for my part in it.

THE result was that the directorate of the producing company sent for me, and I was asked to arrange solo and concert dances in the next production. I was twenty-six then, and for the next eight or nine years I was fully occupied in arranging and teaching dances in all the theaters run by the Grossmith management. It would take too long to enumerate all the successful musical shows in which I had part, but they were many and varied.

The work during that eight or nine years was very strenuous, but I hardly ever took a holiday. I was keenly interested in my work, and exceedingly proud of the progress I was making. It was war time, too, and the general atmosphere of London was feverish, almost hectic. People in the



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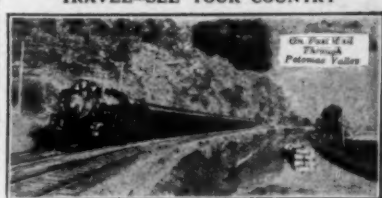
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theater wanted to forget for an hour or two the terrible things that were happening across the Channel, to forget that tomorrow might bring news of greater carnage and a swollen casualty list. The young men on leave wanted to forget past suffering and future danger. Most people wanted light entertainment in the theater. The one thing I could do well was to teach dancing, and people wanted dancing. I threw myself into my work with all the energy and pep I had.

IT IS believed by the doctors who have had charge of me that in those strenuous years I took too heavy a toll of my nervous system, thus lowering my capacity for resisting the disease, whatever it may be, which has placed me in a wheel-chair.

However that may be, it was five and six years ago since I first began to notice that all was not well with me. I did not feel definitely ill. Perhaps in the rush of work I simply had not time to be ill. But sometimes, when I was dancing, I would stagger unaccountably and fall. I joked about it to begin with, but as time went on and the fallings became more frequent I grew alarmed. I blamed my legs, and tried the usual athlete's remedies of massage and exercise. Then I lost the use of my legs completely, and was told that something was the matter with my spine.

In the first shock of finding myself paralyzed I think I despaired. I was a dancer. I reveled in the disciplined nimbleness of my legs and feet and in the fitness of my body. "How could I live," I asked myself, "if I could not skip about to the lilt of music? How could I face life if I were doomed, as it seemed I was, to lie on my back as a helpless invalid for the rest of my existence? Then there was the economic side of it. How was I to keep life in my body if I could not continue to carry on with my work? And how was I going to teach dancing if I could not by example instill into my pupils the use of their feet and limbs?"

But there I exaggerated. It shows the depth of my despair. I was married and my husband was able and willing to give me all the care I needed. I saw this, ultimately, but still I despaired, for I was proud of the school I had built up, proud of my reputation in the theater. Was it to this end that I had labored so hard and so happily for twenty years? Was it to this end that my mother and myself had made those early sacrifices, done with so little? Was this the end of Gwladys Dillon, the cheeky youngster with the pirate headgear, the successful woman, the dancer and teacher of dancing?

EVERYTHING possible was done for me. The best specialists in the country came to me. I was carried to Germany where scientists of world-wide reputation did their best for me, where healing baths came out of the earth for me. It was useless! My limbs refused to find their strength again. Try as they might the doctors could not discover the cause of my trouble, or if they did they would not explain it to me.

But if the strength of my legs did not come back, something of my grip on myself returned. "What about that old grin of mine?" I asked myself. "What about the old grin that father thought would carry me far?" I got back to the old idea of the committee of ways and means. Here was a problem to be faced dispassionately and bravely. Wasn't there a bright gleam anywhere?

It dawned on me that however badly off I was there were many people in the world with greater cause for despair even than I. There had been many a man and woman with far greater cause, who had yet made good, who had triumphed over appalling trouble.

So I looked for the gleam and found it. I searched for the ways and means and found them. And here I come to the luck I spoke of a little way back when I told of finding myself a born teacher.

It is not given to everybody to have the knack of teaching. Some of the finest exponents of an art, whether it be painting, music, writing or dancing, are miserable teachers. They do not know by what instinct they paint a soul-absorbing picture, set down an entralling symphony or interpret so satisfyingly a Mozart concerto. They do not know by what God-given power they write an uplifting book, or interpret by rhythmic motion some great piece of music.

These people of genius may have, and do have, the finest technical skill, but they do not know why they do this in one place and that in the other. They cannot explain. It is probably part of their great gift that they should be impatient of explaining. And patience in explanation is the first essential for teaching. It does not do to become angry with the apparently dull pupil, for often that very pupil, once she or he has learned, will do the teacher most credit. To lose one's temper is merely to defeat one's object. Now I knew that I was patient in explanation. I knew that I could give a reason for everything I told my pupils. And I knew that I was not apt to grow ill-humored with any pupil who obviously was trying to understand. I knew myself a born teacher.

I thanked my stars that I was a born teacher, that most of my work had been in teaching. If, instead of building up a reputation as a teacher, I had won success as a solo dancer, I might have reasonably despaired of my future. It would have meant simply that, crippled as I was, I would have disappeared from the stage and from the public remembrance. There would have been nothing left to build upon.

If the house of my fortunes, then, seemed to have fallen about my ears, I had at least the bricks left with which to start rebuilding. I had more, when I came to think of it. My reputation as a teacher still remained and it was more solid than the reputation of the artist who depended merely on the favor of audiences. Moreover, I had a business that was still going ahead. In my absence, my assistants were still carrying on. That was the gleam of light I found.

I set myself to think out the means whereby I could convey to pupils all that I had stored up in my head. After all, I remembered, it was my brain that counted more than my legs. I remembered, too, that many a time when I had been tired I had by gesture and explanation made quite clear to my pupils how they should dance. After a morning of hard work, it had often happened that in an afternoon's session I had adopted that expedient. If the method could be used once, surely it could be used always, even if I had to lie on a couch in the school-room? I made up my mind to try, to go on with my work as if nothing had ever happened. I was carried back to England a comparatively happy woman.

FIVE years or more have elapsed since I came to that decision, and my school is still flourishing, still expanding. Each morning I am in the dance-room in my wheel-chair, ready for my boys and girls to troop in smiling. It is a wonderful thing to me, and it helps me along, to see what inveterate smilers my pupils are. If one or other of them happens to be late, or has something to apologize for, he or she comes to me and leans over my chair to smile.

They are all very gentle with me. It might seem at first sight that I am at their mercy, but indeed, because of my disability, they are at my mercy. Their self-discipline and their good-humor are wonderful! I am told by visitors that it would be difficult to

be ill-humored with me, even if I were not disabled. They say that my smile is disarming.

I have among my pupils quite a number of girls from the best society, and it often happens that I have to go to their homes to teach. I find myself laughing, like someone looking at her own comedy, at the idea of myself being helped into a great house by two liveried footmen, and practically carried to a chair in the music-room. I wonder to myself what the two footmen or the stately butler think of a dancing teacher who can't even walk! Is there another dancing teacher in the world who cannot use her legs?

YES, there is something humorous to me in the situation, but there is something practical, too. In my agile days I think I was too much inclined to show slow-minded and slow-footed pupils what I wanted from them by practical demonstration. It was the easiest way of explaining, or seemed to be the quickest one. I am not so sure now. The fact that I cannot use my feet seems to have led me into a clearer explanation of difficult points by word of mouth.

My mind works more clearly, and I fancy that I get what I want into the minds of my pupils in a shorter time. For the practical demonstration of steps I have assistants, and I find that pupils who have learned a little are always ready to help the newcomers. For the rest, it is possible by the placing of the hands, or even by the twiddling of the fingers, to show how steps should be executed or how the movements of a dance should be carried out. Sometimes these methods get at the pupils more quickly than any demonstration with the feet could do. Then there is my cane. Even that can be pressed into service.

There is this more to be said for teaching stage dancing from a wheel-chair. In those agile days I was often in the midst of the dancing-class, and so missed much that was wrong and productive of bad methods difficult to eradicate, once they were learned. Now, from the fixed point of my chair, I see more of the class in general and can pick out individual faults more readily.

So you see that even a disability such as mine can be turned into a blessing. In the days when I could run about at rehearsals and dash from one theater to another, or from theater to school and back again, I never seemed to have time even to think. Day in and day out it was a rush, with never a moment for that contemplation which is so good for the soul.

I am occupied in these days just as many of the twenty-four hours as is good for me, and the rest of the time I have for myself and for placidity. I seem to be in the center of life, and yet to be sufficiently aloof for serenity of mind. The present establishment which I have, in the heart of London, though it occupies three floors, is growing too small. In fact, I am contemplating a move to larger quarters in the same district.

I THINK, too, of doing what I have not yet done in my career, advertising. Should it happen, as seems more than likely to, that my school expands to twice its present size, I still will find time for that placid hour or two by myself, which I have found so valuable.

I do not know if I shall ever recover the use of my legs again. The doctors who look after me have not yet lost hope for me, have not yet condemned me to inertia for the remainder of my life. But, come what will in the future, be it recovery and the joy of dancing again or the wheel chair forever, I do think that I shall lose contentment of mind. I do not mean that I shall give up trying everything possible for recovery. That would be too much like lying

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down under misfortune, an attitude which would be a prelude to mere stagnation of will. I shall keep on trying until the last moment. But in these years of physical inactivity I have thoroughly learned my lesson.

There is nothing so bad in this life that it cannot be made the best of. Given cheerfulness of mind, a sense of humor and a modicum of courage, and all these things can be acquired and developed, one can always go into committee with oneself to find out

ways and means, if there be any, for warding off the "fell clutch of circumstance." That, I say out of my own experience, is the only method of arriving where the pain-stricken giant, Henley, found himself when he said:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the
scroll,
I am the master of my fate.
I am the captain of my soul."

Can No One Control You Modern Girls?

(Continued from page 55)

authority. In those days girls away from home looked upon chaperons as a part of the scheme of things and consequently could be controlled. The girl of this day and age, however, has reached the point where she does not tolerate any form of control that interferes with her impulsive, impetuous freedom.

Consequently I cannot restrain my girls as I used to. I cannot enforce the strict laws that once governed their social activities in New York. It would be worse than useless for me to forbid them to smoke, drink cocktails, go off on all kinds of unconventional adventures, unblushingly discuss matters their mothers were even forbidden to think about, and do as they please in general.

THEY say that it is passé to forbid girls to smoke, drink, and stay out all night at parties. So, they blithely go ahead and do as they please without any feeling of guilt. I am the one who feels guilty.

There is the meat of the matter. I cannot control these jazz-age girls as their parents expect me to. I can only let the girls know when I do not approve of their conduct. I cannot coerce them into more conventional behavior because they realize that there is neither power nor force behind me. In the beginning my power and authority flowed directly from the fact that I would report any misconduct or breach of discipline to their parents. If I reported all the things that should be reported to the parents today my business would be ruined. Parents would take their daughters from me on the grounds that I wasn't capable of managing them. And they would be justified.

Really I am between the devil and the deep blue sea. If I dared be honest with parents my conscience would cease to accuse me of breaking faith with parents. It does not make things easier to have my girls tell me that their fathers and mothers are just as unsuccessful at home in controlling them. Parents believe their daughters are being carefully supervised at home. To tell them their children do the very things at home that I cannot keep them from doing in New York would only cause them to dispense with my services more quickly.

Although the impulsive and impetuous self-willed modern girl is mostly to blame for the almost untenable position I am in now, I do not mean this to be a bill of complaint against the girls. They are the most lovable, sincere, honest girls in the world. Naturally their frankness is often a bit shocking to me even after all these years of association with them, because some of my mid-Victorian soul still survives.

Yet, I do not find anything fundamentally bad about today's girl. She isn't looking for evil everywhere. Generally speaking she's the exponent of an honest moral code, although she dares and challenges many of the

things that her mother's code placed beyond the pale.

I never did really look upon the modern girl as presenting a new problem in human nature. I did not behold her as a new invention of the devil because she suddenly took to abbreviating her skirts, saying "damn" when an explosive mood hit her, blowing smoke rings when surveying the effect of her make-up art, and drinking cocktails for excitement. I saw her only as Eve's daughter dressed up in new party clothes and possessed of more frank daring than her sisters before her.

But long ago I had a premonition that the modern girl would eventually put me in the predicament I find myself in today. Until her advent with a new attitude toward everything that affects her own life, I had known the type of girl I chaperoned, because I was one of them. Reared in the social atmosphere of the South I understood the girl who came to me before the World War. I had their own conception of what a lady was. My girls and I always agreed on what was "the thing to do". Consequently I could control and protect them. I knew the situations they faced wherever they went. I knew what to anticipate on every occasion.

But the modern girl soon questioned whatever did not appeal to her "as the thing to do". Clinging to the old order of things I was forced to disagree with the new girl, but she went ahead and carried out her own convictions. She did not sneak. The fact that she was so above-board about everything disarmed my early suspicions.

My first experience with a girl of the new order was indicative of what I had to expect, and although it almost brought the roof down over my head, I had to admire the girl for her frank courage in doing what she saw no harm in doing.

VERY beautiful, and impulsive Virginia girl came up for one of the Army-Navy football games. The day before the game she admired a pair of gorgeous, fancy pajamas in a Fifth Avenue window. Her escort offered to bet her the pajamas against anything she would name that the Army would win. The girl was a Navy rooster. She wagered a silver flask against the pajamas, stipulating that she would wear the pajamas for the boy if Navy won.

She told me about the bet that evening before dinner. I was terribly upset, and told her how impossible it would be to take such a gift from a man even on a bet, much less wear them before him. That impulsive child only laughed away my remonstrations by saying "A bet's a bet!"

I forbade her to carry out the wager. I had never allowed my girls to accept anything but candy and flowers from men. Silk pajamas! Why the very thought of such a thing drove me to distraction. The

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girl's father was in town for a day or so. I thought of going to him, but was deterred by the fear that he would believe I could not properly chaperon his daughter. I assuaged my fears, by the forced belief that Lydia was only trying to shock me. She wouldn't dare carry out such a wild bet!

The Navy won. Lydia's pajamas came to the hotel. They were the loveliest things imaginable. Nile green silk, billowy ruffles, laces, and ribbons. Lydia dressed up in them for us and she looked like some beauty bound for a fancy dress ball of the New Orleans Mardi Gras.

"BUT, I don't really, truly own them yet," she said. "I've got to let Jimmy see me in them before—"

"Lydia, please," I said.

She was a good-hearted child and when she saw she was distressing me she said no more about Jimmy. The next afternoon I had to take two of the girls to a reception. Lydia went out early to attend a matinee.

When I returned at five o'clock I found Lydia's father pacing my living room. He was almost beside himself. He had come in unexpectedly and found Lydia in the pajamas, while Jimmy was present.

"Lydia claimed she was only wearing a costume that she's going to use at a fancy ball, but she admits they're pajamas. Mrs. — do you let such things go on?"

"My dear Mr. —," I said, "your daughter was right. She had the costume made for the Junior League Fancy Dress Party and asked me if she could just let Jimmy see her in it as he won't be here for the ball. Inasmuch as she's going to wear the costume before everybody at the party I didn't see any harm in it."

Lydia's father, like all fathers, didn't want to believe the worst about the affair so he was glad to accept my explanation. When I repeated everything to Lydia she said:

"Oh! Mrs. — you're a perfect peach. You know dad is so unreasonable and so quick to give a thing like this the wrong meaning. We just have to kid him along."

Lydia admitted that such activities were likely to cause trouble but she still refused to stop doing things in which she herself saw no wrong. And Lydia was the forerunner of all the other girls who came to me, insistent upon doing things in which they could see no real wrong.

My ability to control and protect my girls fell off perceptibly with the advent of Lydia and her counterparts. These girls spoke a different language than I and they moved in circles that I did not understand. I did not know how to cope with the situations which their own daring and frankness created. I realized I would never know. Because although I could be sympathetic, patient and tolerant with the modern girl I was too much the old-fashioned Southern lady to bridge the chasm that yawned between the old order of things and the new.

I knew then that I must eventually lose out. To fathers and mothers I could still pose as a chaperon, but the girl knew I was posing and with her characteristic frankness she said:

"I'm not going to be chaperoned in the true sense of the word. I'll do in New York, as I do at home, which is just as I please. I really want to have my own apartment here but my folks insist that I must live under some technical semblance of chaperonage, or they won't pay my way. So, our merry little bluff goes on!"

This ultimatum offered me only one way out. By making myself the confidante and companion of the girls entrusted to me I hoped to persuade them against doing some of the things I could not successfully forbid them to do. With very few exceptions they accepted me as their "mother confessor." They told me things they wouldn't dare tell anyone else.

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For instance when I discovered the truth about a beautiful Titian-haired New Orleans girl whom I shall call Paula, I should have written immediately to her parents and declined to chaperon their daughter any longer. Paula was so stunningly beautiful that she caused admiring comment everywhere. She was not a vain girl but was naturally flattered when one of the most famous young artists of the moment begged her to pose for him. His first work of her was a gem. Everybody raved. It was a study of Paula in party clothes.

She took my breath away the day after it was exhibited by saying the artist had asked her to pose in the nude and she had promised. I put my foot down on this.

Paula insisted it was Art. There was nothing personal in posing for the artist. I think he had convinced her that nude posing was a matter of business and nothing else. Perhaps it was from his professional and artistic viewpoint, but Paula was not a professional. She was a beautiful, impressionable and impulsive girl.

I should have telegraphed her parents and confessed my inability properly to chaperon Paula, but I didn't and a few weeks later, a friend asked me to visit a certain Fifth Avenue gallery. I nearly fainted when the friend showed me a study of Paula in the nude. I went right to the artist. He was polite but firm. Paula had given him written permission to exhibit it. I then appealed to him as a gentleman to help me out of an embarrassing position and he removed the study to his studio.

BUT that was locking the barn after the horse was stolen. Other people who knew Paula had seen the picture and one busy-body wrote Paula's mother. We denied the picture incident but there was so much unpleasantness that Paula went home. It would have been better if I had been honest with her parents before it was too late.

One night I told the girls I would not let them go to a certain party unless I accompanied them. I think they agreed to this because they thought it would be a lark to take me along, not because I was a chaperon.

We had dinner at a very mysterious, but luxuriously appointed place where everybody seemed nice enough. There was music, dancing and a great deal of liquor in evidence. About eleven o'clock the place was raided and we were all held for investigation. I lived in fear and trembling lest the affair should get into the papers, but my girls were thrilled by the experience!

Fortunately, however, the story of the raid never reached print. If it had, my business would have come tumbling about my ears. Imagine a chaperon being arrested with her girls in a prohibition raid!

But, tragedy had its innings and neither the girls nor I were always able to camouflage some of the things that happened. There was the case of a headstrong girl who insisted upon seeing a certain man against my wishes. There were several secret meetings. The girl imagined herself terribly in love.

SHE married the man secretly. Three months later she was an expectant mother and was forced to announce her marriage. The publicity brought to light the fact that the man was already married. He was convicted of bigamy and sentenced, but this did not help the girl.

I had a bitter, ugly scene with her parents. But the girl said that I had expressly forbidden her to see the man and admitted that her own disobedience had caused the deplorable denouement of her love affair. For months after this tragic affair my chaperonage service went on smoothly as a whole. Then just before the war one reckless girl came very near causing me to

die of heart failure. She rushed down to a trans-Atlantic liner to say good-by to a man she loved. I did not know this, or I would have insisted upon accompanying her. She did not get off the boat in time. It was night and there was no chance to hail another ship and send her back. A wireless confessed her predicament. Her people were very prominent Georgians, and I knew they would half-kill me if I didn't stop that boat, or protect their daughter.

I IMMEDIATELY dashed to the steamer's office and demanded the full passenger list of the liner. On this list were six prominent people whom I knew personally. I sent two wireless messages immediately. One to the girl. The other to a couple who took the girl under their chaperonage. I telegraphed the Georgia family that their daughter had been accidentally carried off to England but was safe with Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So. This saved the day for me, but as I say I almost died from heart failure.

Then came the War, which was the beginning of the end for me. The nervous excitement, and frothy hysteria brought about by our war preparations with prominent girls rushing hither and yon, doing all sorts of war duty from entertaining strange soldiers to driving ambulances, completely wrecked my scheme of things.

Sweethearts of my girls would arrive at three or four in the morning with the news that they were sailing in an hour or so. Such excitement! I shall never forget the first call of that kind. I rushed off with the girl to return at seven and find that three others had dashed to piers on like errands! From that time on I didn't try to accompany the girls on these farewell trips.

I don't think I need explain the War's effect on my chaperonage. Everyone remembers those hectic days well enough. It should suffice to say that when they were finally over, the barriers were down, and the modern girl was saying they would never go up again for her.

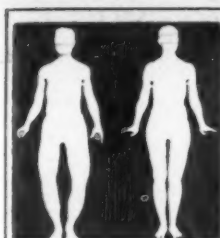
Prohibition had come. And, here, let me say that it is prohibition that has sharpened the teeth of my conscience. Before prohibition the girls who came to me did not drink. They usually didn't approve of men who called for them with liquor on their breath. But prohibition made it fashionable, smart, forbidden and consequently alluring, to steal a drink here and there.

As I discovered that my charges were taking cocktails I grew worried. Not that I saw any direct challenge of convention in drinking a cocktail. But I was afraid of the effect liquor produces. It breeds a recklessness that can often be fatal.

I used the threat of possible poison in bootleg liquor for a while. But, everybody seems to be drinking anything with a kick in it now. By this time, smoking had become an accepted thing for girls even in public. Yet, many parents wrote, definitely forbidding their daughters to smoke. I passed these orders on, but the girls only refrained from smoking in my presence because they liked me. I knew this, just as I knew they were all taking drinks here, and there. I might have been able to minimize their drinking if I could only strictly have supervised their movements. But, now they came and went almost as they pleased. They said they were going to one party of a night, and came back with frothy tales of three parties attended, some in the most unconventional places. My party hour limit was generally disregarded, and when I objected the inevitable answer was:

"Oh! it was such a wonderful party. I just couldn't tear myself away."

Their coming home hour approached the dawn. Parties started late, and ended early in the morning. At first I tried to insist that they telephone me if the party was



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going to outlast its set hour. Their answer was: "Now, Mrs.—it'd be criminal to wake you up like that. We'll just play along with the crowd, and you needn't worry. We know our apples!"

There's little to be said to the type of girl who says such things. What she really means is "I'm going to stay till the end of the party anyhow. So why call?"

What do these girls do on these parties that last to dawn? Where do they go? What kind of temptations are they facing? What kind of men are they meeting?

THESE were questions unanswerable to me at first. But, as their own frankness grew the girls began to tell me at first by conversations among themselves, then by their own admissions to me.

I quickly learned that the change in the girl of today allowed her to do almost anything she wanted to do so long as it didn't actually conflict with any code she had invented as fitting her own standards.

They danced the Charleston, or whatever was the vogue; they drank as much as they needed to get a "kick"; they kissed men they wanted to kiss; they faced all the temptations of a big city, and freedom. They met actors, bootleggers, bankers, athletes, society men, butter and egg men, college boys, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers. They met them conventionally, and unconventionally. They met stenographers, manicurists, girls seeking careers, women who kept speak-easies. And what's more they boasted about these things. Yet this boasting was another phase of the modern girl's honesty. An honesty which I wish I could use in my relation with their parents.

I cannot say that all of this freedom, and this refusal to be chaperoned, has brought about many specific instances of wrongdoing but the fact remains that almost everything they do is at variance with what their parents want them to do. Here is an instance of the near-approach to serious trouble that my impetuous modern girl experiences.

Recently a certain Western girl who was staying with me went out to dinner with another girl, and two young college men. They had several cocktails. While the men were waiting for their change the girls wandered to the street. They found a taxi chugging away without any sign of a driver. The Western girl jumped in, daring the other to go with her. Miss Westerner, an expert driver, stepped on the gas. They were off. The taxi-driver saw them, and gave chase. A policeman joined, and commandeered a passing car. The girls were careening down Sixth Avenue under the "L" tracks. Miss Westerner was not herself from the drinks, and she drove recklessly past traffic lights, narrowly missed several "L" posts, and a few people. Suddenly she dashed into a one-way street the wrong way and oncoming traffic stopped her.

THEY were caught by the policeman, and brought to the station charged with stealing a car and driving without a license while intoxicated. The girls could not remember the place they had started from. The taxi driver informed them. The policeman took them back to find the boys. The boys offered the officer money. He refused, and held them on a charge of "attempted bribery."

The girl from the West telephoned me and I had to call up a very influential official before the police gave up the idea of prosecution. Suppose the charges had gone through, and all of this had appeared in the papers? I'm afraid I must confess that such episodes as this near-approach to serious trouble take place quite frequently without my ever knowing anything about them. It is this belief on my part that keeps me awake at night fretting over these girls, and conscience-stricken by the knowledge that their



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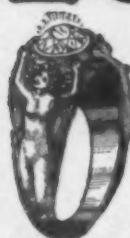
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mothers and fathers are sleeping confident that their daughters are perfectly safe up here, in my care.

PEOPLE think I live a very satisfactory, and well-ordered sort of life, with little to worry me. How wrong they are! They see me a gray-haired woman of fifty-one, given over to the soft, cultured ways of the Old South, surrounded by the beauty and youth of my land. They see me smiling, and hear me speaking with the slow drawly accent of the South, and I make a picture

for them. But, it is really a false picture.

Because underneath the surface I am suffering the taunts of a still, small voice that continually accuses me of not playing a square, honest game with the parents of the girls entrusted to me. And, there is nothing that can eat into one's soul like the acid of an accusing conscience.

Very frequently I am tortured so much that I decide to give up my professional chaperoning. But, then I see old age and poverty creeping upon me and I ask myself in anguish "What am I to do."

WHAT does a modern woman mean when she promises to love, honor and obey? To what extent is a husband responsible for his wife's conduct? You'll be better able to answer that question when you've read Vice-Chancellor Bentley's article "Are You Your Wife's Keeper?" in December SMART SET

Dangerous Freedom

(Continued from page 82)

would be here today, because until men learned consideration for each other they slunk through the jungles with clubs and ate each other up. Man has always been man's worst enemy. Wars prove how miserably the human race has failed to get along with itself, and conventions have helped, not hindered, us in living a bit more comfortably together. They act as a shell to protect us in our contacts with each other.

THAT'S not "high-brow" talk, girls. Those are the simplest words I could find to give you a true definition of the word "conventionality."

Now then, let's get off on the right foot. You say I'm tolerant, understanding, sympathetic, friendly, wise. Then please don't sniff or make a snoot behind my back when I tell you it's silly to say: "I'm just going ahead and do what I please. What do I care what people think?" You've got to care what people think. All through your life you will influence and be influenced by hundreds of people. You can't hold aloof from the rest of the world and defy convention unless you happen to be a very big-minded person. And then you'd be too wise to try.

You need friends and you need their good will and you never can tell when you're going to need their help. It isn't any use to point out that this or that person has defied conventions and gotten away with it, because for every one who has been able to do this, thousands have tried it and failed. You have failed, too, or you'd never have written me, and you wouldn't be thinking about it.

You, Judy, in another part of your letter, say: "Well, the man who marries me will marry me for what I am, not for what my reputation is." No he won't! Not by a long sight, Judy. He won't marry you just because of what your reputation is. Men are made that way; it's bred in the bone. And the rest of you girls might give that a little thought. People say that love is blind and forgiving. It is up to a certain point. Love can forgive selfishness and cruel hurts, and be blind to grammatical errors and table manners, but men will always demand a good name and a clean past in the girls they marry.

"But look at the murder the men get away with!" Lillian argues. Yes, look at it, Lillian. Then look back about a million years, B. C., when Papa Stonehatchet said to his wife: "Pipe down, kid. You're all wet. Us boys got to have our fling. We're made that way. You don't understand. We're different. Your job is making soup

and minding the kids and don't forget it."

If Ma Stonehatchet had called his bluff, girls, as you or I would have done, everything might be different. But she didn't. She went back into the cave and had a good cry all by herself in a nice damp corner, and became a philosopher. That's when it all started, and it's going to take more than this year's crop of wild flapper oats to change things. Greater and more intelligent men and women than you have tried to abolish the double standard of morality and failed, so where do you kids get off to make the world over?

Moreover, it is quite as important that you appear to be doing right as it is that you do right. People are so busy with their own lives and affairs, they haven't time to investigate and find out your goodness. You've got to wear it on your sleeve. Stealing, for instance, just isn't done, and everybody knows it. So if a man wishes to study the habits of his neighbor's chickens and chooses the dark hours of the night to peep into his neighbor's chicken house, sooner or later he is going to be taken for a chicken thief. But he shouldn't squawk. He may be an honest and earnest student of animal life, but you'd never know it by his actions.

It's the same with you girls and the things you do. You may be good, but if your actions are those of a girl who isn't, you mustn't get sore when tongues wag and you wake up some morning to find your reputation a liability. Don't you, yourselves, judge people by appearances? Aren't all of us known by the things we do, the clothes we wear, and the company we keep?

ON THE other hand, I believe that the person who slanders a young person simply through love of gossip or evil-mindedness is a contemptible sneak! Baseless insinuation is the foulest form of gossip. I'm taking a sideswipe now at all the nasty little-minded older people who go around clucking about the younger generation.

I know you kids aren't angels, and I know you're up to a lot of tricks that should be exposed, but in a helpful and honest way. Frankly, I haven't much hope that it can be done. But I do look for more happiness, saner living and healthier people when you, Helen and Dorothy and Lois and Judy and the rest of you, have grown sons and daughters. By that time you will have learned that no one can be untouched by life or unaffected by the opinions of other people. You think, now, that it's your business what you do and that if you get into hot water you're the ones who will suffer. But others will suffer, too, girls—your parents, your friends and

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all those who love you. And some of your children are going to suffer for the silly things you do now.

Looking at it from that standpoint, have you the right, or the heart, to toss your head and say: "What do I care? My life's my own!"

AS USUAL, my mail this past month has been overflowing with all sorts of interesting letters.

And talk about truth being stranger than fiction! There was one from a Southern girl down in Mississippi telling me about the tragedy that came to her on the crest of the flood. Within a few hours her home was swept away, her family scattered, and the boy she had promised to marry had disappeared. She hadn't known him so very long, but he meant everything to her, so when the waters fell back she went seeking news of him. I'll let her tell you the rest:

"I put in weeks of anguish, Mrs. Madison, when hope died a thousand deaths. I walked miles, went hungry for days at a time. My wanderings took me back home for a few hours, and then inquiries disclosed that Merrill, my fiancé, was my half brother!"

"My own mother and father had separated when I was a baby. I had remained with my mother, being legally adopted by her second husband and it was pure coincidence that my father's son by his second wife drifted into our town and that we had met and fallen in love.

"A few weeks later it was proved to me that my dear boy had lost his life in the flood and I suppose I should think of his death as a merciful solution.

"But how can I believe in God after this? That sounds terrible, I know, but I am telling you everything that is in my heart. Merrill gave me an engagement ring just before we were separated, and I sit for hours at a time staring at it and trying to understand. If there is anything you can say to help me gain strength and conquer my grief, I shall never forget you. Do you think you can? Ruth E—."

I hope so, Ruth. Anyway, I'm going to try awfully hard.

In the blackness of such a tragedy as yours, faith flickers, but I'm just as certain as a person can be about anything, that God understands. If He had intended you to take such a wallop and grin, He'd never have given you such an immense capacity for suffering. If He had never wanted you to wonder and doubt His wisdom and love, He'd have revealed His purpose when He took your boy from you.

LITTLE Ruth, I've lived a long time and I've seen a lot of happy people and a lot of miserable ones. I've seen tragedies worse than yours. Yes, and sometimes I've cried too: "Is there a God?" But after a while I've seen that some of those things were really kinder in the end. Part of the Big Plan.

You realize yourself that you could never have had a complete or happy life with this boy, and isn't a lifetime of suffering ten thousand times worse than a few months or years of anguished disappointment. Ruth? To hug your grief to yourself, little girl, is a slur on the love you gave each other. If it meant as much to you as you say, your life now should prove it. You should be braver and sweeter because of what you once had. You're in a shadow now and you must crawl out of it. Your suffering won't let up the slightest bit until you stop nursing the wound and begin to do something worthwhile with your life.

I like this girl who signs herself, "Just Polly." I like her because she's honest and doesn't try to put the blame on the other

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'liquid, paste, powder, wax and other methods, including razors, that I have ever heard of. Before I hit upon the simple, easy, harmless new way which has given me such amazing and lasting relief from my affliction, the ugly hair always came right back thicker and heavier than ever. When I confided to some of my friends how I had at last solved the age-old problem of getting rid of superfluous hair—at once and for all—they said it would be selfish not to share my secret with others. So I have decided to explain to any one interested exactly how I succeeded. ABSOLUTELY FREE if you will simply send me your name and address with a stamp for sealed reply.

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fellow. The only thing I can't understand is why a girl with the brains and sense of justice that Polly has finds it necessary to write me at all. Here is her letter:

"Dear Martha Madison—I'm just another everyday girl coming to you for advice. My trouble is that I'm jealous, unreasonably so, and I want to know the quickest and most effective cure you can give me for such an ailment.

"The 'he' in the case is a perfect darling, of course, and doesn't do things intentionally to make me jealous. But I get miserable every time I think of his past and his other sweethearts and a lot of things like that.

Just Polly."

The best cure, Polly, is to pretend that this "perfectly adorable he" is the jealous one. If he were tormented with visions of your past sweethearts, you'd feel sorry for him, of course, but you couldn't help feeling that he was acting extremely childish and silly. Think things out along those lines, Polly, and see if that doesn't help to straighten things out? It's weak-minded to indulge in imagination when it destroys as this is destroying you.

I want all of you girls to be sure and read this letter from "Pinky." And when you've finished reading it I hope that it will make some of you feel that after all you haven't so much to complain about.

"My affair seems to be almost hopeless," Pinky writes. "I have been going with a boy for over four years and he means everything to me. He has led me to believe that I meant as much to him and we were to have been married soon.

"Before he met me, he had another girl, but she had married and he told me many times that she meant nothing more to him. A few weeks ago he received a letter from her saying she was divorced and wanted to see him. I have seen him only once since then but I know he is with her constantly and seems to have forgotten me entirely.

"Sometimes I feel that I can't go on without him and I can't see any way out. Can you? Please help me, Mrs. Madison. Pinky."

There isn't any way out, Pinky. What I mean is there isn't any immediate escape. Nothing that anybody could tell you would make your heart stop aching instantly, but time will do it.

You must say to yourself: "Better for this to have happened now than later, when we were married. He didn't really love me

best, after all. He was just trying to make himself and me think he did. He'd probably have hated me if she'd come back after we were married and I'd kept him from her." Doesn't that sound sensible, Pinky?

Girls, meet Jean! Or perhaps you've already met her, because Jean is a type. A stenographer-wife. Nearly every office has one. Jean informs me that she is twenty-one and has been married over a year and that she's getting fed up on married life.

"I make as much as Harry," she says, "and I get sick and disgusted when I see my other married girl friends spending most of what they make on themselves while I have to use the contents of my pay envelope every Saturday night to keep things going. I should think he'd be ashamed to let me! But he argues that I knew how much salary he made before we got married and that I shouldn't have married him if I wasn't willing to help. Well, I am willing to help, but I don't see why I shouldn't keep half my salary for myself. Do you?

Jean."

Should Girls Show Their Love?

Martha Madison Prize Winners

Girls have changed. The old coyness, the old pose of shyness is gone. At least that is the meaning of the hundreds of letters written in the contest, "Should Girls Show Their Love?" Without exception the writers answer "Yes." Many girls regret that they failed to do so. Obviously the world is growing franker and more nearly honest.

The prize winners were:

First prize, Kathryn Kirkham, Okmulgee, Okla.

Second Prize, Laura L. Bunker, St. Paul, Minn.

Third Prize, Frank K. Young, Traverse City, Mich.

Eight \$1 Winners:

Pauline A. Faulkner, Cincinnati, Ohio; Alice R. Overstreet, Tampa, Fla.; Betty Cassy, Woodhaven, L.I.; Harold D. Hutchins, Algona, Iowa; Mrs. Marcia P. Champagne, Hartford, Conn.; Freda Ferguson, Shawnee, Okla.; May Bacon, Akron, Ohio; Helen L. Holmes, Shellsburg, Iowa

"What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own," eh, Jean? But is it fair? Honestly, now, wouldn't you be hurt if your husband felt he had a right to hold out half his salary and let you hand over all of yours? And yet that's what you expect him to do!

Of course, Jean, if you were at home, running the house, and earned a few dollars in spare time, that money should belong to you. But you're not! You've given up the home job and I don't see any reason why you two shouldn't pool your salaries. Perhaps if you did it a bit more gracefully you'd find your husband more ambitious to better himself. What man wants to

forge ahead if he has to drag a grumbling and selfish little wife along with him?

I wonder if, when you have read Bobby's letter, you will wonder, as I am wondering, how anybody could get so far off the right track as she has managed to do. She says:

"Dear Mrs. Madison—I have a boy friend I think the world of. When we are together I forget everything but my love for him and I would do almost anything to keep him just for myself. I know he cares a lot for but he doesn't trust me. He says all girls are alike. They kid a fellow and haven't it in them to be sincere.

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Mrs. Madison? He doesn't seem to care a bit when I go out to dinner or the theater or to dances with other fellows. Sometimes I think he is actually pleased! Bobby."

Now Bobby, why on earth should this man think you are sincere when you pretend to adore him and yet go about with other fellows? And why should you want other dates if he means as much to you as you say he does?

The two don't jibe, little girl, all of which leads me to just one conclusion. I don't believe you really and truly love him. I just can't. I think you're intrigued by him because he isn't susceptible.

IF YOU really want to prove to him that all girls aren't alike and that you love him honestly and sincerely, you will cut out the others. When a girl is really in love she'd rather take a trolley ride or a walk down Main Street with the fellow she loves than to be winned and dined and driven about in limousines by someone she doesn't care about. If you don't believe me, Bobby, just ask your girl friends.

I wonder if any of you have come up against an experience such as "Bee" writes about? And if so, won't you write her, in my care, and tell her what you did and how it has all turned out? she says:

"Dear Mrs. Madison—What do you think of a mother who keeps her son away from the girls? My boy friend's mother does that. Every time he makes a date with me and she knows about it, she makes him take her somewhere.

"He is twenty-three and I am nineteen and we both think a great deal of each other. He is the only son who works in his family, and he hates to do anything to disappoint his mother, but don't you think he should have some pleasure once in a while? Bee."

Of course he should, Bee, and I don't blame you for being sore. I have my own opinion of these "vampire" mothers, but I'm not going to take time to tell you what it is right here.

What would I do? First of all, I'd turn my heart and mind inside out and try to find out just how much this boy means to me. The more attached you become to each other the more trouble his mother will probably make.

But perhaps you couldn't give him up easily. In that case, I'd try to get into the good graces of the lady and prove to her that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice. But at best, it's risky business, Bee.

On the other hand, a boy who is thoughtful of his mother and tries to please her is pretty apt to make a good husband, provided he puts several hundred miles between his family and his wife.

Lillian's got her troubles, too, because Lillian's family doesn't approve of her sweetheart. She writes:

"Dear Martha Madison—Ralph is my sweetheart and we're awfully in love, but for some reason or other my family doesn't like him. He acts like a perfect gentleman, but they slight him and it hurts me. I guess it's because there is another man they want me to marry—but I haven't any use for him.

"So will you please tell me how I can please my family and the one I love and myself, all at once? It's an awful problem to me. Lillian."

It would be an awful problem to anybody, Lillian, to try and please everybody,

because it can't be done. I'm not advising you to defy your family, but I think you should make it plain to them that Ralph is the man of your choice and that with him your happiness and future lie. You also have a perfect right to refuse to see the other man. The sooner they understand that you have no interest in the other man at all the better.

You didn't tell me your age, or occupation, or very much about yourself, Lillian, so it is hard for me to advise you, but if you and Ralph are old enough and he is in a position to support a wife, or if you can make a go of it by both working, why not be married and settle things that way? Ordinarily I wouldn't make such a suggestion, but your letter convinces me that you are level-headed and sincere and very much in love.

I suppose you have often wondered why some of your letters are answered at length, others by personal mail, and still others by a short note, like these following. Let me explain:

The letters answered above present, I believe, the most interesting and the most common love problems. Many of you, I am sure, find the help you need in these letters without writing me.

Those to whom I give personal replies have asked me not to publish their letters.

The brief notes, at the end, are in reply to letters giving no address and asking simple questions. But I often wish the whole magazine belonged to you and me. Since it doesn't the following brief notes may help:

B. J. B.—You should talk things over with your mother. In this case, her advice would be more sound and helpful than mine.

PATRICIA—I think he's romancing about his "affairs." If they were true, he wouldn't talk about them the way he does.

GAMBIT—I am quite sure that the doctor would perform the operation if you made an arrangement to pay him in weekly installments.

ROBERT—Find the work you like, first. Then marry the girl you like. If you must "sow wild oats"—sow them with her.

ELSIE—When a girl truly loves, she will give up everyone else.

LORETTA—The very first time you fail to "draw the line," you will be a sorry girl. The chances are you'd lose the boy, too.

JEAN—Let him ask for a date first. Don't call him up.

BROWN EYES—You ought to get married soon, but not to the man you mention. You don't love him enough.

MRS. J. B. P.—You should tell your husband exactly what you have told me. In such cases the only thing to do is to be honest.

MARCELLA—No girl who writes a letter like yours is lacking in personality. My advice is to forget yourself when the men are around and watch how the other girls get them.

JESSIE—I doubt that you and this man would ever be happy in marriage. Temperamentally, you're unsuited. He's too childish and you are not maternal enough.

ANNA MAE—You should play fair with your husband or else divorce him. If he won't be influenced by what his family says, marry the man who loves you.

And that, dear friends, is all for this month. But for those of you who are new readers, let me say again that I am here, waiting to do what I can to help you straighten out your affairs of the heart. Won't you please let me?

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The High Cost of Loving

(Continued from page 27)

and so manipulating his accounts that the deficiency was not easily discoverable. But the inevitable had happened. He was ill and a new collector had soon uncovered the business.

He was a manly looking chap, personable and terribly ashamed, more humiliated than he was afraid of the possible consequences. His parents, his old teachers, his pastor and friends all vouched for his good character. They couldn't understand how it had possibly come about.

HOWEVER, a little careful questioning solved the mystery. Here was another result of the high cost of courtship. In the background, the innocent cause, was a girl whose name he staunchly refused to divulge. He was "crazy" about her, as he put it; and it had kept him on pins and needles because a rival who earned a big salary had a jump on him. This rival was able to show the girl a fine time, and do it often.

So to cut him out on a certain important occasion, the prisoner had "borrowed" from his collections, returning the money from his pay. But the next time he "borrowed" he postponed payment over two pay days. Nothing happened and he began to entertain his lady love more frequently and lavishly. He set aside all thought of payment, just drifting along buoyed up by the optimism of youth, hoping that something would turn up to square things.

Although these two incidents are in no way related, I have set them side by side for a purpose. Today it is almost impossible for a young man starting out in business to entertain girls the way most of them expect to be entertained. The situation has become a problem much more serious than it might seem at first glance.

Now I do not infer that all youths so harried by lack of funds would resort to dishonesty; nor that all modern girls demand expensive entertainment at whatever cost to the boy. But the illustrations I have used point up the part the girl often plays, more or less unconsciously, and the travail of the boy that makes him willing to do almost anything to "make good" in her eyes.

MOST boys, it is true, suffer in silence the heartaches due to their financial inadequacy, and simply make the best of things. Nevertheless, a head of one of the big surety companies is authority for a significant statement in this connection. "The second chief cause of embezzlement by young men on small salaries," he said, "is the high cost of the entertainment they lavish on women friends. Gambling is the first cause, but it affects older men."

While I was straightening out the case of this foolish youth, a friend sitting with me on the bench had begun to figure on a scratch pad. During the recess I learned what he had been about.

"Do you know," he said, "there's a lot to think about in that case. It illustrates a mighty dangerous social condition. Youth hasn't changed a bit in wanting to entertain and be entertained, but conditions have changed. And the average boy in trying to keep the pace is straying into trouble of every sort. Girls demand more, and boys earn less, considering the relative value of earnings now as compared with a few years ago. It's a mean problem for a boy of spirit who takes a natural pride in keeping his end up."

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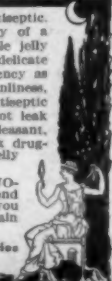
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"Look here, I've worked out what it used to cost a lad to show his sweetheart a corking good time, compared with what it costs him to get by with a girl nowadays, that is get by right."

He pushed over to me two slips of paper covered with figures. From one I made out this:

Average expenditure of boy for evening's entertainment fifteen years ago.

Theater tickets, two balcony seats,	
\$1 each	\$2.00
Box candy60
Carfare uptown and down.....	.20
Ice cream sodas after show.....	.20
Total	\$3.00

The other estimate was as follows:

Taking a modern girl out for evening.	
Theater tickets, two for Broadway Re-	
view from ticket broker.....	\$15.00
Flowers	6.00
Taxicab fares	6.00
Cover charges, night club.....	6.00
Supper and refreshments (at least)...	25.00
Total	\$58.00

"Of course," my friend said, "the figures are subject to variation in both the old days and now. Occasionally for example, the old time boy would splurge five dollars for a carriage if he and the girl happened to be going somewhere in evening dress. But as a usual thing his entertaining cost less, because such excursions as I have set forth were gala events, gratefully received by the average girl."

NOW many persons will assert that my friend's estimated cost of modern entertainment is exaggerated. Others will contend that the boy who spends amounts like that is an exception. Some will say that only on rare occasions does the average young man undertake such entertaining. And all of these opinions will be well grounded.

In various places customs and costs differ, but the estimated cost is not extravagant for New York and other big cities, to say nothing of summer resorts and smart road houses which cluster about even the smaller towns.

Cut those figures in half if you will, or in thirds, or even quarters, and the result in dollars will come to more than one young man out of a hundred can afford to spend. Suppose he does manage it occasionally! There are many young men away from home trying to make their way in the big cities who frankly confess that after each social splurge, they must cut down on lunches and laundry, that they are always in debt and that buying books or magazines, or indulging in various activities that might improve them, is simply out of the question.

A FRIEND of mine has a son of twenty, now going through college. It strains this man's pocketbook to provide maintenance and education for this boy and his sister, who is also at college, so he can spare them but a small amount for spending.

One night in a drug store near where they live, I found this son at work behind the soda fountain. I was greatly pleased. Here was hustle and ambition for you! After being at school all day, here he was working to get money to help himself along, although it would entail late study to keep up.

I spoke enthusiastically of it to the father, but he certainly did not reflect my enthusiasm.

"Eddie tells me he's earning fifteen dollars a week," I said. "That's a big help."

"Help!" he said. "Well, if you call it that! The truth is he uses every cent taking his latest girl out Saturday nights. He's cutting his studies and getting thin and all I can see that he gets out of it is a headache every Sunday morning."

A few years ago it was the custom for girls to entertain their boy friends in their own homes. Theater-going was infrequent. The up-to-date girl, so called, wants to be taken to dances and shows and the like night after night. An evening spent at home is so unusual that it brings acute surprise to many parents.

"It's all the fault of the girls," my friend said. "They've changed. They're greedy."

He was wrong in this, though some of his other deductions were true. Girls haven't changed at heart, though they have outwardly. This is an age of display and the young girl who seems to demand mercilessly is only caught in a social whirlpool. If we could see into her heart we would discover that she is little different from her sister of days gone by. If she were left to her own devices she would be just as satisfied as ever with modest entertainment.

Why then is the average girl so exacting? Let me remind you of the young girl I spoke of first. Pride, or what she thinks is pride, won't let her be satisfied with little. Her girl friends drive her. It is as much for their approval as to satisfy her own desires that she demands extravagance. It is precisely the same psychology that makes her scorn lisle stockings in favor of silk, even when lisle would suit her just as well or even better. Cotton is cheap. Other girls wear silk.

Can you blame a young girl if she doesn't want people to think she is not attractive enough to have admirers who think she is worth spending money on? Youthful pride and ambition are the forces behind her demands—two perfectly good virtues overworked to the point where they have become vices.

I remember, after we had thrashed the matter out, what my friend on the bench said in conclusion. "Whatever is the underlying cause, it certainly is tough for the modern boy!"

I AGREE with him. But it is just as tough for the modern girl, though neither she nor the boy realizes it. It is a state of affairs that is hurting them both immeasurably and will continue to hurt them for a long time to come. Already its effects are discernible in the domestic life of the nation. It has pretty widely curtailed the home life that once existed in favor of public amusements. And I have often traced its influence in divorce cases before me in the Domestic Relations Court.

It used to be that the average girl had one special beau. Sometimes, not knowing her own mind or else seeking to force one of the swains to declare his, she encouraged two boys. But usually several days a week were devoted to the one boy, if mother permitted. Today it is different. Now several boys take up the girl's week, a different boy each night and there is a mighty good reason for this. No boy, speaking in averages, could stand the expense of entertaining the up-to-date miss more than once a week.

It doesn't follow, of course, that he is in love with the girl he lavishes entertainment on. There are other girls, not so dashing perhaps, who would be much more congenial if only because they are not so vain and try to please him. Why then doesn't he turn his attentions to one of these?

Because the moths consider it beneath their dignity to accept less than their butterfly sisters. And so the boy being able to afford but one splurge a week, spends his money where he gets the most return in satisfied pride.

That's how the girls who would be satisfied with moderate entertainment play into the hands of the butterflies. This hurts not only the modest girl but also the boy who might otherwise be glad to switch to her in view of the lessened strain on his pocket. And in the course of time they might get



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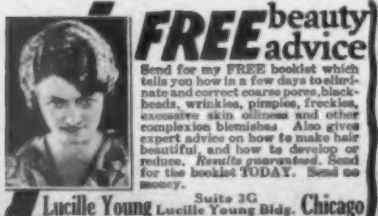
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really to know each other and fall in love, in which case neither of them would care a rap about how elaborately she was entertained or what other girls thought about it.

Recently I published a magazine article concerning modern youth which brought forth a flood of letters from young women. Stated variously, this complaint cropped out a number of times: the modern boy was devoting himself exclusively to what I shall term "butterfly girls," though my correspondents were not always so charitable. The point they made was that in every direction girls were forming themselves into groups and looking after their own entertainment.

In other words there aren't enough eligible boys to go round. By "eligible," I mean the boy who is able to provide the required entertainment. So the dazzling, dizzy girls, the radiant sort that appeals to youth, capture all these eligibles and the other sort of girl must go without.

From all over the land come mutterings of brazen improprieties chargeable to youthful patrons of the night clubs, the road houses, the multitude of places of expensive entertain-ment.

OF COURSE the situation is not as bad as some alarmists would paint it, but at the same time it is much worse than a great many complacent individuals think.

Recently the authorities in a fashionable community in New Jersey began to gather evidence against various such resorts on the ground that public morality was being menaced by the actions of the young men and the girls they entertained at places of the sort.

A storm of parental protest arose. This, they said, was an inference against the moral character of the youth of the community. Their sons and their daughters went to these places to dance and pass an evening. Frivolity was the very worst thing that could justly be charged against the youngsters and that was in harmony with the times.

The reply of the detective chief of that community to his critics was to the point. If the hurt fathers and mothers, he said, could see what he saw every night—young girls under the influence of liquor being carried out of these resorts in the arms of male escorts, they might change their tune. And he was certain, that if they could see the sights disclosed to his detectives they would lend a hearty hand instead of denouncing the authorities for trying to improve conditions.

The big question is how this sort of thing is going to affect marriage!

Late one evening when I was sitting in the night court there was brought before me a party of three, two men and a gayly dressed young woman. Here was the story: The young woman was the wife of one of the men. Doubting her story that she was going to spend the night with her sister, the husband had followed her. The trail led to the club where she had a rendezvous with the other man. A fight followed.

The young wife resented deeply the fact that she had been publicly humiliated.

"Much right he has to complain," she said. "He never takes me out for an evening's pleasure. He's a piker and a hypocrite. Before we were married he used to take me every place, and now he pretends he can't afford it."

"I can't afford it!" the husband said. "What man on a small salary could? She wants to be running all the time."

I led the married pair into my private chambers in the hope of smoothing over their difficulties.

"**NOW** then," I said to the husband, "you knew your wife liked this sort of entertainment; you used to take her around yourself. If you disapproved of this sort of thing, why did you marry her?"

His answer was quick and entirely frank. "I don't disapprove of it," he said. "It's simply that I can't afford it. I married my wife because I loved her. I was miserable unless I was with her all the time. I couldn't afford all the money it cost to entertain her every night. So I figured that if we got married we could be together always and it wouldn't cost as much."

Does the young man often find it cheaper to marry than entertain the girl with whom he falls in love? And then afterward do they both discover they have made a sorry mistake? That would help explain why the marriage rate surges ahead in spite of the high cost of living. It might also help explain the reason why most modern divorce and separation actions are launched before the old time honeymoon would have waned.

Do not conclude that the case is exceptional. I have noticed that in many cases in which recently wed pairs were at odds that the wife charged the husband with neglect. This, translated, meant that having safely won his bride, he thought it no longer necessary to take very much trouble to entertain her.

I am not a pessimist. I realize that a marriage contracted to save the cost of modern courtship may work out well where both boy and girl really love each other, providing the girl has not acquired an incurable taste for gaudy entertainment. But where she has been dazzled into matrimony by the expenditures of a generous admirer, there isn't much chance of them getting by.

Out of many similar cases that came before me in the Domestic Relations Court I am going to give one that illustrates another phase of the situation.

THE husband had been charged by the young wife with non support. She was so very well dressed I commented on it.

"I buy my own clothes," she said. "I've worked ever since we were married."

"That is one of the reasons I don't give her any money," the husband said. "I don't want her to go out and work."

"Listen to him," the wife said. "He doesn't want me to work! Why he isn't able to support me."

The husband surrendered to his anger.

"That's a lie, Judge. I can support her the way any decent woman needs to be supported. But I can't, and wouldn't if I could, doll her up in fancy clothes, so she can run out and meet men who are fools enough to throw away all their money in cafés. That's the only reason she works, Your Honor."

And there we have another marital angle to the entertainment angle.

Why is it that today, at least in the big cities so many girls continue to work after they are married? Is it to help their husbands? That's what they say, and that's what a good many persons believe, but it's not true in most of the cases I have heard.

When the matter was sifted out we almost always found that though the young wife believed she was working to help her husband, her idea of helping was buying herself expensive raiment that he could not afford. Seldom, with the smart young wives of the distinctly modern type, did one penny of their earnings go toward household maintenance.

There is an old adage that "Those who dance must pay the fiddler."

Certainly, modern youth is paying and will pay more and more. The boy pays first in money he can ill afford and later in smirched ideals. The girl who seems to pay nothing at first, later on will pay a still heavier toll than he. Out of the rack and turmoil of unhappy marriages, or the barren existence of spinsterhood, many of her type will come to realize with the advancing years that they are paying a mighty big price for entertainment long past and done with.

Lady Luck—That's Me

(Continued from page 67)

won't interfere? You won't even say a word?"

"I can safely promise you that, dear," mums said, "because your father has absolutely made up his mind."

When I discovered that pretending to eat nothing did not have its usual effect, I decided I would try something new. Dad gave me the idea himself.

Dad had been to the city by car. As a rule, he drove himself, as he thinks he's the best driver east of the Rockies, but that day, something was wrong with his car, and he had Cooke drive him in the limousine.

JUST as he got near home, dad saw the new moon through the windows, and was he upset! The moment he came into the house, he got on the telephone. He called up his managing clerk and gave him a long list of instructions as to what he was to do the next morning.

"It's always bad luck to see the new moon through glass, Booby," he told me. "I think I've covered myself but with the market as it is, I don't half like it."

And instantly I had my idea!

"You used to look on me as your mascot, dad," I said.

"I do now, Booby!"

"Well, I'm a curious sort of person," I said. "I think I can work the mascot game both ways if I want to, dad. Have you ever heard of a mascot mascotting efficiently when the mascot was bitterly unhappy?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Last night I had a dream," I said. "I dreamed that all sorts of unlucky things would happen as long as I remained unhappy."

"Tell it to the marines, Booby," dad said.

"All right," I answered. "Have it your own way, but blame your own obstinacy and unkindness if funny things begin to happen."

I let it go for the time, but the next morning luck was with me and not with dad! He was on the telephone fairly early, and things were going badly on the market, so he dashed into the city and got pinched by a cop for speeding.

He was in a perfectly awful temper when he returned, so I did not tell him how I spent the day.

I HAD been over to the Vanderpoels, and Berry had come out on his motorcycle! We had spent the whole day together in a canoe on the lake, and then Berry had gone back to New York.

I gave Berry certain instructions, and began to wait for results.

It was very hot, and dad was cross and peevish.

"Are you coming for a swim, Booby?" he asked.

"I don't care to, thank you," I said. "I haven't any pep."

Dad went into his room, and presently I heard him screaming to Lefferts. I listened outside the door and had to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth so he wouldn't hear me laughing. Dad was swearing because he had got into his bathing suit—a blue knitted one—and it had started to unravel. I had been busily at work with it, so this was really not to be wondered at.

"I think the moths must have got at it, sir," Lefferts said.

"It was new a week or two ago, you fool! How could the moths have got at it?"

Then they started to hunt for two or three other suits which we kept in case visitors turned up without their swimming things, but no one thought of looking in the garage, where I had hidden them, so they didn't find them and dad went without his

swim. That didn't improve his humor any!

"Always something the matter with this house," he said when he came downstairs.

"That's what I expected," I said.

Dad gave me one look, but he didn't say anything.

The next night while we were sitting at dinner, Lefferts called dad to the telephone. I took care not to smile as I remembered my instructions to Berry. Dad hates being disturbed at dinner, but he went into the hall to take the call and came back fuming. There was no one on the wire, though Lefferts insisted that there had been.

After dinner I strolled down to the water with an electric torch, which I kept flashing. Presently I heard something which was intended to sound like the hoot of an owl, but I'm sure if the real owls heard it, they got the laugh of their lives.

Then a canoe paddled up to our little wharf, and there was Berry who had come up from New York for an hour or two.

"Darling!" he said to me when we had pushed off towards the middle of the lake.

"This is beautiful seeing you like this. I love you so much that it hurts to be separated—even for a little time."

"I LIKE you to be hurt that way, Berry!" I told him. "It means that you really love me such an awful lot."

There was an island near the other side of the lake. We landed there and sat under the trees together, though the mosquitoes were a nuisance.

"Are you sure you can make your old man listen to reason?" Berry asked.

I gave him the tiniest, most butterfly kiss, which really should not have encouraged him to be quite so romantic.

We sat there a little longer, but the mosquitoes were fierce, so I made him take me back, and I got into the house without anyone knowing anything about it.

Before I went to bed, I slipped into dad's room and took five new razor blades from their wrappers, and scraped them on the stone window ledge just enough to take the edges beautifully off. Then I replaced them in their wrappers and put them back where I had found them.

I used a nail file to weaken the picture wire that supported a heavy mirror on the wall. When the wire would barely hold the weight I replaced the mirror. I hoped it would crash in a day or two.

It happened earlier than I expected! The very next evening, I was awake reading, and I heard a crash as dad was getting ready for bed. This was followed by a volume of the most awful language. I knew what had happened, and I knew how superstitiously fearful dad would be over a broken mirror.

I hid my face in the pillow and laughed my heart out!

Early the following morning I heard dad screaming for Lefferts. It seemed that there was not a blade in the house fit to shave a man's beard! Strange! Very strange!

Mrs. Dunn gave me some fruit and coffee in the kitchen, so that at breakfast I wasn't hungry.

"THAT kid isn't eating enough to keep a canary alive," dad said to mums.

"I don't feel like eating, thank you," I said.

After breakfast, I heard him on the wire telling his partner about the broken mirror, and the news he got in return, luckily for me, did not seem to please him.

All day, dad sat by the telephone, calling up his office and talking about "eighths" and "margins" and a lot of rigmarole I did not

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I understand. Enough that the news was bad! I went over to Elsa's place and called up Berry.

We talked for half an hour until Mrs. Vanderpoel came into the room, and I had to pretend that I was talking to a dressmaker.

Then I went home and sent Cooke, the chauffeur, to the village for cigarettes to get him out of the way.

NO ONE is allowed to touch dad's car. He does everything to it himself, even washes it. He kept it in perfect running order. I didn't know much about mechanics, but Berry had told me how easy it would be to turn off the tap of the gas lead from the tank. I did it in a second, and then I went into the house and talked to dad.

"I'm so bored," I said. "Take me for a run," I suggested.

"Surest thing you know, Booby," he said, and we went out and got the car.

What Berry had told me worked like a charm. There was just enough gas to start the engine and to go about a hundred yards, when the car died on us.

"There seems to be a jinx on the place," I said.

Dad pretended not to hear, and he was over twenty minutes tinkering with the car before he discovered what was wrong.

"I'm certain I never touched that tap when I was overhauling it," he said, "and Cooke never touches this car. I don't understand things."

Ours was a moody drive after that, and by the most unexpected bit of luck imaginable, dad blew out a front tire before we returned. I've never seen a man so hopping mad!

I went over the various points in my mind. There was the untraveled bathing suit! Then the mysterious telephone call, when no one was on the wire! The broken bathroom mirror and the razor blades that would not cut! Fate had aided me by an erratic market on the stock exchange. There was the incident of the car refusing to run, and then that blown-out tire. I wanted one thing more! Something really terrifying!

I SPENT the rest of the afternoon in a canoe by myself, thinking what I could do. Then I saw Elsa with her brother Frank out on their little pier. With them were three dogs, and I had my idea! Suddenly I remembered "Volstead," Elsa's big black poodle.

I paddled over to the Vanderpoel pier. "Didn't you tell me that Volstead was utterly miserable any time he is away from you, Elsa?"

"The darling, he just worships me!" Elsa said. "He howls the place down any time I go away and won't let him come with me."

"He does, does he? Well, let him do something for me, will you?"

I outlined my plan to Elsa, who is always a good sort and always willing to help me.

That night at dinner, I was as cheerful as a funeral. I didn't talk at all, and ate positively nothing.

"Nice, cheerful house, isn't it?" dad said. "Oh, leave me alone!" I said. "I feel depressed and creepy."

"You have been a little ray of sunshine lately," dad snapped, and I rushed from the room pretending to be in tears.

I went to bed early, but I didn't sleep. I heard dad go to his room, and shortly afterwards I slipped silently out on to the porch. Our camp is on a bit of land that juts out into a small bay, and on the other side of this bay is the Vanderpoel's house. I stood there and flashed an electric torch three times. Elsa was waiting for the signal, which told her that dad was in bed, and she flashed back that she understood.

About fifteen minutes later, a dog howled madly. I don't think I ever heard quite such a dismal howl as Elsa's black poodle sent up when she tied him to a tree, well hidden by bushes, and went away from him. Volstead howled persistently for a few minutes, and then I heard dad leave his room.

I met him in the hall. "This is more than I can stand," dad said. "I shall go crazy if this sort of thing keeps on." The dog howled again.

"I warned you," I said solemnly. "When I told you of my dream, you just laughed at me and didn't believe me. Ever since I've been so miserable because you are so lacking in understanding over the only man I ever really loved, everything has gone wrong!"

The dog howled again, and dad went rushing out in the moonlight, trying to find him. Elsa was watching for just that to happen, and she untied her dog, which immediately stopped howling.

THE next morning, luck was with me again. Stocks fell still more and dad climbed down.

He didn't do it all at once, but he began: "I just can't bear to see my little girl unhappy," he said before he rushed to New York. "I promise nothing, mind you," he said, "but I'm not quite sure that I ought to forbid you to see that young idiot since he is the man you seem to have picked out."

"Does that mean that Berry can come and stay here?"

"Would it cheer you up if he did?"

"It would cheer me up so much," I told him seriously, "that I might be some good as a mascot again."

"That's all nonsense! I'm not a superstitious fool," dad said, "but go ahead and ask him, if nothing else will make your stupid little heart happy."

In less than two hours, Berry was with me, and that day by the sheerest chance, stocks started going up, and dad was smiling all over his face when he returned in the evening.

"I believe he is going to relent," Berry said. "Darling, if you only knew what it meant to me!"

"Does it mean enough to give up the idea of the movies, if dad suggests something else?" I asked. My common sense told me that dad would insist on something like that.

"I'd do anything to win you, anything!" Berry said.

My hunch wasn't far wrong, for the very next day when he and I and Berry were sitting on the porch together dad began to talk seriously to Berry.

"I've been looking for a young fellow in my office," dad said. "Naturally I would not consider any young idiot who took the movies seriously. Still, I might have a very attractive proposition for a young fellow who was a hustler."

Within a week, dad had actually taken Berry into his office at a very generous salary.

"Is that enough for you?" dad asked. "Quite enough in the way of money, sir," Berry said. "But I shall want a bit more as a bonus."

"What do you mean?" dad asked. I went and sat on his knee and rubbed my cheek against his.

"Don't you think I'd make rather a nice bonus, dad?"

"Oh, I suppose so!" dad said. "If you make good, Smith, you can have the bonus this time next year and a darned expensive one you'll find it."

It was only during our honeymoon, that I told Berry all the tricks I had staged on dad.

"You were a fake mascot for the old man, precious," Berry said, "but I swear by you."

Does Your Face Tell Your Secrets?

(Continued from page 69)

forehead was broad and showed no trace of any lines. Her eyebrows were arched, and regular. The outline of her jaws was "strong," that is to say—definite and even prominent, making her face somewhat round.

At a glance I realize she will not be with us very long, perhaps a year at the most. She will marry and find in marriage the best solution of her problems. She belongs to the largest group-classification of women, all those to whom the most natural and satisfying life is the care of a home and the bringing-up of children, leaving to men the burden of the economic struggle. No ambition or "career" is necessary for her happiness, no desire for individual success or struggle.

The centuries have moulded this kind of woman, and perhaps she will always be in the large majority. But now and then one finds women who have elected to follow this life, and yet with everything to make them happy, are completely discontented. These are the women who are not willing to fulfill merely the secondary rôle of the old-fashioned "helpmate."

AT THE very outset of this article, I want to say with emphasis, I am not holding any brief for or against them. My business is to classify types and individuals, and this article is to explain, as far as it can be done, how this is possible.

As to which type is superior or most enviable, I frankly do not know. Each person must decide that for him or herself.

But to return to the anxious applicant whom I have described, and kept waiting during this digression!

I have said that she is domestically inclined, and if her marriage is at all happy, she will ask nothing more. What else do I see?

She is quietly, carefully persistent. She is very sane and has plenty of sound common-sense. But she will never be a leader or an executive. She is best suited to carry out orders. She can be easily influenced or dominated. She is observant but somewhat timid. She is intuitive and does not seek to analyze, following her instinct with blind faith.

She is not over-energetic, but she is fairly thorough. She has a good disposition, and is reliable and of regular habits.

The verdict—she will do!

But how have I reached these definite conclusions? What right have I to say these things after a few swift glances, a minute's talk?

I have described her already. Now I must go back to that description.

I have said that her chin was softly rounded—the chin of a lovable, rather gentle, not very aggressive type. The softness and fullness of it suggests a certain degree of self-indulgence and even indolence.

But the strong jaws tell me also that here is someone who is very persistent. The features, too, are in harmony, nothing dominating at the expense of something else. The forehead or the nose or the mouth, in a word, are not out of proportion as to size or plane. I conclude that this is an even person, without great or peculiar contradictions or complexities.

HER forehead, I said, was without lines even when she smiled or faintly frowned. Her eyes were widely opened and restless. These things tell me she is not a person who analyzes, but someone who ob-



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serves completely and then forms swift, instinctive judgments.

Her short upper lip indicates lack of great strength or force. Her arched eyebrows indicate a feeling for beautiful and artistic things as opposed to the practical and mathematical. Her drooping mouth is that of someone who has no great hope to push her or give her ambition. She is willing to accept defeat in nearly everything, except her instinctive desires. These, I have already decided, are concerned with the selection and capture of a mate, and the creation of a home.

So I pass this girl on to the head of some department with my recommendation. She will give faithful service, be accurate, arrive on time, follow orders to the letter. She will not invent and a crisis will find her helpless. But she will not be called upon for any problem or decision. For a year or two she will be with us, and then there will be a handful of rice thrown, and she will take up her real job with the same capabilities and the same limitations which made her faithful to her business.

I could go on and give example after example, as fully as I have given this one, the most familiar of all. But this is not a chapter of a textbook; it is only an informal discussion.

All I am seeking to point out in this article is that we all of us, no matter whether we are employed or employ, whether we are poor or rich, famous or obscure, read faces. We read them constantly, all during the day. But we read them without knowing we read them.

Long, long ago the little boy who twisted your arm, or the little girl who was fickle for a package of gum-drops from your rival, seared an indelible impression on your brain.

Years later you find yourself in an office, at a dance, on a steamer, and suddenly someone is introduced. You remember! You remember a certain look, a certain out-thrust under lip, or a peculiar placing of level eyes, and in maturity you recognize in someone else the same characteristics that were etched upon your brain in juvenile experience.

So at least I believe. It is memory, the sum total of a thousand, a hundred thousand, tiny little memories of experiences bitter or kind, that haunt the background of our perceptions. It is these which unconsciously and on first sight cause us to fear or like or admire or scorn someone we have never seen before!

WHEN we find out—when we become conscious—we are many times more accurate in our judgments.

I am speaking here from the employer's standpoint, as a personal director must. But if this article means anything at all, it means that you, too, should study the person who is employing you as much as he or she is studying you. It is to your mutual advantage to know each other's qualities. It is to your advantage to know something about everybody you meet in every situation and phase of existence.

From the employer's standpoint, I must, of course, look for intelligence, for energy, for reliability. I must also seek to find out if the person belongs to one of the great group classifications.

I must find out if the person is dominantly spiritual or dominantly material. I must find out if the person before me is equipped to buy and sell, or to plan with vision.

Perhaps I cannot always decide these things with one or two glances. There are many contradictions, many things not to be seen at a glance.

How can I decide about the intelligence of someone who comes to me seeking a job? How can you decide about the intelligence of someone you have not hitherto known or heard of?

To begin with, you may as well ignore the forehead, in spite of the fact that height of brow is generally believed to be an indication of brains.

If the head is to be measured at all for its brain capacity, the best place to look is from the end of the eye to the tip of the ear. The greater this distance is the larger the capacity of the brain bowl. But the eyes are more important to study and tell us more.

The eyes of the intelligent person nearly always have a shine or sparkle to them. The very large eye, while it denotes power of observation, does not indicate great intelligence. Protuberant eyes, indeed, are invariably either a sign of excessive vanity or surface hysteria.

THE expression of the eye, as any artist will tell you, is created by the muscles around it, not by the eyeball itself. People who are inclined to be introspective usually have what is called a far-away look. The surface eye, though it may be the eye of a clever, versatile and entertaining person, is seldom the eye of a profound individual. Shrewd people usually look out on the world from what we call slitted eyes—that is, the eyelid half-drooped over the eyeball, as if to study others from behind a screen of personal concealment.

George Bernard Shaw, perhaps the greatest of modern writers, has the shrewd eye. Napoleon's eyes were wide and brilliantly observant. It is easy to see why it is said of him that he never made a mistake about a man.

Elihu Root and Lloyd George have the eyes of men whose main duty in life has been to read motives swiftly.

Thomas Edison has thoughtful eyes—as if his battle were an inner one rather than a struggle with outside forces.

I have spoken also of the necessity for finding out whether an applicant is hard-working or lazy, and whether he or she is reliable.

To find out whether a person is lazy or not by a scrutiny of features, you must note the muscular structure. In almost all lazy people, there is a look that is difficult to define in words. As near as I can say, it is the look caused by relaxed muscles. Energy is almost always accompanied by tightened muscles as if the person were at high tension, ready at a moment's notice to concentrate.

I don't mean by that a merely nervous look. Some of the hardest-working people are slow, careful, plodding people without a nerve in their bodies. But they, too, have the quality I speak of—their lips are held firmly, the contours of their faces run more to angles than curves, their eyebrows are drawn sharply down towards their eyes.

As for reliability, integrity, a sense of general honor, you must look for that in various ways. A face whose features are in harmony is very seldom the face of a dishonest person. In nearly all criminal types, there is a twisted mouth line, or a nose that has an almost imperceptibly oblique direction, or a jaw bulging at the expense of the forehead or vice versa.

GERALD CHAPMAN, who was hanged in Connecticut not so long ago, had a thin-lipped mouth that slanted downwards. The majority of criminals of the lower type have heavy chins and jaws, and very poor development of the upper part of the head.

In the face of a truly reliable person there is usually present also an indication of pride. The bridge of the nose is well-defined and the mouth is not too flexible.

I must judge also whether a person is executive timber. I must often find out whether someone is best adapted to be salesman or buyer, to be a clerk or a contact-man, to deal with abstractions at a desk, or

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with people in informal meeting. I must find out whether someone is aggressive, or a defensive type. I must look for courage and timidity. In fact in business I must try to analyze those same qualities which most interest us in social life, too.

There are so many things to look for, but once you have learned how, it is surprising how swiftly you can summarize an entire character.

Everyone is born with certain individual features, and "as a man thinks," as he lives, those features subtly change. The face is like an open book telling its history to anyone who cares to read.

There you may see the broadly stamped accounts of self-indulgence. I don't mean dissipation, I mean the pampering of oneself, the giving of holidays and private praise to oneself, the general softness of someone who has not been austere enough to master himself or herself.

You may read selfishness and generosity, a frightened spirit or a nature of recklessness in the face across the room from you, in the seat opposite you in the subway.

THE dramatic sense, extravagance, vindictiveness or the lack of it, a bad temper or an even disposition, unselfishness, practicality, cruelty—the list of traits is endless. And every face tells its tale, every face is a record. Even the mirror will tell you a history of which you might otherwise remain in ignorance.

But you cannot learn to do this from any book I've ever read. Nor can I tell you a set system of rules in this article. What I can tell you is how you can teach yourself. Look at the face of someone you know, or look at a face from which you receive a distinct impression. Then try to find out what it is that gives you that impression. In a word, by working backwards, you will be able to formulate in a surprisingly short time an entire system with which to judge those whom you have never even seen before.

The next time you are in a train or a restaurant, notice the faces about you and try to make up your mind about each one. You will perhaps say to yourself that this man looks greedy, that woman seems vain. You are probably right in your instinctive feeling. Try to find out what it was that gave you that feeling. With a larger awareness, comes a larger and prompter understanding.

You will see good as often as you see bad, you will see the half pathetic masks with which most people try to hide their own limitations, or bolster up their own illusions. You will discover patience, and humility, and gentleness. The chances are that your very opinions about what constitutes good looks in a man or a woman will undergo a change, once the character is apparent to you through the features.

A few of my own rules are worth putting down here, and as it is difficult to visualize anything without examples, I shall pick out some people, whose faces are known everywhere, to illustrate my meaning.

I HAVE found that while a large nose is no great sign of beauty, it is an almost necessary physical trait in any person of great force and ability.

The delicately-shaped nose is usually the sign of sensitiveness. Paderewski, the great pianist, has the beautifully cut and sensitive nose that is nevertheless prominent enough to mark him as a man of great power and strength of will.

The Romans, the strongest and most dominant race the world has ever known, had, almost universally, large, strongly cut noses, so that a "Roman nose" has become a definitely descriptive term.

The nose that turns upward and used to be called retroussé is usually the sign of a curious person. Without ever having met her, I would be inclined to say that Gloria

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Swanson, whose nose is of this type, is inclined to be curious.

The nose that turns downward is generally accompanied by some trace of the revengeful instinct. Voltaire, who could strike so swiftly at his enemies and seldom forgot a slight, had this type of nose.

PROMINENT nostrils usually indicate a sense of the dramatic. Not always do they indicate an ability to act, which is quite another thing. But they do indicate a person who goes through life, constantly dramatizing him or herself, and thus becoming the hero or heroine of a perpetually changing story.

The mouth is a more difficult feature to study. Of all the features, it seems to me there is the greatest variety in mouths.

The small mouth, though pretty and generally a sign of extreme fastidiousness, is usually also a sign of selfishness.

Most of the great beauties of history have had small mouths, and few of them have been noted for their generous qualities!

Look carefully at the outer edges of the lips. A tiny line will be seen slanting either upwards or downwards, the line of a person who has smiled much in repose, or else remained lost in brooding and dejected thought. The optimistic, hopeful person has the upward slant, and the person who expects the worst may be discovered by the drooping corners of the mouth.

Philosophers are, as a rule, not very happy or hopeful men. From Nietzsche to Bertrand Russell, the corners of the lips droop downwards. But a faint horizontal line at the lip corners declares the stical person who can suffer pain or misfortune with bravery and uncomplaining quietness. President Roosevelt and the late Judge Gary had this sign; so, too, has General Pershing.

The eyebrows contain many clues to the character. If the eyebrows themselves are level and unruined, the chances are that the person possessing them is of the same temperament. Katherine Cornell, the actress, has eyebrows of this type.

If the small hairs are at cross-purposes, it is a sign of irritability, very probably a harmless irritability that tosses off vexations and disappointments in a series of meaningless gusts, none very violent and all swiftly forgotten. John S. Sargent, the celebrated portrait-painter, had eyebrows of this type, and David Belasco also shares this physical characteristic.

THUS far I have said nothing about the forehead, except to disparage the popular theory about the relation of its height to the brains. But the shape of the brow is undeniably interesting and has many things to tell us.

The imaginative man or woman more often has a brow that slants backward. The idealistic person has a swelling brow, particularly at the sides of the temples. This produces the dome-like type of head.

Henry James and Maurice Hewlett, the novelists, both had foreheads of this type.

A smooth and unlined forehead may be more beautiful than one which can easily wrinkle into lines, but it is less flattering.

Nearly everyone who can concentrate and analyze, who has any philosophy other than the instinctive and compelling drive towards the gratification of hunger and love, has a brow which wears many faint lines. These are the lines which contain the history of the mind and its endeavors—for in reading the face, lines as well as the shape of the features are important.

Very practical people have foreheads

which make a straight vertical line when seen in profile. In athletes the brow is often of the Greek type and is subordinate to the lower part of the face. This is true of women athletes as well as men. Helen Wills and Gertrude Ederle are both examples of what I mean.

OF COURSE I do not mean to say here that I attempt to analyze as deeply or widely those who come seeking employment. Their individual and peculiar character traits, outside of a few major ones, are not at all likely to come into play so far as a job is concerned.

But I have put down here a few of the many things that I have learned to read in people's faces for my own amusement and interest. I have been writing of obvious traits—the ones which we can all perceive if we only care to look for them. It is not necessary to seek for subtle differences of feature to read character. Even in the matter of overweight or underweight we can read a story that is not entirely physical.

For instance, even in quite young people a fullness, or a tendency to fullness under the chin, denotes the lover of comfort. The lean face, carved out of angles, and the face that goes into curves, seem to be equally divided among humanity. The full face with soft outlines shows someone who is willing to do much to insure comfort and create further ease.

These people often make great executives, but they are seldom idealists. Thinkers, creators, religionists, all the people driven by some obscure urging towards a special goal, are invariably lean people who grow more angular as they grow older. Many fat men are highly successful in the world, but the idealists seldom need to go on a reducing diet!

Faces—faces—faces, they are about us everywhere, always, new faces, new types and combinations. To study them is to know something more about humanity and about yourself.

It is not merely the moment when you seek a job that you are weighed in the balance, it is at every minute. If you can know others at a glance, life can become so much more vivid, and everything you do, so much more valuable.

To be successful, perhaps even to be happy, you need merely know how to deal with those whom you meet. Their personalities are probably only concealments that have become second nature, just as you and I have built up illusions and pretenses and humilities around ourselves. We must understand others and pierce beyond that outer veil of personality.

IT IS not hard to do. Everyone, as I have said already, does so to some extent unconsciously. Develop the ability consciously and see how much more interesting life can become to you when you can read some of a person's real character in his face!

Remember, too, that you yourself are constantly being judged, in swift, sure scrutinies, by the people who meet you. You can make them see in your face just what you have in your character and your spirit. Habits of thought and ways of living mould our faces and create for us hostility or friendliness at the first glance. That being the case it is only the part of wisdom to make your own face tell only what you want it to.

If it's a job you're seeking, the chances are your employer is going to read your character in your face, too. So the moral of this article—if it has to have a moral—is to develop your character and your face will take care of itself!

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119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

YES, I want SMART SET to come to me for the next SIX MONTHS at your special price of \$1.00, saving me 50c. I enclose remittance or will remit when billed.

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Food For Thought

SAYS DORIS, a typical SMART SET reader: "Let's have waffles tonight, Ma. It'll be something different and I want to try out the new waffle iron I bought."

And Doris adds pancake flour and maple syrup to her marketing list—the family purchasing requisition.

That's typical of the younger element, of SMART SET's readers, either in their mothers' kitchens or when they establish their own homes. With unjaded appetites, they keep looking for something different, something new.

In their daily household tasks, these younger women demand quickness, ease, efficiency. They buy vacuum cleaners and dodge the drudgery of sweeping and beating. They buy cooking thermometers instead of following the old hit or miss methods of testing temperatures. They are interested in foods and cooking as proved by the results of a SMART SET Recipe Contest which brought 1,638 recipes from readers.

The younger element presents a new food market—a strong market for kitchen appliances, for labor saving devices, for everything that will make themselves and their homes more beautiful, more interesting.

And SMART SET, published "for the 4,000,000—not the 400," reaches this new buying market, the younger element, *buyers for the next forty years.*



"I agree, Princess Pat face powder does give 'twice the beauty,'" says Mary Philbin, beautiful Universal Film Star.

Twice the Beauty from Face Powder if You use PRINCESS PAT

THE FAMOUS ALMOND BASE MAKES IT DIFFERENT

FACE Powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat Face Powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It is noticeable at once that Princess Pat goes on differently. It gives to the skin a wonderful, velvety smoothness. It lends to the face an appearance of perfection that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat Face Powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

A Difference With a Reason

So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging, or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained*?

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really is a reason for the difference

immediately noticeable when Princess Pat Face Powder is tried for the first time.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved

Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities.

Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It keeps the skin smooth and pliant. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal*—in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Princess Pat Powder Comes in Two Weights

For years, women have been familiar with the oblong "treasure chest" box of Princess Pat powder. This oblong box contains medium weight powder.

But to please those who prefer a light powder, there is the Princess Pat round box. Princess Pat in the lighter weight has the same almond base. And because of this it clings equally as well as the heavier weight. Most light weight powders, as women well know, will not adhere well. Princess Pat, therefore,

fulfills a particularly important want in face powders. Ask for Princess Pat Face Powder today—at your favorite toilette goods counter.

Get This Week-End Set—

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 56c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.



SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. 130B, Chicago
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Street.....
City and State.....

PRINCESS PAT LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Amazingly Thin!

This NEW Norida Vanitie for Loose Powder

Thin as a watch! With all those ingenious features that have made Norida the most wonderful loose powder vanitie in the world!

And note the tiny NEW SAFETY CATCH—opens Norida at a touch, yet CANNOT open accidentally.

No sifting or spilling! Turn the silvered powdered plate ever so slightly and there's your favorite loose powder in just the amount you desire. Refill it in a few seconds, then snap it shut—no slots, grooves, or other complicated mechanism.

Beautiful—smart—dainty—economical—Norida is the perfect vanitie for Loose Powder! Ask your dealer to show you the NEW IMPROVED NORIDA.

Priced \$1.50 to \$3.00—Single and Double, Gold and Silver, each in a velvet lined case—filled with Norida Fleur Sauvage (Wildflower) Poudre and Rouge

At All Toilet Goods Counters

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Exquisitely wonderful—these Norida aids to beauty—at all toilet goods counters



Cannot Spill

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Easy to Refill